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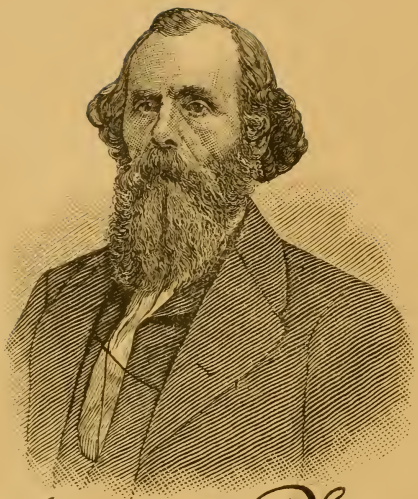

Wm H Wilson

Presented to R. J. Allen
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William H. Wesson was a cousin and associate of my grandfather Henry Anderson House.

I present the book to

This Book

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MISS ELLA V. CONRAD,

DAUGHTER OF

MY OLD FRIEND, J. M. CONRAD,

BY THE AUTHOR,

WILLIAM H. WESSON.

The North Carolina Collection of the University of North Carolina.

Robert B. House

Jan 11, 1964

Chapel Hill

N C.

"Calais-moralè;"

OR,

FIFTY YEARS' GLEANINGS IN THE SEA OF READINGS.

BY

WM. H. WESSON,

OF CALAIS, POWHATAN COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

His House, imported by the Huguenots, who landed below Richmond in 1685. The bricks glazed, and will last forever. He hopes the good impressions made upon the minds of readers of this Book may be as lasting as the bricks in the house.

Richmond, Va.

PATRICK KEENAN, BOOK PUBLISHER AND PRINTER,

No. 1206 Main Street.

1882

Copyright secured January 4th, 1882.

Prospectus.

I have a manuscript; the materials I have been gathering and storing for the past fifty years. My store-house having three doors (the eyes, the mouth, the ears), I have placed a a sign over each entrance selected from the Bible.

I have stood before Kings, yea, Queens—ladies, not mean men and women.

The 1st.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before "mean men."

The 2d.—"Be not among wine-bibbers and riotous eaters of flesh, for the Drunkard and the Glutton shall surely "come to want."

The 3d.—"The commandment is a lamp, and the law is a light, to keep thee from evil."

Inside the "store-house" another, that "these signs are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to those "that find knowledge."

I claim that the book is composed of true stories, which intelligently portray and prove that these signs are literal, not metaphorical, and that each of my stories point a moral as clearly as the stories of romance and fiction.

The book will also contain a number of things, which can be found in no other book, the result of its author's own work and thoughts; besides this, without any special aim at "King Alcohol." nevertheless, he is often hit, and comes out at least severely wounded.

The "morale" of the book is moral.

The Paper, the Type, the Printing, the Binding, the Engraving, and the Author, are Virginia productions.

WILLIAM H. WESSON.

Hoen & Co., Engravers.
Patrick Keenan, Printer.
Randolph & English, Binders.
Richmond Paper M'f'g Co.

PREFACE TO

INTRODUCTION.

IT is no easy task, in this day of Books, for man or woman to compose, or prepare, or write a readable book, and for a clod-hopper to attempt the thing is a high-flown hyperbole, but as the sublime and ridiculous grow so near together, I will risk the weather rather the storm of public criticism, and if I do not succeed in making a readable book, but succeed in getting the money of the green subscribers, it will be something. At any rate, they shall have my profile, autograph and photograph on the first pages. Then, how other men did to win millions; and then, how I did to win — well, a few hundred thousand dollars, and a large * * * notoriety (that is not a book). And, again, to read and write some things from a book called the *Volume of Nature;* and, to extract "wise saws" from other books which do not *lie* about as thick as small books and large promises.

At any rate, the labor of mind and body expended on this volume for the past fifty years, if (agriculturally) put at the plow, and the net proceeds put at interest, I am very sure would have produced more dollars and cents for its author; but, all have their idiosyncracies, and he has his, and this is one of them. I was always chary of promises, particular *promises*

to pay, and adopted the one of Mr. RANDOLPH, "pay as you go;" so, if my subscribers pay me, I can pay the printer, and this thing will be easy. I am now so old and tough that neither money nor ridicule can show up my blush; if the purchasers do not get worsted, I will take it well and easy, anything that may come or be said of my effort, to me, of this new business in my old age; and, as it is so hard to "learn old dogs new tricks," do hope that my patrons and critics will bear this thing in mind, and when they are disposed to bless, curse or wound my vanity with pleasant or harsh words, just recollect that these things are feathers, and that everything gets its just value and dues after a time. And so of this book, which, were it without a fault, would be worthless, and a thing that has never yet been produced by man, and on its merits alone I place it—to rise up, or go down into that den which is stored to repletion with unread books; surely, I will never complain at either—admiration, condemnation, or *damnation!* And he that does not expect much is rarely disappointed.

I await the Crape, the Funeral, or the Red, White and Blue.

WM. H. WESSON.

Keys to Success.

MAN is like a snow-ball; leave him lying in idleness, against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like butter, but kick him around and he gathers strength with every successive revolution until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

The world-renowned Rothchilds ascribe their success to the following rules: Be off-hand, make a bargain at once, never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place, be cautious and bold.

David Richards, the celebrated political economist, had, what he called, his three golden rules, viz: never refuse an opinion when you can get it, cut short your losses, let your profits run on.

John Jacob Astor, when requested to furnish incidents of his life, replied, "my actions must make my life."

Stephen Girard's fundamental maxim was, "take care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves."

Robert Bonner, who made a fortune out of the N. Y. *Ledger*, in four years, attributes his success entirely to his persistent, repeated and generous advertising.

Phillips said "Many a man has missed being a great man by splitting into two middling ones."

Amos Lawrence, when asked for advice, said: "Young man, base all your principle on *right*, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost."

John Freedley's never varying motto was "self dependence, self reliance." He says: "My observations through life satisfies me that at least nine-tenths of those successful in business start in life without any reliance, except upon their own heads and hands—hoe their own row from the start."

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, says: "I have always had two things before me—do what you undertake thoroughly; be faithful in all accepted trusts."

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars, in ten years, to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

John Randolph said, "Mr. Speaker, I have found the 'philosopher's stone;' it is, *pay as you go.*"

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, remarks, "no abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application."

Everett—"The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent, success is the evidence of superiority."

Sir Walter Scott and Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world, principally, to their wives. Were the truth known, their's is the history of thousands.

Beecher—"There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose; it dignifies your nature and insures your success."

Chapin—"Half the failures in one's life arise from pulling in one's horse when he is leaping."

Multum in Parvo.

ON the 29th day of June, 1813, in the State of Virginia, and county of Brunswick, a male child was born, and named William. His father, a Captain in the war of 1812, died when he was a child, and left him, by will, the portion he might get of his mother's estate at her death. She lived ten years, and a mortgage given on a portion more than consumed the whole. William's mother kept house for his grandmother, and wove cloth every year to pay for his schooling. His father's empty buckskin pocketbook I have at this day, as good as new, and the old receipts paid for his schooling by his mother. I also have her country made work-basket, over seventy years old. She was very industrious, and was said to have been one of the best house-keepers in the county.

William was thirteen years old when his grandmother died, without a will, and he did not get any of the little property she had in her power to will away, and which she intended for him; so his mother was left with only a few dollars of her own savings, and an aunt of his, on a visit to her mother's, from South Carolina, gave him five dollars. His mother bought, of her brother, a log house and three acres of land, on the old Stage Road, for thirty dollars, and moved there for a home, bought a cow and a steer,

and William was the plougher, carter and boy of all work. He had learned remarkably, while at the academy and country schools which he attended, and had read several books in Greek and Latin, and having the use of a library, offered by his father's friend, a lawyer, was taking a historical course of study, to fit him for a teacher or lawyer, as providence should direct.

His grandmother was a member of the Baptist Church. His mother, although decidedly moral and religious by inclination, did not join the Church until she was sixty years of age, but always regularly attended Church at "James Square." They had a family horse, named "Dance," which carried them to Church, in a springless stick "gig," one of the best vehicles seen at the Church. In those days there were no carriages, buggies, or covered riding wagons in that section of country, and most of the congregation walked, or rode on horseback, the women putting on their shoes when they got in sight of the Church. Little William always sat in his little chair, in the front of the "gig," and listened carefully to the conversation of his mother and grandmother, on the way, as well as to what the preacher said, while at Church.

William was the only white child of the family, his playmates were two negro boys, John and Ben. His grandmother had about one dozen slaves, whose labor produced on the old half worn-out farm, enough food and clothes for all.

The tobacco was rolled to Petersburg, in hogsheads, with wood felloes on the hogsheads for wheels. Everything for family use was made on the place, except iron, salt, sugar, coffee, and a few condiments; and,

after the manager and taxes were paid, any surplus money was a rarity.

His mother was never idle, and used economy without meanness, and luxuries without extravagance, and brought up William to speak the truth, under all circumstances, never to imitate an oath, to keep no bad company, to be diligent with his lessons and books, never to be idle within his leisure, to be punctual and faithful in everything he was told to do, and to care particularly for his clothes. The rod was never required to make him perform his duties; he reverenced and feared his mother's reprimands more than the rod; and he had but two strokes of the whip from his four school-teachers, and those for telling the truth, with one other comrade, though more than thirty of the scholars were guilty of the same peccadillo at the same time; while the use of the rod every day was so common, yet the words and regrets of the school-master, who chastised him, made a more lasting impression on his mind than the degradation and pain of the rod, as he had, at every school held the first place as to behaviour and the discipline of the schools.

I must tell the boys this story: It happened at Diamond Grove Academy. J. S. Cook, a Northern man, was teaching. The Academy was near a public road, and Mr. Cook, habitually, walked out every day, for half an hour, after all had recited the lessons, given them the evening before, to learn at home; and, frequently, during his absence in these walks, the scholars became noisy, and he would severely reprimand them when he came in. His orders had not been obeyed properly, and one day he did not go away

from the Academy, but stayed behind the chimney. Little William, as was his frequent custom, had a nice lot of fruit in his satchel, and the first noise was toward his satchel, for a share of this fruit. The fruit made one of them so happy that he sprang up and struck his feet three times together, before touching the floor again, and challenged the boys to perform the same feat. Boys and girls went to the same school in those days, and most of the boys had a favorite, and did not care to appear second best at any feat of agility; so the continued efforts at bouncing up and down, made by many of them, with the laughing and talking of the girls, made an unusual noise. The teacher, whose orders were forgotten, and whose coming had not been expected, suddenly appeared at the door, with evident and just cause for anger, in his face. All were seated in a moment, many being out of their places; perfect silence reigned, most of the scholars holding their books before their faces.

The master took his seat and commenced his inquiry at the first boy, "was he guilty or not of this disobedience of his orders?" All answered "no," down to to the boy that sat next to him; he made no answer. Little William's turn came next; he answered that he supposed he would have made as much noise as any of them, if he had his shoes on. These two boys were called up; the two strokes of the rod, and many of the tongue were administered on little William, but his comrade did not get off so well. The teacher told him that he had been a debtor to discipline for some time, and he would then pay him off for the new and the old offences. This boy was an amiable and truthful fellow, (ultimately married one

of the girls then at school, was popular, had a large property, and became mayor of a city; but, unfortunately entered the service of King Alcohol, and, of course, he and his family fared as all of those subjects fare now, and will continue to fare to the end of time). And, I am sorry to add, that all of these boys started with good property and fair prospects in life, except little William, and not one of them succeeded. Some died drunkards and gamblers, others squandered their patrimony, and but one of them lives at this day. All were fond of sport and excitement, and, I am not sure that some of them did not imbibe at school the seed of the evil which grew up with them, and ruined them and their families, for they would play at cards, when they could do so slyly, and raffle for their knives more openly.

Little William was induced to take a chance for a fine knife. They raffled with three Spanish quarters of a dollar, to be shaken well and then tossed out of a Leghorn hat; the largest number of heads to win the knife. All had thrown, but one of the boys had thrown eight heads the first trial, and all agreed the knife was his, and it was useless to throw their chances. When it came to little William's throw, he said, "I never give up the ship; what one has done it is possible for another to do," and he began to shake up the quarters.

"Well, yes," some of the boys said, "you are the luckiest little fellow in everything we ever saw, and if anybody can tie the eight, you can."

The quarters were shaken more than usual, but out came three heads, which made the second throw more

interesting. Then came more shaking, and out came three more heads—two still needed to tie, three to beat.

Now for his next and last throw! The excitement went up to fever heat; some affirming that his usual luck would get the knife, and others saying that nine heads had never been thrown at three throws in raffling.

The boy who had the shaking up and putting the quarters into the hat was requested by the thrower of the eight heads to not only shake them well together in his hands, but after he had thrown them into the hat.

Little William then gave the hat a few extra shakes, and then tossed out three more heads. Up he jumped and took the knife, amid the shouts of the boys, and to the great disappointment of the supposed winner.

Little William disliked the appearance of gambling or playing cards for money; and, when all had grown up to be young men, he sometimes played cards with these young men in order to convince them of its evil tendency, and to induce them never to play at public places or with gamblers. They persisting, he played what he told them would be his last game with them, and never played another game with them, though often invited to do so, and quitted their companionship forever, although his luck at cards caused his comrades to remind him frequently of the most extraordinary knife raffle.

At backgammon also he seemed to have an invisible power over the dice. This game he has contin-

ued to play all his life, only as a pastime, and as the best game of calculation, combined with luck, of any other.

He has never played at any game besides backgammon since that day at cards, with uniform success at that game, against all of the best players he has ever met.

He has played often with Rev. John Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., who was so fond of Russian backgammon, and whose letters of invitation for these games I now have.

Now, let me say to my young boy friends here that, whilst this extraordinary thing called luck followed "little William," not only in those games above noted, but in all the transactions of his life, until he prayed openly and often for some adversity to come upon him in his last days—a thing I have never read of any other man of sane mind having prayed for, though I have no doubt there live many men who have secretly wished what he openly asked—and if that prayer had not been answered, these lines would have never been written.

I have studied closely to interpret what the world calls "luck," and it is a mystery yet, as well as the many rare events like "luck" that happened in the life of "little William," and wrote down at a late period in my life, that there was an invisible hand which would not only encourage, but aid us to perform successfully seeming impossibilities, when our motives were pure, and our diligence, faithfulness and patience equal to the task; and that all the failures in life begin and end in the errors of the actors,

and not in their business or the things connected with it.

Pardon me, boys, for this digression, and for offering to you the experience and reflections of an old man. Let us go back to the young days of "little William," and say we cannot put "old heads on young shoulders." We left him at school, and could tell you many interesting little stories connected with his school-days, but neither my space nor time will permit me to do so. Whilst he always said his lessons "perfectly" and was at the head of his class, as well as a favorite with all of his teachers, yet, you see, he got a good "licking," with a long reprimand intended for the other unpunished guilty scholars more than for him; and, whilst his feelings revolted at this first disgrace of the kind, as he stood before the master, yet, the thought of being punished for telling the truth was a panacea to his wounded feelings. I have often heard him speak of it as the best whipping perhaps any boy ever got, and that the good impression made would never be forgotten by him, and he was sure that those who were more guilty than he was, but who escaped the punishment, would not forget it either.

Oh, that schoolboys could know the evil influences on their success and welfare in life which small peccadillos at school have caused, and that Solomon's saying—"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"—is good.

"Little William's" mother commanded him never to swear an oath under any circumstances, and,

though reared with swearing boys and men, he was never heard even to imitate an oath during his long life, and I have heard his answer to wise men who had this bad habit when they asked him how it was and why it was he had never sworn an oath. It was that he had always had enough better language or words for ready use, and never yet had any occasion for such effete words.

Little William's mother was never idle, and required that he should be usefully employed at something all of his holidays. I have heard her say that sunrise had not caught her in bed for fifty years; and after he had mastered his Saturday's or holiday's task, he hunted, fished, or burnt charcoal, with the negroes, for the blacksmiths, and sold it at three cents per bushel.

I shall never forget a run of shooting "luck" he had. He killed two large squirrels at one shot; the next morning, a large red fox; and then a wild turkey; and, although he was scarcely ten years old, no such shooting had been done by any man in that section.

The school-house being four miles from his home, a boy named John took him every morning within one mile of the academy, and met him there at night on the "Dance" horse; and they had to bring up the cows every night from an old field about two miles from their home, so he was well taught in driving cows, which has been useful to him in his last days, and as to breaking and driving steers he had few equals.

He was called "little William" because he had a cousin named William, who sometimes lived at his

grandmother's, and, although about the same age, he was of much stouter frame, and the "little" was to distinguish them when called or spoken of, and this soubriquet could never be rubbed off, though by some it was changed to "Buck," for short.

"Buck" in his hunting never shot a deer; for fishing he had no taste; and was not disposed to hunt and take the lives of animals which he could not restore; nor could he reason that their lives were not as precious to them as his life to him.

There seemed to him a little smack of cruelty attached to this business; at least, he determined to cease hunting game, until some one had outdone or equalled his success in this business.

A hunt for wild bees was proposed to him by a neighbor, who was an adept, and many miles he travelled through the woods with this man, named Samuel Seward, who always called him "Son Will," and many bee-trees were found by the baits placed to attract them, as well as, in dry seasons, at crossings and wet places.

These wild bees sought the water, and thence to get and follow the bee-line required much skill. He, as well as his neighbor, had many hives of bees, and he was fond of honey.

One Saturday, Buck wanted a yoke of oxen, and went to Mr. Seward's to borrow his, expecting they were in his pasture, but they were out on the commons. Mr. Seward was cutting oats, and said if he would go through a piece of woods to an old field beyond, he thought he might find them.

As he had nothing of more importance to do, he

set out to look for the oxen. At the first branch he crossed he saw some bees sucking water, and, supposing they were from one or the other of the houses, where there were so many bees, he concluded to practice a little, and see which house they went to.

These bees went to neither house, but straight forward in the woods. The course was followed, and a wild bee-tree soon found and marked.

At a crossing of the same branch, not far off, more bees were sucking. The most of them flew straight up the path he was going, and not toward the bee-tree just found. Following their course, he found another bee-tree, and marked that. He did not find the steers, and, returning through the same piece of woods, he found another bee-tree and marked that.

Mr. Seward and William had considered the finding of one bee-tree in one day's hunt not a bad business; so, in about three hours, "Buck" returned to where Mr. S. was harvesting oats, quite elated with his success, to say he did not find the oxen, but had found three bee-trees in the piece of woods next his house. Mr. S. answered, "It's a mistake, 'son Will,' they are not bee-trees, but bees suck oak knots at this season of the year," and he laughed at his supposed great luck.

Buck was always a stickler in that which he believed was true, and he retorted at his ridicule, and would have him go and look at the bee-trees, which were not very far from his house.

He, with astonishment, confirmed the fact, which proved itself when they were cut down. He said,

"'son Will,' your 'luck' is astonishing, and you will do some remarkable things yet when you become a man."

The philosophy of this thing was that Mr. S. was such a noted bee finder that he never supposed that bees would lodge so near to him; therefore, he never hunted these woods, and this chance ox-hunt placed the finding of them in Buck's way; and Buck was fond of walking and athletics. He also had his vanity raised, and was somewhat pleased by these extra hunts.

In athletics and marbles he distanced all his schoolmates, and frequently ran mile-races around the race-course near the academy, all of which were healthful to the mind and body.

Now, my boy readers, as I have tied several other stories to the one promised and commenced with, let us return to the log-house on the stage-road and see how Buck gets on farming and reading history.

He had plowed with his steer, "Buck," for the first time; had made one crop and planted another; had read Rollins' Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, and Gibbons' Rome, and had made a wish and resolve to see Rome and the Pope.

All know that the five dollars which an aunt from South Carolina had given him, and which he had kept so long, was his full capital, with no chance for more money, unless made by his own hands and head.

A few days after his above-mentioned resolve, a stranger from North Carolina made a suggestion to him which fitted his capital. This was to keep cut

oats, corn and fodder to sell to this stranger and others on their return from Petersburg, as they could not carry enough feed with them from home to last them back again, particularly when loaded with cotton.

He told him he would sell cut oats readily at ten cents per bushel, and corn and fodder, naming a value for them also.

Buck's friend, the bee-hunter—Mr. Seward—had many stacks of oats, which he had heard him say he would gladly sell at five dollars each, and his servant, Edmund, and one of his sons had a small lot of corn and fodder they wished to sell; so Buck bought that, and got him an old cutting-knife, and fixed up a place to cut oats in, and continued his historical reading by pine-knots for light at night, and worked all of the day.

The corn and fodder sold, at a good profit, like hot cakes, and in a week Buck was able to buy one stack of oats, and commence this, to him, new work of cutting up oats to sell at ten cents the bushel.

Very soon the stack of oats was sold and produced fifteen dollars and a blistered, sore hand; but by this operation he had plenty of cash capital to buy a good stack of oats, corn, and fodder, and soon worked his hands tough, and in a few months he had cleared over two hundred and fifty dollars, gathered his own crop, and read Hallam's Middle Ages, the Life of Dr. Ben. Franklin, Blair's Lectures, and other books of less importance.

Railroads were not dreamed of in those days, but

much of the tobacco was rolled by felloes fastened on the hogsheads. The other produce, cotton, &c., was all dragged by my door, from North Carolina to Petersburg.

Buck always walked eleven miles, to the house of his lawyer friend, to return books and get others, to continue his course of reading, and as he remained with him during the night, his friend asked him would he take a school? He answered that he would not fancy the business of a pedigogue; it was too sedentary, and there was but little gain in this calling. He then asked him what he thought of being a lawyer. He replied that it was an honorable profession, and frequently fitted persons for high stations in life, but for a very poor man to commence practice in a country village, in competition with old and rich lawyers, was an uphill business, and he mentioned some of that character in his village, and added, if they would banish whiskey from the country that many of these lawyers would have to seek other professions; that he had neither a desire or taste for a profession by which his living was made and increased through the misdeeds and errors of men under the influence of whiskey.

He added, that in a few months, by the advice of a stranger, he had continued his reading, done all of other necessary work, and cleared, by his own hands and head over two hundred and fifty dollars, and that these same strangers had advised him to commence a small store, and that they would haul his goods, at a nominal price, on their return from Petersburg.

He expressed almost as much astonishment at these

facts and assertions as Mr. Seward did at the three genuine bee-trees.

As William's father had told this friend on his death bed that if he did not advise and take care of him he would haunt him after he died, he felt an interest in him, and asked his plans.

He told him he intended neither to ask or receive either credit or pecuniary aid of any kind from any person; that he had resolved to hoe his own row from the jump; and to visit Rome, if he ever made money enough; and, although he had a natural antipathy to whiskey in every way, and that perhaps grew out of the fact, which he had learned, that it killed his father with the gout; and, if he kept the little wayside store, that, as everybody drank and sold whiskey, even to the preacher and next merchant to him, whiskey must be sold, of course.

This would be his main objection to the store business, for which there was a remedy, however. This was to test fairly the keeping and selling of liquor, and then to banish the article from the store, or quit the store, if business could not be profitably conducted without it.

The lawyer gravely assented to all of these projects and reasonings, and bid him go on as proposed; that something might come out of his queer notions, so different from those of all other persons; that the provender business must be a good one, at any rate; that he might continue the historical course; but so much business must lessen the time for reading, &c.

William went to Petersburg and bought his first

goods from the grandson of the most noted Senator that North Carolina has ever produced—a friend and contemporary of John Randolph of Roanoke.

This gentleman had just opened business there with William's cousins, and he continued his trade with him in many firms and as long as he was in Petersburg.

This man was an honest man, and years afterwards I heard the highest compliment paid to him in a public agricultural meeting of first-class persons that I have ever heard paid to any man publicly.

Having faithful, honest men, under all circumstances, to do business is equal to finding three bee-trees when you are not hunting for them, and I will here say that this same accidental "luck" has placed him in very large business transactions with the same class of men in New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Richmond, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Liverpool, England.

Napoleon I. said it was only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and now, boys, when we have backed Buck to the oat-cutting knife and the little store project, we are not far from this thing.

Some poet has said that an honest man is the noblest work of God, and Buck's luck in finding so many where he needed them was better luck than the raffle, the hunt, or the three bee-trees.

I have yet to find the man who has set out in life, and strictly followed the proverb of Solomon mentioned in the prospectus of this book, who has failed to succeed in his calling. Simply be diligent.

This word, when uttered by the wisest of men, like the diamond, corruscates and cuts seeming impossibilities.

It means literally what it says, without any prevarication, and what I write of Buck's story is to convince and convict you of the truth implied by this word.

Some of you may think or say this implicit obédience to the commands of our parents and masters is a hard thing, and makes us servants, and we like to have our own way sometimes, but I wish you to see and learn that perfect obedience is not only easy, but always best, for those who will it, and that by obedience alone we learn to command others properly and obtain success, whereas wrangling and conflict in business and its failures arise mostly from disobedience.

You boys may suppose that I am writing for you a fictitious character for Buck, but it is not so. He had his foibles as well as other boys, and was taught to subdue and control them; and, although he made many failures in this effort, yet, his early lessons of obedience enabled him to conquer self and temptations which would have been fatal if he had wavered and hesitated too long when these trials of his faith beset him; but as he always prayed to be directed to the right, and tried to act on pure and correct principles, something to him almost mysterious would occur to set him right again in due time, and, as he made the Bible his regular and constant text-book with all of his historical studies, he, by chance, in his worst

dilemmas, would always find something in that rarest book of all books that would show him plainly how to act and escape the impending dangers, and particularly to palliate, if not cure, the weak points discovered in his own character.

Now, boys, as you may weary of the deep truths that experience and age confirm and freshen, in order to impress upon your mind that many occurrences and things which happen in your boyhood direct and govern your actions, more or less, in future life, I will relate some sayings of "Buck's;" also, an anecdote, which gave rise to them, and when you have the whole of his story you then can judge better of this thing yourselves.

He said, "Always strike high, if you lose your hatchet;" that to-morrow and sorrow rhymed harshly to his ears, and that, if opportunities were not seized in the "nick" of time, they were lost forever.

Not long after his extraordinary raffle, he, with his comrade, R. A. E., was on his way home from school, and seeing a number of crows fly from a large oak-tree in their path, and one crow perched near the top of the tree, whose cawing indicated that it was a young crow, Buck said to Robert, that if he could find a stone he would kill that crow, as all crows pulled up corn.

Robert, his senior, a steady, book-worm of a boy, said: "Come along, you little fool! to say or even to suppose that you can kill a crow by throwing a stone at it."

However, Buck hunted up a stone, threw it at the crow, and killed it dead; picked it up, ran away and overtook Robert, and exulting said: "See, here is another of your impossibilities demolished with a small

stone at the first throw! You know how your knife went at the raffle, when the chances were greater against success."

Robert, though a manly-looking boy, seemed puzzled, and said, "They call you 'lucky,' but the crow got it this time."

"Buck" carried the crow two miles to his home for a trophy, and I have often heard him say that crow, that tree, and the facts connected with this deed were ever fresh in his mind, and that they encouraged him and caused him, in maturer age, to engage in and conquer many untried and apparently impossible things. He had read in some book that, despite many trials, one will undoubtedly succeed by diligence. He knew that minnows and not whales were the fish to be caught in riverlets; and that to *begin* is the first requisite for every act and work in life. To do is the second act. To suffer is too often the third act, because we are not "*diligent*" in the business. Nothing was ever done without a trial, and this word sounds so much like try-all that the very word carried a key to success.

Well, boys, we will return to "little William," now so full of business and money, and see what he is doing in the warfare of life, so young, with books for his companions, helpers and advisers. He was full of business prosperity, and money did not appear to elate him; he had fixed *one price only* for his goods, and that at a *reasonable* profit; he had no time to throw away haggling over goods, the value of which he knew less about than his customers. Old merchants were his competitors; he could say that he bought his goods for cash

only, and tried to get them from honest men; that he had no experience in either their quality or market value, and that, as far as his hats and caps were concerned, he never saw them until they were opened in the store; that he went to the hat store owned by David R. Moore, of Petersburg, told him of his entire ignorance of the value or quality of this class of goods, also the amount of capital to fit up the little country store, and handed his money to take out as much as he thought necessary to buy the hats and caps at his lowest cash prices to make up that department, and asked him to pack and direct them. He traded with this house for many years, and often heard Mr. Moore say it was the cheapest bill of hats he ever sold.

I have often heard "Buck" say that after many years of commerce and business with mankind, he had found *merchants*, as a class, by far the most liberal and correct people in their estimate of things, and that to be a true merchant required as high talents as any profession whatever.

Notwithstanding all of his success in his business, which to him and others seemed to be play and not work, he attended to it with much cheerfulness and alacrity. Yet he had an inherent repugnance to one thing connected with it. This was the custom, then universal, of selling whiskey in country stores; a custom made necessary by the demands of the country people, and particularly of his first patrons, the wagoners.

Still, he did not wish to keep or sell whiskey to be carried away from his store to be drank. It was retailed at nine pence per quart; and corn-huskings, harvests,

log-rollings, weddings or christenings, without whiskey, must be failures.

The bottle and the morning dram were common in every house and on the road, in wet and dry weather.

Whiskey was considered the "Panacea" by every one; and though "Buck," in his short career in life, had both seen and heard of some of its evil influences amongst his neighbors and friends, and noted them down and made his resolve against it, yet, the taking of such a novel stand against the opinions and acts of of his seniors anoyed him, for he remembered the old adage: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

He reluctantly sold whiskey, and looked into and watched its effects upon those who drank it; also, the effect on their families; and, when convinced that his agency in this traffic was the cause of obvious and palpable evil to his customers, he would refuse the selling of it at every hazard to his business, declaring that he could not willingly return evil for good, whilst the Bible commanded us "to return good for evil."

The provender business had grown to be a large and profitable one, and the sale of goods increased rapidly.

Ancient history did not receive as much attention as heretofore. Cash accounts, and the keeping and enlarging stocks of goods and provender was quite a business for a youth.

Money and customers were daily increasing; a blacksmith shop had been built for W. Nolly, and Buck concluded that rogues and fire were his chief enemies.

He had not heard of insurance companies. He told his reasons, and mentioned to one of his customers that he would build a stone house and cover it with sheet-

iron, if he could partially determine the cost of the stone beforehand. The party approved of the project, and said that, after he had laid by his crops, he would haul the stone with his wagon and ox-cart at a very low rate, if he would build such a stone house. The cost of the sheet-iron and, as nearly as could be, of the stone, lime, and the building was ascertained, and the work commenced and soon completed, at less expense than a wooden house. It had a good cellar under it.

He had arguments with his customers and kinsman (who was rather fond of whiskey) in regard to the selling and drinking of whiskey; and had kept an account of the cost of this article—worse than useless—to his customers, and had often told them what would be the result to their estates in the course of time.

The figures and facts were startling to him, and set him to thinking, as he had commenced keeping yearly accounts with his customers, how he should get his debts from those who were evidently ruining themselves with whiskey, and how could he reconcile it to himself to take the beds and food from their wives and children for those debts contracted in purchasing this pernicious article.

The law in those days gave the creditor power to sell all the property of every kind. He said in such cases he should give up all such debts.

To these reasons and arguments against the sale as well as the use of liquor, the answer was pretty much the same with all of his patrons: that he was not responsible for any person's drinking whiskey, and if he did not keep it, many other merchants did, and it would be only necessary to get it elsewhere.

He must suffer a heavy loss of customers; indeed,

not one of them would entertain the idea that a country store could be kept up at all without selling whiskey.

Buck responded that the aider and abettor in all crimes and evil doings was held as criminal in the common law, and that the Divine Law was positive in its condemnation of this thing, and that he had been daily more and more convinced of this sin and its destructive tendency to both the buyer and the seller.

He had spoken to a party in Petersburg of his probable intentions in regard to it, and had told him that it would break up his business if he left off selling whiskey. The person offered him one thousand dollars per year to live with him as clerk, and, being a young man with no family except his mother, and having already made a handsome sum of money to support both, he preferred to die poor rather than to make a fortune, knowingly, at the cost and to the ruin of many of his fellowmen, many of them persons who had assisted him much in making his present independence.

After several years of trial in this thing, of which he had formed his opinion before he commenced business, he was now more than ever fully convinced of and confirmed in it.

The ear of public opinion and the loss of money should not induce him to continue a business that he knew to be wrong. Such a man, in his opinion, was far from what all men at least should try to be, and he determined not to sell himself and his principles for *probable* extra gains or for applause.

The blacksmith-shop had become the place for tippling; many of the customers, instead of sending to the shop, came themselves, sent to the store for whiskey,

frequently lost the day from their business, and sometimes, when they had taken too much whiskey, would come to the store, where ladies were shopping, which always caused Buck to feel ashamed.

He knew, too, that many of these persons were in debt, and spent money for whiskey that ought to have been spent for necessaries for their families, and he could see no good in the thing.

Had he known anything of temperance societies, he might have tried to get up one, and have gotten out of his dilemma in regard to selling whiskey, but he was alone in his opinion, except for the women.

He had a distant relation who had had a most excellent wife and nine daughters. When sober, he was remarkable for his good disposition and industry; but, when he got to a certain stage of drunkenness, he became a madman, and would mount his horse and attempt to ride into the blacksmith-shop, barn or store. One of his legs had been broken in one of these mad frolics. When drunk, he had neither reason nor fear.

What could these poor women do with such a man at home? And were not there other men of like temperament, who had committed great crimes in this state of drunken insanity and suffered for it? Had William not seen and read that the majority of crime and pauperism had its source in whiskey? And were not the persons who manufactured or sold it aiders and abettors in this cursed thing?

He had been taught to speak the truth under all and any circumstances, and he answered "yes" to this question.

He went to the store. An old member of the Church,

named Herod Foster, said, however, to be too fond of whiskey, was waiting to go in with his jug for liquor.

William filled his jug, and told him it was the last measure of whiskey he ever intended to sell to any person whatever; that he knew that so far he had dealt in the thing against his principles and wishes; that he had tested the matter for a time theoretically and practically, and had, so far, found only evil in it, and he wished him and his children to bear testimony for him that, let the consequences be even the ruin of his then prosperous business, he would remain firm and steadfast to his well-considered and now matured resolution, and that, if he would divide the syllables and letters of his name, it would read "Will-I-am."

The old man looked at him with some surprise in his face, and his expression seemed to say, "You are now right, my boy, for whiskey has been a curse to my family, but I could not resist the temptation.

Many of William's customers left his store and traded with other merchants, and many murmured at this novel thing in business, and for a short time things looked as if one of the main props to William's business had been knocked out; even the blacksmith shop seemed to have been deserted, but for the sounds of the hammer.

Such an act had never been dreamed or heard of in that country, and, of course, the facts were soon reported and known by everybody in the parish. Jugs, bottles, and ticklers took their leave and never made their appearance again.

I have heard William say he had a "place for everything and kept everything in its place," and could go

into his store at night, without a candle, and get almost anything called for, except whiskey, but that he never could find a satisfactory place for the packages that contained or were used in handling that.

After he got rid of the evil spirits he declared his store gained capacity, and he had space and place for everything; and, although he had four stores in different little towns and villages, in the course of the next thirty years, he never saw but one jug carried to any of them for whiskey, and that was brought by a travelling stranger.

In less than one month from the time of the exodus of the evil spirits from his business, comparative strangers came from a distance and more than made up for the whiskey consumers he had lost. So many extra customers came that a six-months' stock of goods were sold out in two months.

As he had recently built a new cotton-gin, and time for accounts to be due was yet one month short, he did not have enough cash capital to buy the requisite second stock of goods, and concluded to purchase a bill of dry-goods in Richmond, on six months' credit—the usual time—of F. S. & J. S. James & Co., provided they would willingly grant it, for he had as great a repugnance and abhorrence of debt as of whiskey.

He got three letters of recommendation in Petersburg—one from Q. & W. L. M.; one from D. R. N.; and one from N. M. M.

On his arrival in Richmond, he presented one of these letters to Mr. Fleming James and held the other two in his hand to be read later. Mr. James asked what these letters were for. He told him, and gave his reas-

sons for bringing them. He had bought goods before of the firm for cash.

Mr. James said the letters were not necessary; that he would sell him all the goods he wanted on the time proposed, and even on longer time if it was more convenient.

He opened the letter first handed to him and read it, and he said, "Young man, this letter, from the grandson of a noted senator of North Carolina, is worth one hundred thousand dollars to you."

The goods were bought, the store refilled, and, of course, William's faith in the correctness of his act in refusing ever to sell any more whiskey was strengthened by these unexpected and extraordinary proofs. He was convinced that, let error or iniquity be ever so strong or so popular—let the ignorance of things necessary to be known be ever so dark and palpable, we may assure ourselves that, though *truth* and justice may suffer a temporary eclipse, they will yet, in the long run, as certainly vindicate themselves and recover their original glory as that the sun shall rise again.

There is no man who does not approve of virtue, though but few pursue it, and a good conscience is the testimony of a good life and the reward of it. But, let wickedness escape as it may at the bar; it never fails to do justice to itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.

We are all sick, I confess; and it is not for sick men to play the physician; but it is yet lawful for a man in a hospital to discourse upon the common condition and distempers of the place.

Well, boys, I have so far in my true stories attempted

to prejudice your minds against drinking or selling whiskey and to place the evil and the good in it faithfully before you.

Whilst it is easy for boys to become sober men, yet, it is one of the hardest tasks imaginable for a man who has become a drunkard to change and become and remain a sober man and recover his first position socially and morally; and, after a long life and close examination of this thing, I have to agree in William's opinion, that there is but one way to escape, and that is, "Taste not, touch not, handle not" this unclean thing.

Could I tell you of all I have seen and known to be true on this subject, without wounding the living, I would place before you facts of death, murder and misery caused by whiskey; so that if you have any sympathy for yourselves, your kindred, or for mankind generally, you will rise up in rebellion against it.

I have other objects in view in telling my stories. There are many other evils in the way of life besides whiskey, and which we must avoid also, if we would succeed.

William wished to prove to the world the final results of a business conducted on principles without precedent in his country.

Although his prosperity seemed to him as firmly established as the rare fire-proof store which contained his goods, and, although he had money to spare, he often thought of his resolve to see Rome and its Pope; still, as this trip would cause great hindrance and perhaps loss, or the closing of his business *pro tem.*, he resolved to give up the pleasure.

He hoped that, later in life, something might occur to

enable him to carry out this resolve of his boyhood with out injury to his business.

His greatest desire was to prove the correctness of the model principle his business had been based upon.

When this resolve to travel was made, he declared he did not expect to marry soon, if ever; that it was too great a task to make enough money with a capital of $5 to visit Rome and support a wife too. But, "Man proposes and God disposes," and he has sometimes been inclined to believe, indeed, that there is "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

He had never been heard to speak even on the subject of marrying, nor had he shown the least attention with that desire to any lady; but, there is a time in the life of all young persons when, for His own purposes, God has implanted the desire for a family and home of their own; but now, at my stage of life, I am disposed to believe that the majority of these persons have their judgments obscured by imagination, and that they have neither the caution nor prudence necessary even in the most ordinary affairs in life.

William was of an imaginative and poetical temperament, as I may, perhaps, prove to you when we get further on.

In his eighteenth year, at a distant church, he saw a strange miss, said to be very handsome; indeed, he thought so too, and inquired he name. Her father had bought a plantation on the Roanoke and intended to move there from the upper country.

William did not seek their acquaintance nor speak to them; yet this miss, as he looked at and contemplated her at church, caused impressions and thoughts to arise

in his mind, as well as to remain there, that no other person ever did, and a destiny that he could not shake off would follow.

A few years passed. He became acquainted with this young woman, then grown, at his own store. His first impressions still haunted him: that this woman was to be his wife. (Dr. Franklin advised early marriage.)

He addressed her; married in haste before he was twenty-one, and his wife only sixteen.

Some people speak of the married life harshly, and ill-naturedly say the very word married is composed of the letters which make mar and die, two horrible words, and that matrimony has always been a matter of money since the days of Noah.

William had forty years' of experience in this matter, and has exercised much observation in regard to the marriage of others, and could tell long stories on this subject.

But, he promised you only short stories, and you should, even thus far in his life, think his word was his bond in everything, and punctuality his ruling virtue.

I have heard him say, after he had served forty years in active business, that he would give any man one thousand dollars who would produce a single instance of his failing to meet any engagement at the time set for business or money.

Well, boys, some of you remember the old copy-plate when you were learning to write: "Punctality is the life of business." (Now! stick a pin here, and you will never regret it.)

You will observe, too, that William was "off-handed"

and diligent in his business, and it is not remarkable that he should have married young and in haste, encouraged, too, as he was, by the saying of Dr. Franklin.

The life of this man so fascinated him that, having no day-time time to spare, he read through the book in one night, by the light of pine knots.

The last syllable of the word marriage is "age," and it is for life, and should not be classed as merchandise.

Bad goods are hard to dispose of, while good goods wear well and help the vender; but, if an error is made in matrimony, no matter of money can buy you out of it.

When very young persons marry in haste, almost at first sight, as most of them are then blind and inexperienced, they make marriage a lottery, in which you have heard there are so many blanks, and, at my age, I have yet to see the man who drew the big prize.

Solomon may have been literal in his proverb when he said: "He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord."

Again, it is said "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." The last syllable of this word marry rhymes with "cry." The ideal of the young will not be realized.

I have heard William often remark that many words were full of meaning, if we would only dissect and rhyme them.

I believe, after all, however, that the wedded life is the proper life for all persons of sound minds and bodies, and that if people are well matched and act deliberately

and sensibly in this, the most important act of their lives, if not happiness, there will, at least, result the greatest alleviation of the cares and sorrors which all men have to bear in the warfare of this life.

I once heard a crusty, old bachelor asked if he was ever at a public execution. He replied no, but he once saw a marriage.

At any rate, boys, in this probable and most important event in your lives, I advise you to be circumspect, not hasty; and, if possible, to find out, before you marry, as much as you prudently can of the woman, her family and training; and to think often that the act is for life, and that your future happiness or misery depends on this step; also, that your success or failure in it, more or less, influences generations to come after you, "and that the sins of the father are visited on the children to the third and fourth generations."

William's marriage entirely changed his destiny, and caused him to have stores at places where he had never dreamed of having business, and to come in contact with eminent persons, and to occupy positions which the most romantic would not have imagined possible.

As we have been hastily led into this most important event in the life of man (marriage), we will make the longest story on this subject, and will try to bring up some incidents that may profit you before and after you have doubled yourself for life.

William had not the usual opportunities of testing wedded life, for during thirty year he had only Sundays to spend with his family.

He always refused to work or travel on Sundays, even to write letters, declaring that the man who worked

seven days in the week would become bankrupt in body, mind, or estate, and he strictly adhered to this rule through a long life, filled with as much or even more business than he ever saw any other man carry.

Much of his experience in married life was gathered from others, from behind the counter, from the purchases, and the run of the accounts of his customers.

He knew nothing of the affairs of the kinsfolk of his wife, except her father; that he owed him double the amount that any other of his customers did, and that, when he commenced this debt, he came to the store and said he had made a large purchase of land on the Roanoke; had sold some of his land and had more to sell, the money for which was to pay the balance of his purchase-money here.

He said that if he could get credit for two or three years on fair terms that his purchases would be considerable, and that he would trade with William.

His proposition was accepted, and he had never been asked for a dollar of his debt.

It snowed slightly on the wedding-day, February 5th, 1835.

A friend, who had been groomsman, had taken grievous offense from a mistaken construction of a remark made to him at the wedding, which William had to explain the next day.

The old man sent for him and told him that he had a chronic disease, inherited from his mother, which incapacitated him for any business at times; that he had made a fortune by his own labor and industry; had married late in life; had lost considerable money by his wife's kin; had a good estate free of debt, before he

purchased this new place, which was unhealthy; he had lost nearly every crop by sickness since he had been there; the late freshet in the river had completely ruined his last crop, which loss, together with the expenses for timber and material for a large mill, had terribly embarrassed him.

He was being sued for a large amount yet due on his lands and had given a mortgage to others for borrowed money on several of his slaves, and went on to say that, with good management and the recovering of the amounts due him up the country, a considerable sum might be saved from the wreck of his estate.

As William had married his daughter (one of four children) he had an interest in the property saved.

Would or could he take the management of all his father-in-law's affairs, and save what he could for his children?

Their mother had died two years before, of the sickness peculiar to the place. The father had nothing but losses from the day he had come to it. He had no other person to ask to help him in his distress, and his whole estate must soon go to ruin.

What could William say? He knew that Jacob was cheated in his marriage, and had served even fourteen years for Rachel. Should he not serve a year or so after having married his wife?

The old man was very despondent, too, and what could he say but "yes?"

Though a novice in this sort of business, and having many affairs of his own to attend to, he would do the best he could to extricate and to save all that could be saved of the property.

If the plantation could be sold it would help much, and he mentioned several rich men who might buy it.

He had advised with his father's friend in regard to his intention of marrying. He had advised him not to marry, if he could honorably avoid it.

William said he could not. No reasons were asked for this counsel, therefore none were given; but, doubtless, this friend saw the troubles before looming in the distance.

There was no time to lose; so, next day, William rode many miles to see the first man who he had thought might buy the land (4,000 acres.)

This person did not wish to purchase it, so on the next day William went to his store to curtail his business and to put it in the hands of a clerk, who, fortunately, he had in a cousin. This man had been brought up to work in a store, and had come over one hundred miles to visit his relations.

After entrusting to him his affairs, William rode on horseback several hundred miles to get a delay of the suit, by becoming personally responsible, through the kindness of his first friend, N. M. M., heretofore named, in Petersburg.

Again, he went a hundred miles up the country to free one of his slaves, working on the James river canal, from an attachment for debt, and to sell some small tracts of poor lands in an adjoining county. He then visited all the other persons he had named as probable purchasers of the land.

The crash of 1836 was looming in the distance, and the sale of lands was improbable at even half their nominal value.

On the plantation were twenty horses and thirty or forty slaves, but neither corn or fodder.

The wheat made on the place and left by the freshet remained in rotten shucks, and the scythes with which it was cut had been left hanging in the fields for the past six months; the overseer had become sick, and had deserted for his up-country home; the mill-dam on the little river had been washed away in the big freshet; and the immense timbers for the new mill were lying in ruinous confusion; everything was in bad condition except the fine mansion in which the family resided.

William said that he had heard of matrimony as a matter of money, but with him it was a matter of debts which rhymed with frets, though no one ever saw or heard him fret in any way up to the day of his marriage.

With all of these unexpected and new troubles, he had many disagreeable duties to perform in order to fulfil his promise made unexpectedly and under peculiar circumstances, but he tried to be faithful at any sacrifice of his business and personal comfort.

An overseer was hired in February; a mill-dam built; the sixty-five feet long timbers for rafters for the new mill-house cut up to construct a new mill-house of moderate dimensions (the former flour-manufacturing mill had been burned); and a small temporary mill-house was built for one-run of corn-stones, which gave food for the horses and family, from the tolls.

The tobacco crop was good and was sold for fifteen dollars per hundred. The other crops also were attended to. Oats and feed were sold at full prices to the rail-road contractors, and with some help from the agent, and the sale of some negroes, the large details in suit,

the mortgages, and all the demanded debts were paid. The mill was completed with four-run of stones, and in two years, in the prime of his life, William, by his own control and direction, had brought this Babel of debt into order, and had a fair show for at least twenty thousand dollars in value left for the estate, as well as another heir for it.

His own affairs had been left pretty much to his clerk, who literally carried out his orders and instructions, and never resided again at his old home.

Disease and despondency had brought on the old man premature dotage, and when he saw his affairs cleared up from inconceivable confusion, and a decent estate saved from the wreck, he gave his married daughter, who had kept house for him, a place on the land about a mile from the mansion house, which had been built for health, and for the former owners to live in during the sickly season. It was valued at fourteen hundred dollars. He also gave her a nurse valued at five hundred dollars. His debt to William had been increased, and not a dollar paid.

It is said that regrets are burdens which a brave man must cast off; the Hebrew word for riches is more frequently translated heavy; he who loses anything and gains wisdom thereby, has made no loss; nothing is more difficult to find than a good husband, unless it be a good wife.

William's most earnest prayer to God was for wisdom, and knowledge was his first and main desire.

These two years of adversity, labor, and trials, with sickness and debt, taught him lessons that he could not have learned in any other school, and although the sick-

ness, due to his residence and frequent exposure on the river, had left an enduring sallow tinge on his former rosy cheeks, as well as sometimes a sad and thoughtful shadow on his heretofore cheerful face, he digested and examined these lessons of his life, and looked around for means to repair losses and to meet increasing expenses, consoling himself with the reflection that the glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

He frequently sat up all night to watch the mills grinding grist for railroad contractors, and then went on the boat to Gaston to deliver it, and returned in the night five miles through the almost constant falls of that rocky and difficult navigation, and oftentimes he got into the water to help the tired boatmen to lift the boat off the rocks, and arrived at home at midnight, wet, weary, and perspiring from the reaction of a recent chill; but he was laboring against a big debt, and never shirked labor of any kind if he could only forward and perfect his projects.

In describing so many of William's acts, I wish to give you an example to follow, as well as to tell you of the things you must shun, and if you are too young to understand moralizing and philosophizing, you must keep the book, read it as you grow older, and you will then find many reflections worth more to you than gold.

I have so much material to select from to make up a small and proper book for you that I am frequently at a loss what to write, what to select, and how to arrange my thoughts so as to be of greatest advantage to you, and to draw your attention to them.

My motive is the same as William's when he refused to sell whiskey at all hazards.

Were it not said that truths are often stranger than fiction, I should be disposed to lay down my pen in despair; but I know that there are good men living who do care for mankind, and that they will appreciate my work and my motives, and make due allowance for this first attempt to write a book.

I know also there is a God who governs all things, and if he approves of my work, success is certain.

If any of my writings should cause some boys, some youths, and some young men, at the most critical period of their lives, to pursue, follow, and cling to the right at all hazards, then I shall have accomplished something to repay me for my labor and trouble.

Well, boys, I find that our last story carried us slightly out of our path and into the ways of men. But recollect that you are to grow up and be men; and I wish to impress upon your minds that there are bad men and good men; that there are useful and useless men; that many useful men live out the number of days allotted to man, whereas the wicked, as Solomon says, live out only half of their days, and that the seeds for the diseases that carried them off are planted in their youth, and that there is only one way to avoid this destiny.

Oh, that I could give proper expression to thoughts and allure you into the ways that lead not to this sad end!

We left William both quickly and largely paid in this world for a novel and unexampled act in defense of what he believed to be right and in opposition to the long-established custom of the country in which he lived. He had not regarded the threats of his patrons nor the probable destruction of his prosperous business.

All may have, if they dare try, a glorious life or grave, and, though security is the caution of narrow minds, as fire tries gold, so does difficulty and hazard test virtuous minds.

Shakespeare says "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women players."

I say, "act well your part, there all the honor lies," and that life itself is neither good nor evil, but only a place for good and evil; it is a kind of tragi-comedy. Let it be well acted, no matter whether it be long or short.

Dishonesty cannot, from the peculiar nature of its diverging tendency, continue long successful. Integrity in the moral world is what in science is termed the attraction of cohesion; without its cementing qualities and properties no scheme can answer, no purpose succeed.

The *volume of nature* is the *book* of knowledge, and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selections.

The constant attention that William's business required had gradually curtailed and finally prevented the completion of his historical course of reading, and he was prematurely freed to commence the above-named book, which it requires a lifetime to read.

I cannot deny, after reading it myself for more than fifty years, that this book, Æsop's Fables, and the Bible, are quite enough books for most men to read, and that I value them more than all the others that I have either seen or read.

These books never tire, are always fresh to the mind, and if you are disposed to read, you can peruse them with pleasure and profit every day of your lives.

William's first lesson in the big endless volume mentioned made a strong impression on his mind and encouraged him to mark and write down in after life some of the results to those who drank or sold whiskey, as well as other things which carried evil into his mind, and which caused many persons to go astray and miscarry and be disappointed in all their expectations in life, fill up the ranks of the drunkards, frequently leaving their wives and children in poverty and woe.

William, by accident, saw in Petersburg a man of this sort—E. A.—who had left his wife and children in deep poverty, and had enlisted in the first company of soldiers soon to sail for the Mexican war. As soon as he got an opportunity to speak to him, he asked him what he had done with his family. Though as brave as a lion, his lips quivered, tears dropped from his eyes, and yet he could give no answer. The company moved off, and the soldier heard the words, "Your children shall be cared for."

As soon as possible, William rode ten miles to learn of their condition. There was a deep snow on the ground, and these children had gone barefoot through the snow to beg for something to eat.

The overseers of the poor had heard of this fact, and sent them ten miles further on to the poor-house. But William sent for them, gave one a home at his house, and secured good places for the others.

Their father never returned to his deserted and poverty-stricken home. He had not read the Bible, perhaps, or did not believe the words of the proverb which says, "The drunkard and the glutton shall surely come to want."

He had the old Almanac's motto, every day, before him: "He that would thrive, must himself either hold or drive," and although he had a good clerk at his almost deserted store, of about his own age, he had seen every time he visited it, that the want of his personal attention and management would slowly, but certainly, destroy his business. He wished to avoid closing by auction and bringing suit against customers, for he determined that this country store, at least, should not be a country curse, or return evil for the good which its customers gave to it.

This was carried out to the letter, at this, as well as at his three other stores during the following thirty years. There were no sales by auction at closing, no suits at law, nor distress to any patron in any way, and I have often heard it said, that William had made more money and lost less in bad debts or accidents, (from his first capital, five dollars) than any other living man.

Should not this be a strong card in favor of temperance in all things, as well as against selling whiskey, and a proof that in our secular affairs, if we would succeed, we must abstain from the appearance of evil, however temptation may try us.

Now, boys, let us look into this word, so prominent in the Lord's prayer.

The Dictionary interprets this word in many ways, all as leading to evil. Fly it, avoid it, pass not by it. It is the prince of wickedness, full of evil. More than fifty years ago, at the Eagle Hotel, in the city of Richmond, William was sitting after supper, after a hard day's work, in the veranda that surrounded the open "plazza" of this grand hotel. He was a youth and stranger, except

to a few merchants, and was alone with no one to talk to. His rule through life was, never to speak the first word to any strangers whatever.

A venerable old man came to him, took a seat, and commenced a conversation, and presently asked him if he had ever seen a Faro-Bank.

He answered, no; but he had read of them in a book called "Hoyle."

The old man then described them, and particularly the one at the farther corner of the veranda, where he pointed to a small and scarcely perceptible light, and said, that to visit this place it was not necessary that every one should bet against the bank; that gentlemen visited it, and that the rooms were elegant. They kept a free table with the best and rarest liquors, game and meats.

William may have inherited his mother's curiosity. I have often heard him say, that he no doubt had inherited much of her loquacity. So having nothing else to do before bed-time (note here boys, the idle man is never out of danger), he consented to go with the stranger.

After passing the dim light mentioned, in a place wide enough only for one person to go forward, and after various windings, he was led to a closed door, through which there was a hole, and which admitted light to the dark way.

The old man knocked at the door, a person looked through the hole, heard some sign or word, or knew the face of the old man, and we were immediately admitted and all the old man told him was more than realized in the real facts and appearance of things. Still, I have often heard William say, in regard to this adventure,

that as he was passing through the dark and intricate way, and whilst seated and looking at this splendid establishment, his first thought was of the stories he had read, of decoys and robbers; of Moses, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and then of Æsop's fable of the sick lion that invited all the beasts to see him, and of the reason the fox gave for refusing to go in.

He had about two thousand dollars of his own money in his pocket; but he was the only person in existence that knew this fact.

However, he looked on the game and its abettors. It was conducted genteely and quietly, the stakes and the hazard absorbed all attention; the rapid passing of white and red ivory "chips" or counters, and the dealing of the cards kept all interested. Occasionally, there was "coppering," an ominous word, as the betters lose by this one-half their stakes, by some said to be the only advantage the bank has. "In my eye" the cards have no passions, full capital to back them, and perhaps other advantages, whilst the betters against the bank are weak at all these points.

At this bank, a general, a university student, and a profligate young man of a good family (perhaps a decoy), were betting. The latter often got broke, and borrowed money of the bank, until they would lend him no more; the general and the university youth would pay the cash and buy more "chips."

When the bank had won their stake, William was invited to eat of their game. The liquors were so plentiful and temptingly placed, that they seemed to need no invitation to recommend them. Of course, his fixed resolve was against this thing; still, there was a fascination

and a temptation to bet on this game. After looking on it, for a time, it seemed irresistible. But, he reflected what his old comrades would think and say of one who had refused to bet or play cards with them, and whom some of them dubbed "the preacher against gambling in any way." He had eaten of this forbidden fruit, he sat by and seemed interested in fortune's freaks, and, of course, he had visited the place of his own free will, and to say the least, he must feel in some sort the aider and abettor of the game.

William, by these things, was tempted to ask of the dealer if he would take Georgia money. The answer was, I will take any sort.

He had a ten dollar uncurrent Georgia bank note, on which he had loaned a slow customer five dollars some twelve months before, to be redeemed at the same price soon. He had never called for it, or offered to comply with this promise, and these were good reasons to suppose that he never would do so.

William recollected Hoyle's remarks upon the least hazardous bet at this game, and, although the game might have one hundred per cent. advantage, yet he had the same in the cost of his Georgia bill. At any rate, if he could get half of its nominal value, he would lose nothing, and have current money to spend, and he had eaten of the game, too; feasted at least the value of the six per cent. interest on the five dollars.

Boys, let one say in parenthesis, that William was a stickler for six per cent., the lawful interest on money; and often he refused to ask or take higher rates. With these reflections and temptations, he took the ten dollars worth in counters, betted according to Hoyle—small

sums at a time—whilst the larger betting of others carried more of the attention of the dealer, and he won nearly every bet, which attracted the attention of the General, who, though he had not said a word for an hour, remarked, "if I had your luck, I would have broken the bank."

The town clock tolled his usual early bed-time.

William passed up his counters and received the twenty odd dollars he had won. He was sent to a two-bedded room, and went to sleep at a late hour of the night.

The student came in, he supposed, to go to bed; but it was to unlock his trunk and get more money to bet at Faro. He attempted, in vain, to persuade him to go to bed, and not to risk more money at so hazardous a game. He never saw the student again.

Perhaps the fox's remark would apply to him. Is it possible that his penchant for this game was acquired at the university.

William's winnings with the Georgia State note paid more than all of his expenses to Richmond, and he thought it impossible that any of his acquaintances could ever know of this "slip" of his.

Somehow, he never could mix this money satisfactorily with the honest earnings of his business, and his pecadillo after awhile was exposed to the very comrades he had lectured so often about cards and gambling.

He was invited to a distant wedding of one of his schoolmates. His business had kept him at the store to the last minute, and he was about the last of the guests to arrive.

He was directed to a hall in which a number of persons were standing in conversation.

As he entered the door, an old man spoke in a high tone of voice, pointing his finger at him: "That is the young man, whose name I do not know, whom I was trying to discover in this county. I have already told you of his fight with and success against the "tiger" at Richmond."

These words came like a thunder-stroke. William blushed black and blue, and acknowledged the facts.

You will see, boys, from this story, that temptation can lead us to dark deeds, and that these deeds, however obscure, are liable to be exposed before men when we least expect it.

Know, also, that there is a God, who sees and notes our every act and thought in this world, and to whom there is no place of concealment.

William ran a greater risk than merely losing his money; and what is called "luck" in this world is far more dangerous than adversity to all men. It will lead us into temptation.

This unexpected adventure had shifted his poise, and, had he been induced to use any of the two thousand dollars in his pocket, the chances are against him that he, too, would have gone with the student into the "lion's den," never to return.

After fifty years of experience in life, I have heard him say that he considered this action the greatest risk of his life, and that he gained a most lasting lesson from it.

He learned the name of the old man, who lived in an adjoining county; found that he bred race-horses, and

had been what the world terms a genteel gambler all his life.

He never knew what became of him, but one of his sons married a schoolmate and distant connection of his, and was a professed " Faro " dealer ; lived a most miserable life, and died the most awful death that he he ever heard a doctor describe. Some of this man's family has begged of William, by letters, since the war.

Now, boys, this gambling and temptation story has been much longer than I intended. I could recite many others, of less tediousness, but all of them convey the same lesson, and I should have to speak of murders, suicides, thefts, and other dreadful things, not suitable for the ears of boys.

Life itself is enough of a game for honest men to contend with, and, as you learn it better, your curiosity to see and play at games of chance will diminish, and you will learn that it is so much easier to avoid than to withstand temptation.

Now, boys, we will return to William's story of his home life. We left him speculating how to make up the two years lost to his business, as well as how to keep up with the increasing family expenses.

The late crash in the money market had cast a gloom over buisness and affairs generally.

About half-way to Gaston, on the river, there was a bad place, near the shore, either for running a boat down or for pushing it up empty, called by the boatsmen the " Mouse Gap."

There he had done some hard and wet work to assist

his boatmen, and had some times stopped on the bank of the river to rest.

At this point there was an immense pile of fresh quarried stone, which the builders of the Gaston bridge had left as not fit for their purposes.

One of the boatmen remarked, "Here are enough good stones to build a house," and as William had built one stone house, he thought of another, and considered the suggestion.

Gaston being the terminus of the first railroad in the country, the centre of a large river navigation trade, and of much neigborhood custom, and, there being only one apparently flourishing store in the place, he concluded it must be a good place for another store.

But the locality was dreadfully sickly; ten miles distant from his home, with no labor, except such hirelings as chance allowed.

The month of August had come. His father-in-law had too much business of his own, and there was no help to be had or expected of him.

Many other things besides were well calculated to deter him, and to hinder even further thought on this subject.

But some of his triumphs, in his own business, over difficulties which seemed impracticable, came, however, to his mind, and then he recalled the old adage that he had read from some of his old school-books: "That is the thing I would be at! Stand firm in that difficulty where 'Phœbus' himself trembles." And another: "That it is the prerogative of true genius to produce great effect from inconsiderable sources."

So, to Gaston he went. He paid three hundred dollars for a quarter of an acre of land, on the river bank; bought the pile of stone, as they lay, for a small sum, as they were of no value to the owners of the land.

He met, by accident, a young Irish stone-cutter, who had just completed his contracts on the railroad, and who offered to put up his store-house, by the perch, at a low rate, and to get as many country stone-masons as were needed, at a dollar a day, to assist in the work, so as to get it done in three months.

He hired boats and laborers at low rates, and worked every day with them.

The earth from the cellar was sand, plenty of water was to be gotten from the river, just at the door, lime came by the railroad, so nothing was lacking or hard to get, and, on the eighth of November, the house was completed and covered with sheet-iron.

When the builder finished the cellar door, he held up his hands, with the blood trickling from his fingers, the effect of the cold and the lime, and exclaimed: "You see, the job is complete, but it has brought the blood from my hands."

This man was the best, most expert and faithful workmen, by far, that William had ever seen.

Some of the Northern bridge-builders offered to put up the shelving of the store, and, although much of the work was done by moonlight, there was neither accident nor sickness among the laborers, and the goods and clerk were in the store in November.

The short time at command, and the certainty of cold weather, which would have stopped the work

entirely, offered a strong temptation to set the laborers to work on Sundays, but that was strictly prohibited, for the old couplet on the Sabbath day was ever fresh to William's mind :

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gained,
Is the sure forerunner of sorrow."

Not a man who was employed in any way about the building of this store was ever seen to take a drink of whiskey.

There had been no objection made to it or request on the subject, although, within fifty yards of the building, there was the worst and most frequented bar-room imaginable.

In this connection, I must tell you of one sober-drunkard (he had no money to buy whiskey), who came to William.

Though he was not needed, for there were already enough stone-carriers engaged, he begged to be permitted to wheel-barrow stone, in order to earn enough money to buy a shirt.

He was ragged and dirty; but William recognized him as an old schoolmate, whose father had left a large fortune, made by merchandise. By drinking he had reduced himself to this point.

In due time the store, established in Gaston, had more customers than William and all of his clerks could serve.

It was the only store, he ever knew, where buyers waited through the day, and yet, did not get their turn, to be waited on; they would come back the next day with the cash in their pockets to buy their goods; and this was the case when there were two other stores in the place, which had the same kind of goods.

These customers were almost strangers; but this fact should prove that all men are more or less attracted by what they know to be right, though their deeds be the contrary, and certainly they did spend their money, where they think they have the least risk of loss. The business of this store increased so much, that it had to be enlarged. As the owner lived ten, fifty and one hundred miles from his other non-liquor stores, it was quite impossible that he could give personal attention to all of them.

The Gaston Rock Store, had the control of more than fifty boatmen, whom he could have forced to buy whiskey of him, and I have often heard him say, he could have sold enough in twenty years of his business, to have made a small canal.

The toll-collector, who had a store, and sold whiskey, got into trouble. This business was given to him, a business worth over one thousand dollars per year, requiring little time or work.

After a while, the Presidency of the Roanoke Navigation Company was given to him, without his having the most distant thought of even succeeding men of such wealth and high character, as had filled the office. It had been recorded on their books, some years before this, that he refused, point blank, to be the agent for the company; to run fifteen to twenty boats, when the Danville

railroad was commenced, and that at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with a clerk to do most of the business.

It would have contributed largely to the benefit of his store if the boats ran on Sunday, as had been their habit since the navigation commenced, or had to take whiskey even as freight.

It was agreed, and by full authority entered on their books, that he should draw on their treasurer, at his discretion and judgment, to buy the boats and as many negroes as he thought proper to manage them.

It may also be recorded that these boats were bought and rigged; that, for the three years they were navigated, no whiskey was ever carried as freight on them; that they were the only boats that ever navigated this river that invariably laid over on Sunday; that not a loss, robbery, or accident ever occurred on any of them, until the Danville railroad was completed and the busisiness satisfactorily closed and abandoned; that during this time, seventeen boats belonging to other persons had their cargoes more or less lost or damaged, and several of the crews drowned; that fifteen of these seventeen happened on Sundays; and that, during the prevalence of the cholera on the river, not one on the Company's boats died.

If these and a thousand other facts that he has tested and proved do not convince some of the cavilers on this subject, even one from the dead would not succeed in convincing them, after I tell you the fate of the man who kept the store in Summit, North Carolina.

The Summit Store.

ABOUT fifty years since, a soberly raised young man moved into my county and married a woman with some property, and commenced store-keeping with his brother-in-law, a preacher. The new railroad made Summit Depot a good place for a store. This man bought land, built a dwelling for his family and a store near the depot.

Shortly after this, he dissolved partnership with his brother-in-law, and set up a store on his own account. He sold whiskey, too, to be drank at the store, and seemed to flourish for a while.

My business, at Gaston, about two and a-half miles from this place, caused me to pass near it and to hear of it, too.

After awhile, chicken fights were had on holidays, and, in a short time, one murder and two deaths occurred there, all from whiskey.

Soon after all this happened, the owner of the store came to me and said he would fail, unless he could get a certain sum in cash for his place, and that, if I would buy it, it would save me a ride of fifteen miles per day and place me nearer my business; besides, it would enable him to pay his debts.

He had several children; and, considering the above facts of the case, and that my buying the place would close this house of death, I paid him the sum asked for the property, but it did not pay up all his debts.

His ten children, mostly daughters, have this curse entailed on them and their children to this day.

His clerk and kinsman had a few hundred dollars, mostly an inheritance, so he built him a store on the other side of the railroad, as I had turned the other into a school-house, and would sell no land, at any price, for a whiskey store to be built on it.

This clerk was quite popular, and did a good business for a time, but he had acqired the habit of drinking at the store, and would occasionally get on a frolic, until the habit produced *mania-potua*. He made many efforts to leave off drinking whiskey, but the thing was always before him. He yielded, and in a few years died of an attack of *delerium tremens*.

He had merely wasted his estate, but, fortunately, had never married.

Another and another tried the store, and whiskey would flourish for awhile; but, at last, all of them and their owners came to grief.

In South Gaston there were shops of the same ilk, all of which failed; and, at this time, the keepers and their houses are in places where they shall be "known no more."

I could mention enough of such instances to make a book.

The strange conduct of the law-makers, who are supposed to be, or ought to be, the selectmen of the coun-

try, has been a sore puzzle to me, from my boyhood to this day.

It seems singular, indeed, that *they* should make laws to punish every crime—even peccadillos—and in the *same book* make and keep laws which *directly cause* and multiply the very crimes that are to be punished by the first laws.

They tax and issue licenses to make and sell an article which causes crime; and I am sorry to add that the officers that issue these licenses are not over particular in selecting the most fit persons to use them.

What is more incongruous to me is, that the taxes for this thing produce only a moiety of the cost of prosecutions, jails, and poor-houses, made necessary by it, to say nothing of the sorrow, loss and cost to the persons and families who may have escaped legal punishment of their crimes.

People are often heard to speak of and laud the progress of civilization and the unprecedented development of the arts and sciences, while little is done to suppress drunkenness, though legislatures have, for many years past, had the example, at least, in one State, of the salutary effect of laws against the selling and making of this poison invented or discovered by the Devil.

The manner of this discovery I will attempt to show you. His Satanic Majesty is never "idle in his leisure," but diligent in his business.

Sitting in his laboratory, cogitating upon his plagues for mankind, and having his crucibles at hand, he wished to try an experiment with a grain of corn, and

after various experiments, he at last produced a liquid drop. He touched it with his finger, tasted it, and snapped his fingers, saying: "This is the thing; now I will glut my revenge and gloat my eyes with the evils that it will inflict on mankind."

I dreamed last night that I saw a boy catch a fish from the bottom of a clear, deep stream. The boy asked me to take the fish from his hook. I did so, and inquired the depth of the water by the length of his fishing-line. Another boy near by was pulling up a line, and answered: "Mine is a fathom line, and it is ninety feet deep."

I may go too deep into this subject and entangle my lines, but I cannot help regretting that a recent action in my adopted State of North Carolina showed an overwhelming majority against the law against whiskey; but I am pleased to say that the laws prohibiting it in the county of Northampton, in which the scenes of many tragedies were enacted many years ago, remain steadfast to this day, and I am grieved that over the balance of the State the Devil still holds his sway.

On my first visit to the court-house of Northampton, I saw a white man at the whipping-post, and after drinking a glassful of raw whiskey, handed to him by his little daughter, he received his penalty of stripes on his bare back for stealing a plough-share.

Soon after this, I saw a drunken man fall from the high steps that led to the bar-room, and appeared to remain still on the ground. I went to the landlord and told him that there was a man lying at his door who was, in my opinion, seriously hurt.

"Oh," said he, "he is only drunk!"

In an hour I passed again, and seeing the man did not breathe, I went to him again and told him the man was dead. On examining him, it was found that he had broken his neck by the fall.

We see that the Devil, by his discovery, gets many subjects.

The next scene in regard to whiskey was in connection with a little fellow playing at quoits. For a most trivial offense, he thrust his knife into his companion, and then ran to the swamp to escape the watchful guardians of the law.

One night, at this court-house, I went to my bedroom, up stairs, on a passage, where there were a number of small tables with lighted tallow candles on them. From my unlocked door, I could hear the oaths of the card-players to such a degree that I could not sleep; and in the middle of the night, when sleep had overpowered me and I had fallen into slumber, I was awakened by a drunkard who had come to bed with me. I ousted him, barred my door, and reflected upon these evils until morning. I got up at daylight, and passed by the dirty tables, that were soiled with tobacco, cards and drinking-cups, to say to the landlord that this array, on my first visit to the court, and experience of the laws of my new State, had disgusted me, and would make my visits there few and far between. Now, that they have eschewed whiskey, none of these things can or will happen again.

Several years after these occurrences, I was induced by my family to go to Garysburg, the half-way station to this court-house, "Jackson," to attend an exhibition of a preparatory school. I was attracted by the speech

as well as the face of the boy-orator, and inquired his name and college. His college proved to be my store, at Gaston, N. C. He became a most faithful and excellent clerk, and had a store of his own for more than twenty years in Petersburg.

As his line of business did not require any whiskey in his store, that fact, or his good conduct, may be the cause that his business and store survived the wreck made by the war.

We will now return to the speech that followed his at the school-house. The subject was temperance.

Rather to my astonishment, when this speech was concluded, the orators of the day and a considerable number of the audience formed into line, with a handsome temperance banner floating at the head of the moving line. In it were several of the most influential men of this county, whose previous example and influence had encouraged that which this act condemned. My astonishment was increased, as I had not heard, in a distant county, the dulcet sounds of war against the monster, whiskey, and having been, for so many years, engaged in this unequal contest alone, the note indicating help, though ever so remote, was pleasing to my ear.

We left for home; and, whilst our horse drank at a clear brook that crossed our road, the president of this new temperance society overtook us on the way, and asked me to join. He said that even the boys were joining it.

I answered that I was the "old gentleman himself" in this business, and had, for many years, kept a society of my own, and if all would adopt the simple rules of

my society, it would disband his and all its like. My rule was, to neither make, keep, sell, buy, or give whiskey to any person whatever.

He passed on. His new temperance society got astray, and one of its leading members was shot in an affray near the very spot where the first temperance banner was unfurled.

Whiskey was the match that fired the gun that killed this man.

I have often heard it said that it was time and labor thrown away trying to cure old drunkards; that the true policy was to prevent the young from becoming drunkards.

The State of Maine joined my society, and was the first member I had, and I have heard of no relapse of any faithful member. I am glad to say that I have had many other faithful members voluntarily added to it; but our company makes neither parades, shows, nor speeches; expends neither time, nor money, nor ever meets the fate of many of Father Mathew's converts.

In 1867, I spent several months in Paris, where wines are more drunk than water (this water did not agree with me, and, "in Rome, do as the Romans do.") I drank "*Vin Ordinaire*" with my bread, and once took "*Eau de Vie*" in my coffee, and, although I searched diligently to find a drunkard, I found myself the most intoxicated person that I saw in Paris. In Liverpool, England, it was too common to see women drunk, cursing and fighting in the streets.

The French, however, are a long-lived people, and their half-temperate habits may prolong their lives.

In Japan, they make frequent use of their "Hari-Kari," and by this act make their deaths, by accidents, equal those of other nations who drink whiskey.

The custom of such a sober, cheerful people might, with propriety, be imitated by other nations. As the Maine law is so little imitated, might not good be accomplished by an extensive planting of vineyards, which flourish so well in all parts of our country (even in the "Dismal Swamp" of Virginia), and the production of good pure wines?

I will close this sad subject with a short story of Ludivico Cornarus, of Padua, Italy, who had become a victim to intemperance at thirty-five years of age. He took his bed to die, refused the doctors' prescriptions, and at last cured himself by a firm resolution, and was a healthy man at the age of eighty-three. He adopted and kept a sober and temperate habit, proving this good effect on himself for forty-five years.

CONCENTRATION.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating its powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispensing its over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind; and, though "bores" are avoided, yet, they are the most irreproachable of human beings and the best fellows in the world; and, if I wanted a guardian for defenseless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity, for I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honor and integrity.

The most remarkable anomoly I have met in inconsistent men is, that so many of them will seize the narrow end of a bargain with their fellow-man, chuckle over the ill-gotten gain, as they pack it away with other gains of the same ilk, to be left for their children to squander in drunkenness or riotousness. Though they may be sober men themselves, and wish the chances to ensnare their children were expelled or lessened, yet, when a vote is taken on this vital question, they are callous or indifferent, and, if they vote at all, vote with a majority, and prematurely make a *post-mortem* disposition of their estates.

I know a man to-day is not the same as the man to-morrow, He may he bold, adventurous, generous, full of zeal, one hour; yet timid, cautious, and indifferent the next. Hence, the ancient Germans, who seemed to be acquainted with this philosophy, are said always to have held two deliberations upon great affairs, especially war—one when drunk, the other when sober.

Before the voters in North Carolina try the whiskey question again, let them deliberate as the Germans did.

They said, too, if you preferred success, *concentrate*, deliberate, and use your pluck.

If you wish to fail, dilate, hesitate, take the chances, and trust to luck.

They said that ease of body and contentment of mind constituted happiness. I agree in this opinion.

"When vice prevails and impious men have sway, the post of honor is a private station."

Atticus said: "Thank heaven, I have at length reached that desideratum in the pursuit of happiness—The being able to 'concentrate' not only all my feelings but all my ideas, and certainly all my wishes, within the pale of this domain."

Such self-command had Carlin, that, while he delighted the Parisians with his wit, was thought diverted by it himself, he was consulting his phyiscian upon the hypochandria that killed him.

It was Haztell's opinion that all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it.

The Gaston Story.

WELL, boys, now for the "Gaston Story." Forty-five years ago, when the Greensville and Roanoke railroad (now extinct) was completed to Gaston, N. C., the grand depot for the Roanoke Navigation Company was built on the bank of the river. At the depot of this embryo town, more tobacco and merchandise was received and delivered than at any other place in the Southern States.

Mr. R. H., of Petersburg, Va., made money from contracts for wagoning on this road, built the first house in this little-to-be-town, in which house his wife, three daughters and one son resided. The wife was religious, the daughters comely, the son promising, and all respectable.

Mr. H. was rather coarse, having wagoned for many years, abrupt, swore like a trooper, but correct to a fault in his business transactions.

Although an entire novice, he built a store-room under his dwelling, at one end, and a bar-room under the other. His wife and daughters were opposed to this bar-room; but "Uncle Dick," as he was mostly called, was rough as a bear, strong as a mule, and fully as obstinate, when he set his head and heart against things outside of his wife's jurisdiction.

The stream of travel by this new railroad, the country wagons and carts, and the three hundred batteau-men that navigated the Roanoke, all concentrating at this point, gave merchandise, of every kind kept in the country store, wings; the store-keeper his choice of the feathers. Indeed, it required neither tact nor skill to make money, as he had a monopoly in this sickly little town of one house, and a hotel, then building, and the three-hundred-foot depot covered with slate. His wife kept a well-patronized boarding-house for the many bridge and railroad-men. The writer's workmen, when he built the storehouse, boarded with her.

Uncle Dick and his son, with all usual help of the wife and hired bar-keeper, kept this money-coining business all going, and no man ever made money, for a short time, so easy and so fast as Uncle Dick. But, in a year or two, the large hotel was completed, and three other stores, with trained store-keepers, were in operation, which opposition rather curtailed Uncle Dick's monopoly of merchandise, but his bar-room made up the appearances of numbers visiting his store, and flourished as the "green-bay tree," with drunkards and card-players, stragglers, loafers and swearers, yet the latter class rarely got the better of Uncle Dick, and, as he was proprietor, always gave in to him.

He added a German tailor, named Andrew Ockler, to his establishment, right over the bar-room. The tailor had plenty of work; he was a steady, silent, deep-eyed, sombre-looking man, and in my short acquaintance with him, I learned that he was not satisfied with his situation. He told me that he got plenty of work, made more money than he anticipated, but he had travelled and worked in many places, but the bar-room below was

far the most wicked and noisy that he had ever seen in any country, and that God's curse must visit the place, as he had never yet seen it fail to do, and he was an old man, that he would soon leave the place; and then, almost in a prophetic voice, his deep-set eyes giving weight to his words, he said: "I see you will not sell whiskey in your store, and, though I shall not see you again in this world, and I am so sorry for the nice family and religious wife of Mr. H., who appears now rich and prosperous; yet, Mr. W., mark what I am about to say to you: this house, with all its wealth and prosperity, in a very few years, will be brought, by an unseen hand, to poverty, woe and dispersion; and you will see the curse of God follow the head of this house to his grave of a pauper, and the very place on which this wickedness now so flourishes will become a corn-field, as it was a few years since, and your stone sheet-iron temperance store will be about the only house that will be left with the appearance of business in this seemingly now flourishing little town."

I never saw this prophet-tailor again. The new hotel had a *well-ordered bar-room*, and took all of the best customers from Uncle Dick, and left him the scum. The other two stores also sold liquor, which shaved his profits largely in the jug-whiskey trade.

The "*Moris Mullicantis*" fever raged. Uncle Dick concluded to follow the lead of a rich man, Mr. W., in growing the trees and raising silk worms, so he built silk-houses and prepared largely, at heavy expense, for a business, of which he had no knowlege or experience, to make up, at one grand gain, the whole amount of profits he supposed lost when his monopoly ceased.

Of course, this new, untried project failed; the silk worms even died of the "yellows."

The son, who had control of the store and bar-room whilst his father's attention was devoted to the mulberry leaves and silk worms, played cards and drank whiskey to his heart's content, and was the very material, in money and rashness, for older gamblers to fleece without dulling their shears, and the store and bar-room mostly went to these gamblers as readily as Uncle Dick's larger amounts went to feed silk worms.

No reasonable business could bear such a strain, and though Uncle Dick cursed and swore at his son and the silk business, and never having time to take an inventory of goods or to balance accounts, his credit good, too, in Petersburg, in less than two years, his wife, an honest and calculating woman, discovered that her husband was seriously embarrassed and went with him to town to settle up what she found a ruined business, not able to pay its debts by sale of all the property. She took her daughters, all now nearly grown, and went to her friends.

Uncle Dick went to a cabin, built about two miles from Gaston for silk worms, and with which there were a few acres of land, under mortgage, and "*Moris Multicantis*" worthless, and adjoining the farm of my chief clerk.

The son became a boatman, a gambler and drunkard, and, as I never heard or saw more of him, after a few years, no doubt was laid in a premature grave, which is ever ready for all of that class I have ever known.

Uncle Dick's pecuniary misfortunes (although heretofore sober) made him a drunkard, and, as misfortunes

seldom come alone, the white swellings attacked his right leg.

My clerk, who was a religious man, frequently told me of Uncle Dick's horrible condition, and said that he was the gamest man he ever saw; that his leg must be amputated or he must die; that he had suffered worse than death for two years; that he had a swing-bed hung to the rafters of his cabin, being unable to walk; that he and the neighbors gave him victuals, and a little free-negro to wait on him; that Uncle Dick generally had a jug of whiskey so he could reach it, and lay almost helpless, as the little negro frequently ran away, but Uncle Dick never ceased cursing nor drinking whiskey, when he could get it.

Several doctors, hearing of his situation, went to see him, and found it necessary to amputate the leg from the body, in order to save his life.

Uncle Dick now had to crutch it. He quit swearing and drinking, and, having no money or kin, some kind persons made up a purse for him to go back to Gaston, and set up a candy and oyster-shop to help support himself, but it was expressly stipulated by the donors that he was not to sell whiskey.

He made a living for a few years, but, wishing to make more money re-commenced the sale of liquor, was informed on by a mean fellow, out of spite, was hauled twenty-five miles in a mule-cart to Jackson, the court-house, for trial, and indicted.

The writer met him when he arrived at the court-house, spoke to him, and heard him curse the man who informed on him, and say that he felt like a man brought to be hanged, and he had rather to have died than be

forced to come as he now appeared, and that it would cost him all of the little money he had saved in the two past years, and made his future prospects terrible.

The writer approached the District-Attorney and some of the grand jurors and stated Uncle Dick's case. He had an old acquaintance and one well-wisher on the jury, a man who knew his honesty and one who had influence. Anyhow, and so unexpectedly to Uncle Dick, he left for home in the mule-cart that afternoon with a smile on his face, and only *one cent* fine to pay.

This man, in less than three years, died drunk and alone, in his little shop at Gaston, with only a portion of his manly body resting on his humble bed. He was buried by those who had gratuitously furnished him funds at first to buy his candy and oysters for his shop in Gaston.

Neither his wife or children ever came to see him after the first breaking up of his house, and the good merchants of Petersburg never recovered their debts against him, and the place, where his flourishing house once stood, is now the corn-field that the German tailor said it would be.

The navigation of the Roanoke has been superceded by railroads, and the bridge across the river burned during the war. The Greensville and Roanoke railroad, long since suspended, tore up and carried off the hotel and large depot, which made the place look like the deserted castles of the Rhine, and the only show of business or life in this once flourishing town for several years past is a small store kept in my stone and iron building, which I sold, many years since, at what was then considered a small price, but more than it after

proved worth. It is now the lone stone to mark where the town of Gaston was in times of yore.

The ways of Providence are strange and past finding out. That Uncle Dick's grave should be without a tomb is natural; that many of the few inhabitants of this sickly depot-town should have died, and one to commit suicide by placing himself directly for the wheels of an engine to pass over his body (he was a tailor from Williamsburg, Va., drunk and half crazy) may have been natural; and that not one of the merchants that sold whiskey and kept store in this place ever cleared any money. Two of them, I know, ended bankrupts. The large brick hotel was a heavy loss to its rich owner. The writer, who never sold any whiskey in his store, made and cleared several tens of thousands of dollars, and the last year he was manager of the dying and dead Roanoke Navigation Company.

In his written report to the president and directors of the company, and which is now on file, he refused to receive any of the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, his salary for the management of the boats, etc., of said company for the two years past.

Whilst the company had granted to him the purse and the sword to fight the Danville railroad, he, instead of using the money at his discretion, then in the hands of Col. Andrew Joyner, the treasurer, to buy more boats and negroes to continue in such an unequal contest, and which must terminate in entire loss to the company, prudently retired by making no purchases, and letting the boats then on hand wear out and die a natural death, saving the company many thousands of dollars.

The new president of the company, Mr. B., when his report was read before the board of directors, said he thought I had committed a big silly in refusing my salary.

Surely, if my twenty years' of business at Gaston had not been a success (I now had a large family), I should have been a stickler, indeed, in refusing my last year's salary, because I had really been at so little trouble in closing, instead of enlarging, a company's business at my discretion. I never wanted money that was not earned by the sweat of my brow.

I am sure that, even at this day, no consideration could induce me to take money at a less cost, and why should I not afford a tomb-stone for this now extinct town when the stones would not be worth carting away from the place, and this house is not yet without its second owner and its merchandise, and, although more than two-score years have passed since its building, it has never been idle or tenantless. The balance of the town was a desert.

Well, boys, I have told you a long story, and the sure and certain results have followed in this case, as in all others I have noted in a long life. I could tell you many more, equally as plain and sad, but I will stop at this one, which, if it has and does not convert and convince your minds, you will, perhaps, say this is but one of the same old stories, and that you would much prefer to hear other stories which smack less of whiskey, death and ruin.

Boys, in concluding this subject, I must speak once more of the Roanoke Navigation Company. Although many of the boatmen were terrible fellows, drank

whiskey, got drunk and got drowned on Sundays, yet there were many very reliable boatmen, with black faces and curley hair, who held their characters for faithfulness for more than forty years in this tempting occupation.

Such men as John Randolph, Patrick Henry, the Bruces, Pannel, Broadaux, McGee, Joyner, Bailey and Baskerville were of this company, which never borrowed or owed money, and paid salaries to the treasurer only—five hundred dollars per annum.

The presidents of this company never would take salaries, and the writer, elected president immediately after the war, would not receive his salary at any rate, imitating the example of his predecessors, and in no way stain the character of a company, wounded and dying from the kicks of the steam-horses.

This company, at this day, owes no man, and its canal and real estate, from Gaston to Weldon, N. C., is to be sold on the 6th day of February, 1882, at Halifax Courthouse, N. C., for the benefit of whom it may concern. It dies, of old age, an honorable death. All—nay, every one, of the old officers of this company are dead except the writer, whom it has pleased God to spare, and to write its requiem for this book.

Ludivico Cornarus.

WELL, boys, having told you some stories overful of intemperance, I will change the subject matter of them, and tell one story that contains both. This story cost me more work and a longer search to find it than all of the stories I have told you or may tell you. Would that it pay you a part of this cost to me.

Many years since, I had a wise and rich friend, who did me the honor to frequently invite me, by letters, to travel seventy-five miles to visit and spend several days with him, and again to go South and spend the winters with him, his health somewhat prompting a change of climate. His perfect cuisine, and more inviting, to me, mental food, were attractions that other business affairs had to yield to, and, as I never had time to visit any person at home, I made up this void by visiting two more men abroad, being impressed with the old adage: "He that keeps company with wise men may become one of the number."

My friend's remarks, at table, to his sons and their teacher, were frequently grand lessons for me, and one morning, as we were going down the broad granite steps from his dwelling for our customary walk on his fine estate (he was fond of walking), he handed me a couplet written on a scrap of paper, in his almost illegible hand, signed Herbert.

I put the paper in my pocket-book, asked no questions, which has been my habit, unless the donor had made some remark on presenting it. It read as follows:

"The worst speak something good, if all want sense. God takes a text and preacheth patience."

About half way to my home, I had a lady friend, at whose house I always found a warm reception, an interesting family of beautiful and accomplished daughters, one of whom, an invalid, was learned, almost as her mother, was very fond of backgammon. To amuse her, I frequently gave an extra day to my visits, and as I often told the madam that her "hotel" was the very best it had ever been my fortune to visit, with plenty of money to buy that which I ever found so abundant and free at her house, and as the boon of good company at the same price, my horse was well disposed to take the road that lead to her house, and, as she possessed a splendid estate on the Roanoke river, with a noted flour-mill, "St. Leon," and an island attached, neither master or horse could expect but a "feast," the same as we had always found, and as business was always mixed with our visits, our welcome was seasoned with that, too.

I have heard her commission merchants, an old and reliable firm of Petersburg, Va., say that they believed that the madam was one of the best business ladies in the county. She was the best I ever saw, quite as quick and sprightly as her daughters, laconic in her letters of business, but frequently changed them to me, as we were quite familiar from my more frequent visits, and occasional co-partnership in lots of flour, and by purchase of wheat, as well as the sales of her own crops of flour.

The only conundrum I ever made was to match one of her letters, and as I have met no one who has given the solution, I will at once write the facts, perhaps to catch you. Her letter of business contained only four lines, with a postcript of a dozen lines, adding, "Why is my letter like the comet?" (A comet was then visible.) Give it up? "Because the appendage is longer than the body."

Answering her letter, the "appendage" I could not pass over without a thump, and it had to be made of my letter, the pen, ink or paper. I scratched my head, and popped down the following: "Why is my pen like a fisherman?" Give it up? "Because it is dropping a line for a *catch*.

I had come forty miles from my up-country friends to her house, and had forty miles, via my mother's, and to home. An early breakfast, my horse at the door waiting my leaving the breakfast table, I thought of the couplet or catch that my male friend had given me on the stone steps, and asked her if there was such an author as Herbert.

She said, Lucy, go to your private library (Lucy was the invalid) and bring the book for Mr. Wesson. She returned quickly to the table. I opened the book, and the first two lines my eyes lighted on, were the very same ones written on the paper I then held in my hands. I remarked the coincidence, and hastily penciled the title page, in order to be enabled to buy the book whenever I should find one in some book-store. I tried the book-stores from New Orleans to Baltimore, when I visited these cities, and in a contest with a Norfolk bookseller, years after, in regard to this book, he obtained, for an order, some curtailed anglicised, spurious copies,

and I had to write to the madam, to set us right on this book controversy, which she did, by having a copy sent by her brother-in-law, from Philadelphia, Pa., with the following lines, in her own hand-writing, pasted on the fly-leaf, and which, of course, she enclosed to him in the letter of order for the book, and which I now have in good preservation:

MR. W. H. WESSON,

From HELEN JONES,

January 17th, 1859,

Mecklenburg county, Va.

A genuine copy of this book is rare; and, although an English book, I could find but one copy in the four large book stores of Liverpool, England, in the year 1867.

Well, boys, Virgil says something about digressions, and, if you, after awhile, find grass on mine, you may not be disappointed. We started out to say what an old man said in a book, and, as some two hundred and fifty years had gone by since its author lived, and as Mrs. Jones, long since dead, when I asked her if there was such an author as "Herbert," replied as I have written, and said, whilst Miss Lucy was gone for the book, that George Herbert was the "good man;" that most every line he wrote was a text, and that he should have been translated to heaven.

Now, boys, if I have digressed, and been a little tedious in telling this story, recollect that I was years searching for this book; that a man started me on its track; that a woman encouraged me to persevere in my search for it; and, at last, it was the woman that

discovered and presented this valued book to me. Let me add, that to the women we are indebted for very many things that we men are not hasty in crediting them with.

The story being of temperance, let it somewhat apologise for my intemperance in digression, and we will now have this long-promised story:

Lud. Cornarus lived in Padua, Italy, and, as he was quite young at eighty-three years old, the last time we hear from him, I hope, *lives*, or is living yet.

"Having observed in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble disposition, overthrown and undone by Intemperance; who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends; I thought fit to discover in a short Treatise, that Intemperance was not such an evil, but it might easily be remedied; which I undertake the more willingly, because divers worthy young men have obliged me unto it. For when they saw their parents and kindred snatched away in the midst of their days, and me contrarywise, at the age of eighty and one, strong and lusty; they had a great desire to know the way of my life, and how I came to be so. Wherefore, that I may satisfy their honest desire, and withal help many others, who will take this into consideration, I will declare the causes which moved me to forsake Intemperance, and live a sober life, expressing also the means which I have used therein. I say therefore, that the infirmities, which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, first caused me to leave Intemperance, to which I was much addicted: For by it, and my ill constitution (having a most cold and moist stomach), I fell into divers diseases,

to-wit, into the pain of the stomach, and often of the side, and the beginning of the Gout, with almost a continual fever and thirst.

From this ill temper there remained little else to be expected of me, than that after many troubles and griefs I should quickly come to an end; whereas my life seemed as far from it by Nature, as it was near it by Intemperance. When therefore I was thus afflicted from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitlessly, the Physicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it, to wit, a sober and orderly life: for this had every way great force for the recovering and preserving of Health, as a disorderly life to the overthrowing of it; as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men: But Intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions: For contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of Nature are often amended by Art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry. They added withal, that unless I speedily used that remedy, within a few months I should be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me, but Death shortly to be expected.

Upon this, weighing their reasons with myself, and abhorring from so sudden an end, and finding myself continually oppressed with pain and sickness, I grew fully persuaded, that all my griefs arose out of Intemperance: and therefore out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I resolved to live a temperate life.

Whereupon, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I understood, that the food I was to use,

was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in a small quantity. This they had told me before: But I, then not liking that kind of Diet, followed my Appetite, and did eat meats pleasing to my taste; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity; telling my Physicians nothing thereof, as is the custom of sick people. But after I had resolved to follow Temperance and Reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man; I so addicted myself to this course of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this, I found within a few days, that I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance thereof, within less than one year (although it may seem to some incredible), I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now sound and well, I began to consider the force of Temperance, and to think thus with myself: If Temperance had so much power as to bring me health: how much more to preserve it! Wherefore I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable unto me, and what disagreeable: and I purposed to try, whether those that pleased my taste brought me commodity or discommodity; and whether that Proverb, wherewith Gluttons used to defend themselves, to-wit, That which favors is good and nourisheth, be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false: for strong and very cool wines pleased my taste best, as also melons, and other fruit; in like manner, raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, pulse, and cake and piecrust, and the like: and yet all these I found hurtful.

Therefore trusting on experience, I forsook all these kind of meats and drinks, and chose that wine that

fitted my stomach, and in such measure as easily might be digested: above all, taking care never to rise with a full stomach, but so as I might well both eat and drink more. By this means, within less than a year I was not only freed from all those evils which had so long beset me, and were almost become incurable; but also afterwards I fell not into that yearly disease, whereinto I was wont, when I pleased my Sense and Appetite. Which benefits also still continue, because from the time that I was made whole, I never since departed from my settled course of Sobriety, whose admirable power causeth that the meat and drink that is taken in fit measure, gives true strength to the body, all superfluities, passing away without difficulty, and no ill humors being engendered in the body.

Yet with this diet I avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air, overmuch use of the benefit of marriage. For although the power of health consists most in the proportion of meat and drink, yet these forenamed things have also their force. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other purturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these, but that now and then I fell into them, which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate Diet: So that I can truly say, That they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth keep a fit proportion, shall receive little hurt from other excesses.

This Galen confirms, when he says, that immoderate

heats and colds, and winds and labors, did little hurt him, because in his meats and drinks he kept a due moderation, and therefore never was sick by any of these inconveniences, except it were for only one day. But mine own experience confirmeth this more as all that know me can testify: For having endured many heats and colds, and other like discommodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all these did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and others of my kindred saw some great powerful men pick quarrels against me, fearing lest I should be overthrown, they were possessed with a deep Melancholy (a thing usual to disorderly lives), which increased so much in them, that it brought them to a sudden end; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected most, received no inconvenience thereby, because that humor abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to persuade myself, that this suit and contention was raised by the Divine Providence, that I might know what great power a sober and temperate life hath over our bodies and minds, and that at length I should be a conqueror, as also a little after it came to pass; For in the end I got the victory, to my great honor and no less profit, whereupon also I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy neither could do me any hurt: By which it is manifest, That neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I say, that even bruises, and squats, and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to those that are temperate. This I found by experience when I was seventy years old; for riding in a coach in a great haste, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good space by

the fury of the horses, whereby my head and whole body was sore hurt, and also one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the Physicians saw in what case I was, they concluded that I would die within three days; nevertheless, at a venture, two remedies might be used, letting of blood and purging, that the store of humors and inflammation and fever (which was certainly expected) might be hindered.

But, I, considering what an ordinary life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humors of the body, that they could not be much troubled, or make a great concourse, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set, and my whole body anointed with oil; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the Physicians; whence I conclude, that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

But my experience taught me another thing also, to-wit, than an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger.

About four years since, I was led, by the advice of Physicians, and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink; which yet needs not only to be sustained, but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that Nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years continued in good health with that little measure; that Custom was turned into Nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason, that my years increasing and strength decreasing, my

stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian Proverbs, the one whereof was, "He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he prolongs his life." The other Proverb was, "The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten;" by which is intimated, that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore to avoid obstinacy and gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet but two ounces only; for whereas before, the measure of my whole day's meat, viz., of my bread, and eggs, and flesh, and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, I increased it to the quantity of two ounces more; and the measure of my drink, which before was fourteen ounces, I made now sixteen.

This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and choleric, so that all things were troublesome to me; neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day, a pain of the side took me, which held me two and twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less; besides all this I could not sleep, no, not a quarter of an hour, whereupon all gave me up for dead.

Nevertheless, I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of Diet, al-

though I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter, and most cold air; and I am confident that, under God, nothing help me, but that exact rule which I had so long continued; in all which time I felt no grief, save now and then a little indisposition for a day or two.

For the Temperance of so many years spent all ill humors, and suffered not any new of that kind to arise, neither the good humors to be corrupted or contract any ill quality, as usually happens in old men's bodies, which live without rule; for there is no malignity of old age in the humors of my body, which commonly kills men, and that new one which I contracted by breaking my diet, although it was a sore evil, yet had no power to kill me.

By this it may clearly be perceived how great is the power of order and disorder; whereof the one kept me well for many years, the other, though it was but a little excess, in a few days had so soon overthrown me. If the world consist of order, if our corporal life depend on the harmony of humors and elements, it is no wonder should preserve, and disorder destroy. Order makes arts easy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude, That an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases.

Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it. Hence it comes, that a Physician, when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this Physic first, that he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured

him commends this also to him, if he will live in health.

Neither is it to be doubted, but that he shall ever after live free from diseases, if he will keep such a course of life; because this will cut off all causes of diseases, so that he shall need neither Physic nor Physician: yea, if he will give his mind to those things which he should, he will prove himself a Physician, and that a very complete one; for indeed no man can be a perfect Physician to another, but to himself only. The reason whereof is this: Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it; which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces. Who would believe that old wine should hurt my stomach, and now should help it, or that cinnamon should heat me more than pepper? What Physician could have discovered these hidden qualities to me, if I had not found them out by long experience? Wherefore one to another cannot be a perfect Physician. Whereupon I conclude, since none can have a better Physician than himself, nor better Physic than a Temperate life, Temperance by all means is to be embraced.

Nevertheless, I deny not but that Physicians are necessary, and greatly to be esteemed for the knowing and curing of diseases, into which they often fall who live disorderly: For if a friend who visits thee in thy sickness, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly should a Physician be esteemed, who not only as a friend doth visit thee, but help thee!

But that a man may preserve himself in health, I ad-

vise, that instead of a Physician a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural Physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health, and procure that they prolong their life even to a hundred years and more, and that at length they shut up their days like a Lamp, only by a pure consumption of the radical moisture, without grief or perturbation of humors. Many have thought that this could be done by Aurum potabile, or the Philosopher's stone, sought of many, and found of few; but surely there is no such matter, if Temperance be wanting.

But sensual men (as most are), desiring to satisfy their Appetite and pamper their belly, although they see themselves ill handled by their intemperance, yet shun a sober life; because, they say, It is better to please the Appetite (though they live ten years less than otherwise they should do) than always to live under bit and bridle. But they consider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wisdom and all kind of virtues is most vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected. And that I may say nothing of other things, are not almost all the learned books that we have, written by their Authors in that age, and those ten years which they set at naught in regard of their belly?

Besides, these Belly-gods say, that an orderly life is so hard a thing that it cannot be kept. To this I answer, that Galen kept it, and held it for the best Physic; so did Plato also, and Isocrates, and Tully, and many others of the Ancients; and in our age, Paul the Third, and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived so long; and among our Dukes, Landus and Donatus, and many others of

inferior condition, not only in the city, but also in villages and hamlets.

Wherefore, since many have observed a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no such thing which may not be performed; especially since in observ- it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man should begin, and by little and little accustom himself unto it.

Neither doth it hinder, that Plato says, That they who are employed in the commonwealth cannot live regularly, because they must often endure heats, and colds, and winds, and showers, and divers labors, which suit not with an orderly life: For I answer, That those inconveniences are of no great moment (as I showed before) if a man be temperate in meat and drink, which is both easy for commonweal's men, and very convenient, both that they may preserve themselves from diseases, which hinder public employment; as also that their mind, in all things wherein they deal, may be more lively and vigorous.

But some may say, He which lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in a little quantity, what diet shall he use in diseases, which being in health he hath anticipated? I answer first, Nature, which endeavours to preserve a man as much as she can, teacheth us how to govern ourselves in sickness: For suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but a very little, wherewith she is very well contented: So that a sick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or disorderly, when he is sick, ought not to eat but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantity than when he was well. For if he should keep

his former proportion, Nature, which is already burdened with a disease, would be wholly oppressed. Secondly, I answer better, that he which lives a temperate life, cannot fall into diseases, and but very seldom into indispositions, because Temperance takes away the causes of diseases; and the cause being taken away, there is no place for the effect.

Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced; especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of Man. No man that follows it, is bound to eat and drink so little as I: No man is forbidden to eat fruit or fish, which I eat not: For I eat little, because a little sufficeth my weak stomach; and I abstain from fruit and fish, and the like, because they hurt me. But they who find benefit in these meats may, yea ought to use them; yet all must needs take heed lest they take a greater quantity of any meat or drink (though most agreeable to them) than their stomach can easily digest: So that he which is offended with no kind of meat and drink, hath the quantity, and not the quality for his rule, which is very easy to be observed.

Let no man here object unto me, That there are many, who though they live disorderly, yet continue in health to their lives' end: Because since this is at the best but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the presuming upon it ought not to lead us to a disorderly life.

It is not the part of a wise man to expose himself to so many dangers of diseases and death, only upon a hope of a happy issue, which yet befalls very few. An old man of an ill constitution, but living orderly, is

more sure of his life than the most strong young man who lives disorderly.

But some, too much given to Appetite, object, That a long life is no such desirable thing, because, that after one is once sixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather death than life: But these err greatly, as I will show by myself, recounting the delights and pleasures in this age of eighty-three, which now I take, and which are such as that men generally account me happy.

I am continually in health, and I am so nimble, that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes I go up high stairs and hills on foot. Then, I am ever cheerful, merry, and well-contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts; in whose place joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I pass with great delight. I confer often with worthy men, excelling in wit, learning, behaviour, and other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things, how I may help others to the furthest of my power.

All these thinge I do at my ease, and at fit seasons, and in mine own houses; which, besides that they are in the fairest place of this learned City of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above most in this age, being so built by me according to the rules of Architecture, that they are cool in summer, and warm in winter.

I enjoy also my gardens, and those drives, parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Some times of the year I enjoy the pleasure of the Enganean hills, where also I have fountains and gar-

dens, and a very convenient house. At other times, I repair to a village of mine, seated in the valley; which is therefore very pleasant, because many ways thither are so ordered, that they all meet, and end in a fair plot of ground; in the midst whereof is a Church suitable to the condition of the place. This place is washed with the river of Brenta; on both sides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not so, because the place was moorish and unhealthy, fitter for beasts than men. But I drained the ground, and made the air good: Whereupon men flocked thither, and built houses with happy success. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now see it is: So that I can truly say, That I have both given God a Temple, and men to worship him in it: The memory whereof is exceeding delightful to me.

Sometimes I ride to some of the neighbor cities, that I may enjoy the sight and the communication of my friends, as also of excellent Artificers in architecture, painting, stone-cutting, music, and husbandry, whereof in this age there is great plenty. I view their pieces, I compare them with those of Antiquity: And ever I learn somewhat which is worthy of my knowledge: I survey palaces, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications; neither omit I any thing that may either teach or delight me. I am much pleased also in my travels, with the beauty of situation. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dullness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigor, but especially my Taste; so that any simple fare is more savoury to me now, than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and all the delights that could be.

To change my bed, troubles me not; I sleep well and quietly any where, and my dreams are fair and pleasant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country, to cultivation and good husbandry. I was one of those that was deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in those sunny places two whole months in the heat of summer, (which in Italy is very great) receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby: So great is the power and efficacy of that Temperance which ever accompanied me.

These are the delights and solaces of my old age, which is altogether to be preferred before other's youth: Because that by temperance and the Grace of God I feel not those purturbations of body and mind, wherewith both young and old are afflicted.

Moreover, by this also, in what estate I am, may be discovered, because at these years (viz., eighty-three) I have made a most pleasant comedy, full of honest wit and merriment: which kind of Poems useth to be the child of Youth, which it most suits withal for variety and pleasantness; as a Tragedy with old Age, by reason of the sad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praised, that at the age of seventy-three years he writ a Tragedy, why should I be accounted less happy, or less myself, who being ten years older have made a Comedy?

Now lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession of my posterity. For when I come home, I find eleven grand children of mine, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health; all as far as I

can conjecture, very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their music and fashion, and I myself also sing often; because I have now a clearer voice, than ever I had in my life.

By which it is evident, that the life which I live at this age, is not a dead, dumpish, and sour life; but cheerful, lively, and pleasant: Neither if I had my wish, would I change age and constitution with them who follow their youthful appetites, although they be of a most strong temper: Because such are daily exposed to a thousand dangers and deaths, as daily experience showeth, and I also, when I was a young man, too well found. I know how inconsiderate that age is, and, though subject to death, yet continually afraid of it: for death to all young men is a terrible thing, as also to those that live in sin, and follow their appetites; whereas I by the experience of so many years have learned to give way to Reason: whence it seems to me, not only a shameful thing to fear that which cannot be avoided; but also I hope, when I shall come to that point, I shall find no little comfort in the favor of Jesus Christ. Yet I am sure that my end is far from me: for I know that (setting casualities aside) I shall not die but by a pure resolution: because that by the regularity of my life I have shut out death all other ways; and that in a fair and desirable death, which Nature brings by way of resolution.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing; what remains, but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves, to embrace it with open arms?

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof: but left in any thing I forsake that Temperance which I have found so good, I here make an end."

[*From Charleston Courier, Dec. 9, 1868.*]

CORN, COTTON, CAROLINA.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I wish, through your paper, to make my second and last appeal to cotton, hoping my brother farmers may profit from my experience.

The writer is the "Southern Planter," who wrote to you from Liverpool, England, on this subject in the month of September, 1867. Some speculators and spinners on the continent, profited largely from that letter. My associations with cotton factors and Manchester spinners since should give some credence to my assertions; besides, I have had three practical years since the war, growing long and short cotton, and have this day determined to grow no more under the present state of affairs, but offer my advice free to those who are either forced or willing to continue it.

I frankly told the Liverpool factors, last season, that if they continued to bear the price of cotton even below 9d., that price, with the Government tax here, would ruin very many cotton growers in my section, and in my opinion it would materially affect the future supply from America, and that it was to the interest of the Manchester spinners not to aid the moneyed men and speculators to trample their best friends, the cotton growers, in the dust; that, in my opinion, it would be to their interest

not to let cotton go below 10d., as I knew the continued cultivation of cotton in America was precarious, and that many *were desperately forced* to grow it now, but would change their tactics so soon as they had it in their power; but money has no ears. Down, down went cotton, and the poor and needy farmers were forced to sell at whatever price they could get, as was too well known by those whose interest it was to have it so. The poor farmers had to pocket the loss, and add many extra *soirees* to the houses of the rich.

I hold that God never created the superior animals for beasts of burden, unless they submitted to it, and that the glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time one does fall; I know, also, that the plainest reasons cannot be instilled into unbelief; indeed, it is impossible to make a man believe what he does not understand; but how to make a living, is one of the every day lessons of our lives. Does it not appear strange that we do not oftener think well on this subject, instead of going, as it were, *by chance*, hoping for something profitable to "turn up," and although nine out of ten meet disappointment, yet even this does not make them think.

Well, I know, Messrs. Editors, that you think this to be a strange way to "*talk cotton.*" Allow me to say that it was once called "King," and we should be cautious in the presence of Princes.

Certainly by this time nearly every planter can look back at his profits, losses, and vexations in cultivating cotton. I am sure, few would continue it, with the next year's tax, two and a half cents per pound, and the vexatious labor, if they could find another field for operating. Now, I wish to present that field to them.

Every man worthy the name of planter, knows that when he hires vagabond negroes at a money price to work his depleted fields, buys manures, and goes in debt on the faith of the crop to carry him through the year, that, to say the least, it is a precarious business, leaving out of the count, bad seasons, low prices, high taxes, caterpillars and thieves. With such prospects, who can hold that energy necessary to success. It must be some of those who do not think. Indeed, I am sorry to add, that the most practical answer has been taught to many by the sad experience of the past three years, and left many behind hope or thought on the cotton subject for the future.

I will show up the remedy, which is easy, in my opinion. In the first place, let no one cultivate an acre of land which he cannot calculate clearly to pay a profit without manure; have but few laborers, and those personally known and to be of good character and industrious; then to be certain before he plants a seed of cotton, to plant enough grain to insure a home supply; and as the negroes will not live with live hogs, but must choose the meat, add to his written contract the authority to hold the cotton crop for three months after Christmas to pay hire, and if possible secure only a crop of one and a half millions of bales of cotton, which will pay the producers largely more than if they attempted to make three millions of bales the old way, and verify my assertion that poor men can be rich if they choose to be. The planters have this thing perfectly in their power, and surely they might be as smart as the Negro Loyal League, which spreads over the whole country secretly as if by magic. I say the planters have it now in their easy power to make the same parties row them

down salt river, who rowed them "up" last season. Manufacture all the cotton you can at home; if no mills, use the old spinning wheel. You do not need much cloth now. Where is that false patriotism which has caused so many nations to use their own coarse materials, rather than buy fine ones, and that too, just to spite their neighbors? Really, we can do so, because our poverty justifies coarse cloth. Fie on the man who bought corn all last summer from East Tennessee to feed his laborers (the writer did it), and these East Tennesseans took his cotton money willingly to pay for their corn; but I am not sure that they would give the poor rebels a bushel if they were starving for it.

Well, newspapers, Neil & Co., and other circulars put strange notions in people's heads about cotton, the big crops to be made everywhere else, and that England can do without a bale of American cotton. The writer has had letters to that effect, 1866 and 1867, from England. Allow him to say, this is not a fact, and, that he almost knows if fifty cents per pound could produce no more cotton in India, Egypt, and Brazil, than has been showed up, how can twenty cents the pound be expected to increase the supply?

The three thousand millions invested in cotton machinery on the Continent must be fed, as well as the operatives dependent on it; and whilst I acknowledge that we are slaves to our former slaves, shall we tamely submit to continue even our children as the hewers of wood and drawers of water to cotton lords and speculators? I repeat again it will be our own choosing, and that he who will go stumbling on the old system to produce and continue these results, justly suffers.

PLANTER.

P. S.—Let us make our own manures until we make money to buy and pay for the foreign; we will then get it purer and it will be surely profitable. Things are changed; we are no longer compelled to make more cotton to buy more negroes to wear out more lands.

WM. H. WESSON.

Nov. 25, 1868.

November 27th, 1881. Just thirteen years are numbered with the past, and the great Atlanta, Ga., Cotton Exposition (the first ever held anywhere before) is in its second month. Amongst the lions, at the show and in the newspapers, is Mr. Jones, who, on the old system of farming cotton, had become bankrupt; but, by the wonderful common-sense change in his tactics—that is, by reducing his number of acres cultivated to two mules and within the compass of his labor and capital—he, in a short time, had worked out of the quagmire of debt (seven thousand dollars), and was now indepedent. This was also the case with many of his neighbors, who followed his example.

Thirteen years since, when I wrote to the planters to do as Mr. Jones has done, they could not expect less than twenty cents per pound for their cotton. Mr. Jones has sold at ten cents, paid off his debts, and has gotten rich, and this, too, while the crop reached five or six millions of bales.

It might be said that my piece commenced with the "Last appeal about cotton." A prophet has no honor in "his own country," and, indeed, in this case, the

profits of hundreds of millions were not honored. So, let it be.

This thing was so clear to me that I wrote from Paris, France, in December.

The natural business of man is to cultivate the earth and subsist on its produce. The wise know and enquire, says the Indian proverb, but the ignorant know not even what to enquire for.

Ignorance must be the main cause of the want of profits and success in farming in the Southern States, to a great degree, before the war, and even since. I have seen the African failure, both before and after the war, and ignorance was clearly the secret; therefore, the white must attribute to this fact their own want of success.

Indeed, I am induced to believe that a majority of them have no system; no accounts, and no calculation of the cost of producing a crop of cotton. They do not seem to consider what sum the crop made will net in money, nor do they take into their account that a few acres of good land, well cultivated, are almost certain to leave a profit, whilst too much land, badly cultivated, is sure to leave a loss.

They borrow and buy at a disadvantage, they sell at a disadvantage, and, like the unthrifty, do everything at a disadvantage. The majority are so hard pressed for money that they are compelled to hurry their crops to market. Thus, as supply and demand rules the values of every article of produce, the markets are crowded with cotton, the price goes down; and, if there be a reaction before the season closes, the speculators only get the benefit of it.

In 1868, I invested a small sum of money, which I had left in New York, in cotton, to back my judgment of what had been published by me in the *Charleston Courier*. I had it sold in April, held three or four months, and the cotton brought twice as much as it had cost, an unheard of thing in this article.

But I must apologize for the planters. They had become demoralized by the great war and the laborers, the negroes, had gone at "large." Their credit had gone down, except with the dealers in Fertilizers; so they bought of them very largely, and of course, enlarged their farming operations, amending to this charge, and made the fortunes of one party at least, the manufacturers of the Fertilizers. As men in debt seldom exercise common sense in their whole business, this "little secret," that Mr. Jones was compelled by necessity to discover, was hidden to them for so many years. I agree that I am not much of a farmer, that my first lesson was learned in my boyhood, from the frontis-piece on Cottom's Virginia and North Carolina Almanac. A man holding the handles of a plow, with the motto, "he that by the plough would thrive, must himself, either hold or drive," and again, in Skinner's Plough, Loom and Anvil, and Ruffin's Farmer's Register, I read in these books, that thorough draining, deep ploughing, and thorough cultivation, were the secrets of good farming. I had tried it for forty years, when I attempted to advise and write in regard to cotton, and after thirteen years, I find out by Mr. Jones, of Georgia, that I was correct in this thing.

Lines to Wm. H. Wesson.

BY J. M. CONRAD.

I have a friend, whose name is Wesson,
A queer old chap is he,
And those who wish to learn a lesson,
In queerest things, may be
Instructed by my tale.
There's no man in the world, I know,
So queer in every thing;
And prose would very feebly show
How queer. My muse shall bring
Her power the truth to unvail.

The chills and fever stopped his growth
At four feet high, or more;
He's thin and sallow; by my troth,
You never saw before
So queer a little man.
He's old—how old, I cannot say—
Methusela was old;
His wrinkled brow, and hair so grey,
Bespeak an age untold!
Then guess his age who can.

His gait is not a graceful amble,
Of little men oft true;
But is a wriggling, twisting shamble,
Grotesque enough to view,
When hast'ning on his way.

His grizzled locks he never cuts,
Nor plucks from head or chin;
For, Sampson-like, in them he puts
His hope of strength, and glories in
His tangled mass of grey.

He's queer in dress; for on his head
He wears a beaver hat,
Which, fourteen years ago, 'tis said,
Was bought in Paris, at
Five francs—no more nor less.
This ancient cov'ring plainly speaks
Of service rough and long;
But, faithful still, it nobly seeks
Its service to prolong,
And decorate his dress.

He wears three coats, and sometimes four,
As weather may dictate;
And then, perhaps, he puts on more;
But this I will not state
To be his constant rule.
Two vests he wears, beneath these coats,
"All buttoned down before;"
And, under these, he always "totes"
Two heavy shirts, or more—
All this to keep him cool!

His pants are always made in pairs;
Of these I cannot tell,
If three or four or more he wears;
But this, I know, they swell
His legs quite much and *cheat.*
His shoes are sometimes *very tall,*
Perhaps as high as ten;
Again he wears them very small—
Four pairs of socks are then
Discarded from his feet.

He smokes a pipe of corn-cob made,
With stem quite short and foul;
He lights with sulphur matches, said
To be the very soul
Of Lucifer, below.
Upon his shoulder, sharply built,
You'll often see him bear
A carpet-bag, upon the hilt
Of an old *umbrellar*
"From Paris," you must know.

Behold the picture I have drawn,
And you will see the man;
But, ere my task is fully done,
I'll tell you, if I can,
How high his genius climbs.
On meeting him, you soon will find
He's neither deaf nor dumb;
He hears, and treasures in his mind,
Wise sayings—such as come
Most usefully at times.

He talks! Great Jupiter! he seems
To have an endless store
Of wind and words, and these, in streams,
Like mountain torrents, pour
Upon the wond'ring ear.
Indeed he talks, and sometimes well,
In Herbert's words, 'twould seem;
But mortal never heard him dwell
On one specific theme,
Five minutes in a year.

But when he holds no captive bound,
His rattling tongue to hear,
His inkhorn seized, in mimic sound,
He scratches on the ear
Of meek, submissive *Cap*.

And not content with writing prose,
He strives to be a poet;
And courts the Muses, tho' he knows,
Or surely ought to know it,
They spurn the queer old chap.

His home—but ah! how shall I paint
The home of such a man!
Confusion reigns; things old and quaint
Lie scattered round; no plan
Or system in their placing.
And here no human face is seen,
Except *his* queer profile;
A pack of hungry dogs, unclean
And rude, with filth defile
The picture I am tracing.

Now, stranger, if you wish to know
This strangely queer old man,
'Tis but a little way to go—
To Calais, Powhatan,
Kind greetings you'll receive.
When there, you'll find my picture true—
A great reality—
But there my friend will welcome you
To hospitality
As free as man can give.

Now, tho' he's queer, himself concedes,
In many things, his life
Is full of kind and gen'rous deeds
That mark the man, and give
To him peculiar praise.
'Twere well if all were odd as he
In some respects, for then
The reign of selfishness would be
No longer borne, if men
In that pursued his ways.

My Visit to Powhatan.

DEDICATED TO

MY FRIEND AND HOST, W. H. WESSON.

BY J. M. CONRAD.

On March the twenty-sixth, and year
Of eighteen hundred and eighty-one,
I left my cozy office where,
As plann'd, I met my friend Wesson.

The purpose was, as by our plan,
A trip along the upper James,
Then o'er that stream to Powhatan—
A trip now full of pleasant dreams.

No longer drag'd through muddy stream,
By tugging mules, at sluggish pace,
We mount the rail—then borne by steam,
More briskly to our destin'd place.

We talk; we smoke; we hardly note
The distance or the time, when lo!
Lee's Landing reached, we hail the boat,
And o'er the James we safely go.

A horse and buggy ready stand
To bear us on our further way;
My host (to be) assumes command,
And vows to beat declining day.

The horse was small, the buggy stiff;
The road was rough, and often steep;
So pony mov'd along as if
He were far more than half asleep.

The whip he plied, with slackened rein,
He urged by word to greater speed;
But no response could he obtain
Save *whisking tail*, from sluggish beast.

The sun was gaining in the race;
The wind was howling o'er the plain,
And dashing rudely in my face;
Yet, all his urging was in vain.

And so we jog'd, and jog'd along,
Half frozen by the chilly blast,
Which still kept up its dismal song,
Until we reached *a house*, at last!

A house, where woman's welcome words
And kindly greetings drove the chill
Away, and touch'd the tender chords
Of gratitude with grateful thrill.

Then, warm'd by gentle force like this,
Which cannot fail to touch the heart
Of those who feel, as should, what is
The charms of life. Again we start

Through gloomy woods and chilly air,
Beshrouded in the mists of night,
We wend our way, by paths not far,
Until our goal appears in sight.

No light is seen to cheer the gloom,
That hovers, like a fatal spell,
Above, around, this lonely home,
Where banished woman does not dwell.

No greetings, such as just have been
Bestow'd—the charm of yonder home—
No cheerful voice to welcome in
The weary travelers who come.

The only friends who come to meet
Their master and his stranger guest,
Six worthless curs dance round his feet,
And mutely say *we* love you best.

(How strange that man should turn away
From his own kind, and seek of brutes
Their love, because they own his sway,
And cringe and fawn about his boots.)

Adown, across the lawn we go,
Without one ray of light to guide
My untaught feet, or dimly show
What dangers lie on either side.

At last, the threshold safely reach'd,
Swings wide the hospitable door,
And host and guest are safely thatch'd,
And fear the howling wind no more.

Invited by the cracking flame,
We gather close around the hearth,
And think to calm the quiv'ring frame,
While basking in its gen'rous warmth.

No time is lost in idle care,
For now the host has spread his board
With viands rich, as well as rare,
And nature seeks to be restor'd.

We sup—then, turning to the hearth,
We sip—we smoke, and talk and talk
Of all the living things of earth,
That fly, or swim, or crawl, or walk

We talk and talk, and talk away,
Till tongue grow sore and voices hoarse,
Forgetful of the coming day,
Swiftly rolling on its course.

How long we talk'd, I cannot tell;
I languid grew, and sat in fear,
While words in steady torrents fell
Upon my weary, burdened ear.

I cry, "a truce! one moment's rest!
I pray, my host, desist! forbear!
Oh! save thy sinking, dying guest!
Oh! heed my last, most earnest, prayer!"

My host beheld my feeble state,
And for a moment held his breath,
Which saved me from the horrid fate
Of being talked to death.

Compassion mov'ed him to desist,
And, list'ning to my feeble prayer,
He led me to my place of rest,
Where sleep reliev'd my tortured ear.

How long I slept, I cannot say,
But e'er the morn had faintly come,
The old cock crow'd the coming day,
Perch'd in the porch, his wonted home.

The sable curtains of the night
Are drawn aside, and day is here,
With all its glorious beams of light,
While from my sleepless couch I stir.

My toilet made, I seek my host,
Who, mindful of his sleeping guest,
Had fried his tripe and brown'd his toast,
And rob'd his larder of its best.

The board was spread, and down we sat,
(A mongrel trio now we make—
My host, his guest, and Tommy Cat,)
And of the gen'rous meal partake.

The meal despatched, we smoke and talk,
Discussing all we ever knew;
Then we agree to take a walk,
And James' lovely landscape view.

Returning to our former base,
We talk and smoke—we smoke and talk,
In contest, who should win the race,
Till *two* is pointed by the clock.

My host, well armed with whip and rein,
Now seeks the home of Mrs. Jervey,
Talking in continuous strain,
And quoting off the words of "Hervey."

At length, her hospitable home
Is reach'd, and kindly words extend
A welcome to the guests who come,
A pleasant, social hour to spend.

We dine, most hospitably served;
Then thank, and parting words are heard,
And off we drive, well warmed and nerved,
To breast the storm of wind and word.

The "new grounds" first, and here we tie;
Then, tramp, tramp, tramp o'er hill and dale,
Through lofty pines, to boulders high,
And onward to the "cool spring" vale.

Now all is sun, and back we go
Toward the mansion of my host;
Yet talking all we think or know,
Of solid truth, or idle boast.

Arrived at Calais, tea we take,
And then the fragrant smoke ascends,
From corn-cob pipes, of rustic make—
Good pipes of peace—we'r *silent friends.*

But oh! not long this peace prevails;
The solemn silence soon is broke,
And every feeble effort fails
To check the flow of words *he* spoke.

And when talk failed, still fresh and strong,
A history of his life he read;
Five hundred pages, close and long,
Ere host and guest prepared for bed.

Mid troubled dreams, the night has passed,
I rise to bless the morn again—
My visit ends—I break my fast,
And bid adieu to Powhatan.

Now, Jehu-like, my host assumes
The whip and rein, with promise then
To beat the train, which duly comes
Precisely at nine hours ten.

In anxious haste we reach the James,
But find no Charon at his post;
We hail! we scream! each moment seems
As if it were an hour lost.

At length, the ferryman appears,
And quick we reach the thither shore;
With speed, responding to our fears,
We forward bound—three minutes more!

With wearied limbs and trembling joints,
At last we reach the railroad line;
We note the time—the dial points
Its faithful hand—nine minutes nine!

In haste we part—my host to go
To meet his loving canine friends—
The only living things, I know,
On which his happiness depends.

His guest is rolling onward, too,
Toward his home, where those who love
(Of his own flesh) stand to renew
That pledge, and their affections prove.

Now host and guest at home we leave,
And think it well our story stop;
On scenes and greetings they receive
We kindly let the curtain drop.

REFLECTIONS.

The ties of friendship are the strongest
'Twixt opposites, we often find;
And so, the ties which last the longest
Are oft 'twixt those of sim'lar minds.

I feel I'm odd—on one extreme;
I think my friend is odd at t'other;
It cannot, therefore, oddly seem
That he should be my "friend and brother."

And then, he was a "poet born;"
In that we'r of the same estate;
But, should my laurels e'er be shorn
By him, my love may turn to hate.

FRIEND WESSON:

Hoping to amuse you in your solitary hours, I have penned this *highly chaste and elegant poem*, and dedicated it to you. Accept it as a tribute from

Your friend,

J. M. CONRAD.

J. M. CONRAD, deceased, was one of the best men I ever met. Ten years since, I first met him, at the horse-market in Richmond, Va., after the war and its mercantile ruin.

The Colonel had experimented farming three or four years, and lost money, and, as a business man, cut short his losses by selling out his stock and re-commencing his old business in Richmond.

Our acquaintance, at first sight, was immediate, and never needed any "bush." I bought some of his mules, a cart, and all of his farming implements, in Manchester, whilst, really, I had no present need for any of these things.

The Colonel had promised, for a year, to visit me on a Saturday and remain till the following Monday. My visits to Richmond, to accompany him to my house, were not frequent, and the weather unfavorable to the day of his visit.

Whilst my guest, he requested me, at some leisure time, to write his epitaph, and remarked that his visit to me was the only visit he had paid any one in the past ten years. In replying to his poetry, I wrote his epitaph, and read the piece to him in his office in Richmond. He was moved to tears, at the last lines of my rhyming, from the gay to the melancholy. The epitaph reads thus:

"Here lies J. M. CONRAD,
An honest man, don't cry;
Most men forget
They have to die."

He died on the 21st of August following, and is buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

The hat, the crepe, the coats, the trousers, and the vest, in which I stood before the Emperor, the Pope of Rome and Cardinal Antonelli, in 1867 and 1868, are the same in which I wrote the manuscript for "Calais-Morale," wear daily and to church, in Richmond, at this day, 1882; wore when the photographs were taken in Paris, in 1867, and are the same which are in the two editions of the book.

These things, made of the best materials, wear like buckskin. My hat was purchased in Liverpool, for a guinea; the crepe put on, in Paris, by the Concierge Marie, for two dollars. Some of my clothing was made in Liverpool, by a tailor, to whose establishment C. M. F. and C. J. L. accompanied me. Bishop Lee had a suit made by this tailor. I am not sure that the Bishop can now show such well-worn, thread-bare garments, his nicer calling prohibiting such a thing. My suspenders are the best I ever saw.

Like Master Like Man.

THOUGH I never ordered my servants not to drink whiskey, yet I never saw or heard of their drinking any, nor did I ever see one of them with a jug or bottle. During the war they had entire control of the house and farm. Crops were as regularly made and cared for as before, and neither robbery or theft, which were so common, occurred on my place.

I gave my man, Jack Seward, my double-barreled gun, and told him to care for his mistress and the children, as well as the farm, at Summit, N. C., near the railroad depot, and the most exposed and public place of the county at the close of the war, with many negro troops passing; and, while two stores in sight were robbed in the day-time, and their owners abused and driven off, not a thing of mine was ever touched, in the midst of these depredations.

My negroes were loathe to be free. I divided the crop of 1865 with them, took many of their kindred on this farm, built new homes for them, and, for years after the war, they were better slaves and servants than before. All were independent, some rich, for negroes, and are to this day. They attended no carpet-bagger's or their meetings, and sixteen attended me to the depot when I left the county, in 1870, begging me to come to see them as often as I could get time to do so.

Bachman and Caldwell.

DR. John Bachman, for fifty-five years, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Charleston, S. C., was as much a man, to my liking, as any man I was ever acquainted with.

He was not "over-righteous," but as I have often heard him called, "Savan of the South," he might have been "over-wise."

He was fond of Backgammon, and relished a good joke. His residence, was on Rutledge street, rather out of reach of the bombshells, during the bombardment of Charleston.

He had little Florida doves in his front yard, that nestled in the shrubbery. In the rear yard, his henery and his genuine Newfoundland dog, Beauregard; then his garden of strawberries and forty varieties of roses. The interior of his house, was the prototype of the family that dwelled in it. At the foot of the stairs was the life-size picture of a turkey, painted by "Audubon," the Ornithologist, two of whose sons married two of the Doctor's daughters. They lived in London, England, and learned to play Russian backgammon, of the Russian ministers. The Doctor learned of them, and taught this game to the writer. I could beat him easily at the common game of backgammon; but the Doctor, by his luck, would beat me at the "Russ." During the bombardment, he visited my connections, in Sumter

county, preached on Sunday, and fished on Monday. I was a guest at the place, the same time, and the Doctor told a rare fish story, that had come within his observation, near Charleston, many years before. A friend of his, on the Cooper river, had a famous place to catch the fish called Sheepshead. This friend invited the Doctor to come up, on the first day when he could leave his pastoral duties, and enjoy his past-time fishing. He told him to be sure to bring, when he came, a good supply of hooks. His leisure day came, he rode to his friends, who asked him for the hooks; he had forgotten them. They hunted up two hooks, and he had scarcely gotten his hook fixed in the water, before a Sheepshead took it, and broke it before he got it out of the water. His friend wished him to use his hook, but the Doctor said he would go to the house, near by, and hunt up a knitting needle, and make a hook, and left his friend fishing. When he returned, his friend had not even had a bite, so the Doctor baited, and put his hook in the water, and before it touched the bottom, a large Sheepshead seized it, and he pulled it out of the water, but his hook let slip, and he caught the fish with his hand, before it touched the water, and cast it ashore. This fish had a good hook in its mouth, and the Doctor tied this hook in the place of the home-made one, and caught twelve other Sheepshead, as fast as he could put his hook in the water, and his friend never got a bite.

I told the Doctor, that was a fair sample of fisherman's luck, that I was not fond of fishing, but would go with him and his party next day, to the well-baited place, where he intended to fish, and see his luck.

But, I had to go to Camden, but hoped to return in time to ride to the river and see their luck, as they had

carried provisions to have a fish dinner, and to remain all day.

I returned, and rode to the river, after 3 P. M. They had not dined, and the four fishermen, seated in chairs, were angling as demurely as if they expected a fish for the Doctor's dinner. Not a fish had they caught since their morning's arrival.

I told the Doctor his fishing luck had run out on the Sheepshead.

He acknowledged himself hungry, so the servant cooked the bacon that had been brought to cook the fish with. They ate, and the Doctor said, "now I will sling them."

I protested that he would not catch a fish.

They fished without success for about another hour, and then one of the fishermen said, he would have some fish, and rode up the river to a fishery of seines.

One of the fishermen said, "Doctor, go to our side of the river, to a mill-pond, where I have a boat; I have never gone home without a mess of fish."

So they hied to this pond, and I rode with them, and went into the boat too, protesting the Doctor would not get a fish. They fished until I got tired, and did not get a bite; so I said if they would put me ashore, I would carry my borrowed horse home, and meet them fishless at night.

The boat was steered and paddled for the shore. I said, "Doctor? loan me your fishing rod! I will show you fishing is luck, and I will catch more fish, before we touch the shore, than four fishermen have caught in a day, from your bad luck; for, they say, this is their first

failure, and they have been fishing here since they were boys."

My hook had scarcely settled in the disturbed waters when a large silver perch seized it, and I pulled it in the boat, and, handing back the rod to the Doctor, I said: "That is what I call 'luck.' It throws your sheeps-head fish story in the shade. I must tell you, Doctor, the best kind of hooks I ever tried for fish is the same that cousin Tom had when he left us at the river, and this silver perch reminds me of it, too—*it is a silver hook.*"

The Doctor rubbed his head and said: "This will do for your fish story."

On April 29th, 1864, I received the following note from him, in Charleston, S. C.:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 29, 1864.

W. H. WESSON:

My Dear Sir—I sympathize with you in your disappointment and mortification. You are evidently no match for the giants of the "Russ." So be humbled into submission. If I had more time, I would teach you. Evidently, you are less an expert with the dice-box than with the *fishing line.*

JOHN BACHMAN.

CHARLESTON, April 2, 1864.

Dear Doctor—I send you a book—can almost say *the* book. It was mentioned in our last conversation. I will call for it any morning you may designate and play three games of old Russian backgammon, two out of the three to be mine.

I have a letter this morning from the President and Secretary of War, and, with your autograph, my collection is more complete.

Yours truly,

W. H. WESSON.

CHARLESTON, April 28, 1864

W. H. WESSON, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—I received the book, and, as I am indisposed a little, I will amuse and, I hope, inform myself by looking over it this morning.

I am at home all day, and would be willing to let you take your revenge for your last drubbing. I am also at home to-morrow morning. I will deal kindly with you, and, occasionally, will let you conquer me.

Yours truly,

JOHN BACHMAN.

CHARLESTON, April 29, 1864.
Friday—5 A. M.

DR. BACHMAN:

Dear Doctor—If you did beat me at the old Russian backgammon, I have beaten you at catching *rats*. Your success in that line I have seen more than once. I determined last night to beat you in that game, and I set the *water* bowl for a little mouse that annoyed me by his gnawing.

The mouse got on the edge of the bowl to drink and slipped in! I put but little *water* in it to punish this mouse, and his attempts to scramble up the slick sides,

and his frequent failures, almost enlisted my sympathy; but, being inclined to sleep, I dreamed him asleep.

Alas! poor mouse! When I awoke, I found him with his head down and his tall up. Many a two-legged creature has lost his life by drinking too much and too often of a *less tasty beverage.*

Now, the cheapness of my rat-trap, aided by the slight beating I gave your friend, Doctor Aldrick, at backgammon, alleviated, in some degree, the chagrin with which your luck inflicted me. When you write my name again, think of *Lesson.*

Yours truly,

W. H. WESSON.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 30, 1864.

W. H. WESSON, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—If I could do anything to comfort you in your downfall, I would do it. I send you a few roses, which you may present to your favorite ladies.

I hope you did not give the old Saxon name to your newly-invented "rat trap." I caught the foot of a big rat last night. Pray, can you tell the points of difference that separate the *rat* from the *mouse?*

I am at home all day, if you want any more currying.

Yours truly,

JOHN BACHMAN.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., May 1, 1864.

DR. JOHN BACHMAN:

Dear Doctor—In your note of April 30th, you ask me

to tell the "the points of difference that separate the rat from the mouse."

As I have one of my Fillies du Regiment to write my note to you, while I dictate it, and, as she is a remarkable songstress, Miss S. N., I may rhyme a part of it, which you can call "*ratternell.*" We have been *gaming* the past week. This, Sunday morning, 5 o'olock.

My toilet *made*, my Bible *read*,
(Fruit of early *bed*), perhaps enough said;

The sins of this week could I bury;
Pick and cull them when in'no hurry;
And, from my batch of letters, pick
Three little notes from the "Old Nick,"
The old fellow who, outside of law,
Did thrash and curry me,
'Twas "luck," not his paw,
Even his notes did carry the smell
Of sulphur from the bottomless well.
My revenge even must worry these notes,
I turned them as we sometimes do coats;
The first one, no date, I pitched out of time,
The second, "son" was "sin,"
Wherein my rhyme;
The third, the last, and very late,
Erred in spelling the word sep[*e*]arate.
Well, speaking of rats, I love Tabby Cats,
Although their choice food may be vile,
Mice or rats, they are not so choice,
Unless it be a rat-tail file.
Spelling Wesson, I gave you a lesson,
Another, whenever I can.
It shall not be "*gammon*," but backgammon,
That will gammon John Bachman.

Yours truly,

W. H. WESSON.

P. S.—You see, I have the ladies to help me write and teach me gammon. One more turn, and you will shuffle off a lame nag. The flowers were very acceptable, and changed hands three times before the bride got her portion; but, as she is second-hand, it don't matter much.

——— W. H. W.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 3, 1864.

My Dear Sir—I am home to-morrow at 9 o'clock, and will be glad to see you. The flowers are very beautiful.

Truly, your friend,

JOHN BACHMAN.

CHARLESTON, June 6, 1864.
Sunday—12:30 A. M.

DR. JOHN BACHMAN:

Dear Doctor—Can I employ my time better between churches than to copy a part of a letter enclosed to I. Caldwell, a professed infidel? The four impromptu lines I add to fill up my paper. The "tribulum" is a most necessary and useful instrument. The writer felt it and handled it so often—when he is not being "flailed"—he has a penchant to flail others.

Wishing you a reasonable riddance of its flagilations, I remain, as ever,

Your kind rememberer,

WM. H. WESSON.

This was sent to an infidel,
Old, but hobbling his way to hell;
Prose having failed, verse may reach
Him who refused to hear men preach.

W. H. W.

On the 21st March, 1862, I had gotton up a subscription for the relief of delayed and passing soldiers, at the horrible place, Kingsville, South Carolina.

I wrote on the cars a parody on this place, which they would have published in a small pamphlet. I went to see Mr. J. Caldwell, the President of the Railroad, and largest owner. I had never seen him, but was told by several persons, that he would not grant the privilege for my first snack-table, which I doubted. I met him at Branchville, and showed my paper and project. He promptly objected. I answered, I will have you ex-President of this Railroad in six months. It was so.

On May 9th, 1864, when the Confederate Treasury and money manufactures were forced to be moved from Richmond, Va., to Columbia, S. C., there were many young ladies of high respectability in the writing departments, and it was very difficult for them to get places to board at. I wrote to Mr. Caldwell to take some of them, and help me to get places for others, and to send some buds of the shrubs, flowers, and magnolia-fuscata. I heard he had the one of the two shrubs of this rare plant in South Carolina.

Mr. Caldwell sent me the following answer:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 4th, 1864.

W. H. WESSON, ESQ., Summerville, S. C:

Dear Sir.—Your note is duly received. It will afford me pleasure to assist your friends, if in my power, in the way you propose. I send the buds, as requested. I hope your friends will appreciate them.

Yours truly,

JOHN CALDWELL.

Mr. Caldwell was a cousin of J. C. Calhoun, and decidedly and openly against the war, though his sons were in the Army. I liked him for his honesty in the thing. We had a nice pleasant talk over it, on the cars, after the war, in the presence of several Federal officers. Mr. Caldwell was not a dangerous opponent. It was those who professed one way, and acted the other, who were the worst enemies the Confederates had.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 18th, 1866.
Monday—5 A. M.

Doctor Bachman:—I know you will excuse my time of writing and paper. I have slept eight hours; enough for a beast. I am called eccentric, because I write all of my letters before day-light. You got into my mind by accident, on Tuesday, by a request of Mayor W——, and my cousin.

I have but little money, though the world speak the contrary; as so few persons have any money.

I have to give the soldiers, widows, and orphans, one thousand dollars, and wish you to be almoner for half of it, and three other preachers here, shall attend to the balance. Great alms-giving lessons no man's living. Honor without profit, is a ring on the finger. You have the "Greeks" at your door, and the poorest of the poor.

Yours truly,

W. H. WESSON.

Thursday, Jan. 27, 1866.

MR. WESSON:

My Good Friend—You overwhelm me with kindness,

and everything else. I will attend to the ladies. When are you coming up to take tea and a threshing?

Truly, your friend,

JOHN BACHMAN.

Friday, Jan. 28, 1866.

MR. WESSON:

My Good Friend—I will look for you and your friend. You had better put a sheep-skin under your shirt. Come and lose or win; you will be welcome.

Your friend,

JOHN BACHMAN.

This is the last letter, 1871, to me at my home.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 2, 1871.

W. H. WESSON:

My Dear Sir—As I fear that I have sometimes been negligent of my kind correspondents, I will endeavor to be punctual this time. As your letter treats principally of Backgammon, its science, &c., I must confess that I have grown rusty in that department. When my angel wife was living, I verily believe she kept her hand in with the game on my account, not willing to deprive me of any pleasure, that I craved; but since I have lost her, I have ceased to relish, what I once enjoyed. I have not played a game for many years, and the bent of my inclination is never to renew it. I often stood in need of something to amuse me, (he had been paralyzed). Backgammon, I believe, is an innocent game. Perhaps if you were with me, I might al-

most recall what I have forgotten. Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to me to hear you are enjoying yourself. You are better off than myself, for my sight is weak, and I am dependent on others, for even the news contained in the daily papers; yet, surely, I should not murmur. I have had my days, and do not desire the enjoyments of earth to be prolonged; still, I wish to live in the memory of my friends, and in the heart of my old friend Wesson.

Truly your friend,

JOHN BACHMAN.

I copied from the fifth chapter Job, the 19th to 27th verses, and enclosed to him without comment, just before he died, at an advanced age.

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee. In famine he shall redeem thee from death; and in war, from the power of the sword. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; neither shall man be afraid of destruction, when it cometh. At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth, for thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beast of the field shall be in peace with thee; and thou shalt know that thy Tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin. Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thy offspring as the grass of the earth. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in full season. And thus we have searched it. So it is; hear it and know thou it for thy good."

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.

Having gotten amongst some republican kings, I will give two more copies of letters, and close with them. I never called on but one of them, at the Executive Mansion, before the war, and then accidentally, in the private reception-room of President Polk. As there were no seats in this little room, I *stood* up before him and Mr. Dallas and was well entertained; more so, perhaps, than if my visit had been intentional.

An officer in Charleston, S. C., would give to me the nicest cane, or walking-stick, I ever saw, made from a palmetto tree, cut down near Fort Moultre. As I never carried arms, even canes, I concluded to send it to ex-President Tyler, then in the Senate at Richmond, Va., and I got the following letter from him. I only wrote a note and tied it to the cane:

RICHMOND, VA., April 2, 1861.

MR. WESSON:

Dear Sir—I thank you very truly for the Palmetto cane you have done me the honor to present to me, and which was kindly delivered last evening, by Mr. Branch. Be assured, my dear sir, that I shall preserve it as a memorial of your flattering approval of my course in these troublous times, and also in remembrance of the historic events which occurred near the place of its growth.

Most respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN TYLER.

I had some acquaintance with Mr. Tyler, and had spent a week at the old Sweet Springs, with him and his then beautiful young wife. My seat was next to him, and his servant waited on me too. I do not now recollect whether he was then acting President, or whether his term had just expired.

LETTER FROM PRES'T JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I wrote to President Davis, from Charleston, that, although I had never seen him, I had advised him to take the railroads or give up the war, and to allow *no one* to travel on or use them, except the military. This was done, and the writer, amongst the rest, *even generals' wives*, could not travel on them.

Years before, I had written to him, telling him that I would have no office in his gift, unless it was a "blind office," (a joke), which would permit me to travel on the railroad when and where I chose. In the following letter he kindly granted my request, and I had no difficulty in procuring passports and going where I pleased.

The following is a copy of the envelope:

"Confederate States America,
"War Department,
"Official Business."

W. H. WESSON,

SUMMERVILLE,

SOUTH CAROLINA.

RICHMOND, VA., April 20, 1864.

W. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—The President has referred your letter of the 11th inst. to this Department for reply. You are informed that persons in your situation have no difficulty in obtaining passports from the local officers here, and it is supposed that none will be made in Charleston.

Respectfully,

JAMES A. SEDDON.

Sec'y of War.

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. HENRY A. WISE.

RICHMOND, VA., March 6, 1861.

W. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—I thank you for the Palmetto badge. I wear Virginia's still. When she consents to degrade me to a slave, I will snatch this badge and fix it over my heart, whilst it bleeds to implore assistance to tear my mother State from pollution.

Yours, truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

Governor Wise was a General in the Confederate service, and told me himself that he plead long and hard to prevent the hanging of John Brown. I have spent more time with, and oftener visited him, than any other person of my acquaintance. I spent a day with him not long before his death. I have met few such men.

DREAMS.

I KNOW that "a dream cometh through the multitude of business, and a fool's voice is known by a multitude of words," and that there are divers varieties in both. I have slept well and dreamed all of my life; and, for thirty years, in carrying out the most important prescription of Dr. Jackson, to palliate an incurable disease, I have been strictly temperate in eating. By prudent eating, the frequent use of cold water, and outdoor exercise and work, I have not only subdued and conquered two of the greatest ills of human life, but I have nearly fulfilled the doctor's prophecy by living out my three-score and ten years.

I have not had a bad dream for thirty years or spent a wakeful night, let my troubles be ever so great. I was never induced to write but two of my dreams. These made a strong impression on my mind, and gave the turning point to two of the most important acts of my life.

In my youth, when I had almost persuaded myself to refuse either to sell or to have anything whatever to do with whiskey, but to banish it from my presence and to fight against its use for the balance of my life, though custom, customers and money were against my youthful action, I had a remarkable and impressive dream, which not only absorbed my first wakeful thoughts, but continued to do so whilst washing and dressing.

I dreamed that I saw an immense large eagle fly over my head and alight.

In passing out of my door I saw a stray leaf of a book lying on the floor. I never kept any books in that room, nor had I ever read a book like that from which this leaf seemed to have been torn. It was from a dream-book, and had my dream on it, and the interpretation. It simply said that my dream foreshadowed perfect success in all future undertakings. This thing gave me faith, and decided me at once how I should act in my dilemma.

There is one point in which this belief is akin even unto Mahomet's faith. His deeds were chiefly done from a firm conviction that God had ordained him to His work.

Never would Cromwell have driven his foes before him, if it had not been in the stern strength of his almost Omnipotent determination to be borne along by the current of his will, contrary to all the wills and wishes of the world.

My next dream occurred more than fifty years after the first dream, which for years, had so impressed me.

I dreamed that I had been residing and sleeping with friends in a house, in which our beds were hewn pieces of oak timbers, slightly inclined, and we were wondering how well we had slept and enjoyed these hard beds, when I heard the rumbling noise of a carriage in the forest near our dwelling.

I listened, and looked out of the window until it came in sight and passed the road near the house. In the open carriage sat an old acquaintance, who may be-

dead, as far as I know. He was elegantly dressed, with a shining black coat; his vest and neck-tie were the most prominent things about him, white as snow. He drove an elegant white horse.

I then commenced walking the road by which he had gone, when a lady, once my friend, overtook me. She was in an open carriage, driving three beautiful white horses abreast. The lady stopped her carriage, and asked me to take a seat with her, which I did. I then ceased to dream.

At this time I had written one-half of the manuscript for my book, and was hesitating about writing the rest of it, as I had no money to publish it; but, as its chief moral is the fight against whiskey, and although it was not a preacher I saw in my dream, yet, his snow-white neck-tie was emblematic of one, and the white horses and the lady, all caused me to recollect that nearly all of the women were opposed to whiskey, and that their influence in this thing would be almost omnipotent. I felt that they, to *a man*, approved of the moral of my story, and would help its circulation for the good of others, as well as of themselves; and, as even a small success in this matter would be the crowning effort of my life, and perhaps the last, I will finish it. Like Joseph, I interpret dreams.

If the book results in good to others, I am paid for my work, and though I am almost alone in the world, and may sleep on the hard bed, described in the dream, and undergo labors, privations, and discomforts, unusual for old men; yet, my past temperate life has fitted me to endure them with cheerfulness, and to be satisfied with what I have.

Walter Scott, after his publishers failed, and ruined him pecuniarily, received £100,000 for his writings, and they paid after his death, the other £50,000 of his debts, If it is either ambitious or covetous in me to hope for only a few hundred dollars, to pay my security debts. and to gratifiy my last wish and desire on earth; shake off the bug-bear poverty, which has fastened so many sins on mankind, and which has often, unbidden, thrust its meagre visage on my mind, and seemed to say, "look only for self, in the transaction, and if you receive and take this little advantage of your neighbor, now in your power, it is only to keep out of my company." I allow that there are degrees and grades in poverty, as in other things, and if we are to be poor, that the first wish should be, to be honestly poor; the next to be undeservedly poor. I am persuaded in this school, that true wisdom may be found, which continued prosperity often prevents us from learning.

All things are big with jest, when we have the humor. My habits, for many years, had been to get out of my bed at four o'clock in the morning, at which time the "early bird" crows in summer. This hour is very good, but in the long nights of the winter months, when the sun rises after seven o'clock, and the day fleetheth as a shadow, the two hours before day-light, give much rest in the bed, and too much time for reflection, for an old man. Wishing to be temperate in all things, I have recently attempted to change my habits in this thing, set up an hour or so later, and get up at five o'clock; for seven hours solid sleep is all I require.

At the third trial, I succeeded awaking at four, and sleeping until six o'clock. The next night I awoke at

five o'clock, with a dream very clearly impressed on my mind, and as my single log of hickory wood had burned out of its ashy bed, and I had a good fire ready, concluded to get up and write down my dream.

I dreamed that I was at a strange house, in the company of some persons, with whom I had been acquainted (now dead), and with others, who may be living; that I slept all night in this house, and in the morning I wanted water to wash my face; that there were no servants in the house, but in the company I had seen two little girls with white silky hair, one of them about ten years old. In my dilemma where to find water, the eldest girl came in barefooted, with a bucket of fresh water.

I asked her if she was strong enough to draw water from the well herself.

She answered that she was.

I asked her name. She told me the name of her father, and the trial he had with his children, and that one of her sisters was married. I asked her what her father was doing. She hung her head, and said that he was in Petersburg, doing nothing.

She was fixing my room, and I noticed her white bare-feet, and that she had a hump between her shoulders, as if her spine had been affected, and that her beautiful silken white hair nearly concealed this deformity. She said that they were very poor, and they would be pleased if I would employ her, or get her a place to serve, as she wished to make some money, as all of their family wished to go to the South. I then asked her how much wages she wanted for her services. She hesitatingly named a larger sum than I knew could

be obtained, which I attributed to her youth and ignorance of the value of money, and her desire to help her mother.

She went out of my room.

I walked to the well whence she drew the water. Somehow, I had not washed yet, and looking around, I saw a gourd and a pail of water, and was in the act of pouring water in one hand to wash my face with the other hand, when an old acquaintance suddenly appeared, leading his horse. He took the gourd and poured the water in my two hands, to wash my face. Our conversation I do not recollect; but, another one came up with a lot of tickets in his hand, and said: for selling so many, the company had made him a present of what he held. He lighted a cigarette and went his way. Then another of the company, an old man and now dead, who was a general in the Confederate army, and with whom I had conversed the night before, came to me in his night-dress, conversed very cheerfully with me, and then went to his room up stairs. As I passed, I heard him singing, accompanied by the grave sounds of some instrument, that I had heard no where else in my travels, in any country.

The father of the little girl was a "rare boy," his father was a rich man, and one of the best men, I ever knew.

His son married against his father's wish, whilst he was at college, became intemperate, and died many years since, and I am pretty sure, did not leave nine children. I only saw two of them, in my dream; the smaller one, I saw but once.

'Tis said by men, that dreams mostly come from our

previous thoughts or actions. In this case it cannot be so. I have neither thought of, or had occasion to think of this dead father or his family, for more than twenty years. Our homes were far apart. I saw his beautiful wife once, and did not wonder that, in his mad frolic, he should have married her to the grief of his parents; but as intemperance and disobedience are the sins of fathers visited on the children, to the third and fourth generations, my dream may prove true in this thing also.

I knew that he had a pious young brother, who, on his early death-bed, requested his father to allow him to dispose of the portion of his estate, intended for him. His request was willingly granted, and he willed all of it to build an Orphan Asylum, which bears his name to this day, and proves, that even a boy may die, yet he liveth and speaketh after death, and why should so many persons prefer to live and grow, as the weeds and briers; die, "and rot prematurely." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Disobedience in those subject to him, has caused the writer more loss and anxiety, than all other troubles put together, and he has had his share to contend with.

Oh, could I give expression to my thoughts, and "in the height of this great argument, justify the ways of God to men," would show that human life itself is only a passage from the cradle to the grave; that we exist only as we energize; that pleasure is the reflux of unimpeded energy, that in action thus continued, is the existence, happiness, improvement and perfection of our being; that what we know is as nothing to what we know not; that prosterity allows to every man his true

value and proper honors, that the example of others is the school of wisdom, and that our vices set a bad example.

"'Tis an easy passage down to hell,
But to come back, once there, you cannot well."

In a long life (though almost a constant dreamer), and though, persons who dream, are said not to enjoy sound sleep, my sleep has always been perfect and prolonged through the seven or eight hours, which may have been required according to age and the work of the day. I can only say, I have rarely had an unpleasant dream during my long life, and these few were clearly to be traced to an irregular dinner or supper. It is not bad to be a favored dreamer, and to think only of angels. Others are not so fortunate, and dream only of devils; that again depends much on the character of the dreamer.

Persons who are always busy, and who go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night they sleep with perfect composure. But many dream of nothing but money day and night. What is it? 'Tis the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all. Merit is measured in this world by success.

I have observed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary to be a down-right madman. I have noticed too, that he who thinks a man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

THERE is no character more contemptible than a fortune-hunting man; and, I can see no reason, why a fortune-hunting woman is not contemptible also.

Nothing is truly elegant that does not unite with beauty.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
And when she wooed, with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man;
And, now, with folly, dress, and pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

Silence, says Confucius, is a friend that will never betray.

"But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I am now no more than a lodger in my own house; but, a little spirit! No; though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse, sometimes; but, what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing "the victory." It is a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties."

One that was a *woman*, sir; but, rest her soul—she's dead!

> Women were born, so Fate declares,
> To smooth our linen and our cares,
> And 'tis but just; for, by my troth,
> They are very apt to ruffle both.

She who makes her husband and her children happy; who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften those of men.

Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation, and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application.

They are confined in the narrow limits of domestic assiduity, and, when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and, consequently, without grace; but, as to real refinement, we must look to the ladies. They judge of refinement by the eye; he by the test of conscience, and by a heart not easily deceived; aware that that which is base no polish can make sterling; and that vice, though well perfumed and elegantly dressed, like an unburied carcase, tricked with flowers, is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far for cleanly riddance than for gay attire.

The black drop and vanity, routes and rouge, fashion and fun, have made many craniums noddles. Hence spring those demoniacal passions of envy, jeal-

ousy and madness, which more or less mar the peace of all mankind.

Envy and ennui are twin-sisters, but the goddess of the furies is jealously, a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain. The proofs which convince, but tend to confirm its fatal error. Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause, a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim, and feeding alike upon its heart and brain; it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgement seat, and gives the reins to passion. It is the punishment of Tantulus, without his crime.

To the mind, madness would be a relief, and death a blessing. It takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill, by which it adduces proofs from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. It violates contracts, absolves society, breaks wedlock, betrays friends and neighbors; nobody is good, and every one is either doing or designing mischief. Its origin is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own fault to be other men's, just as he who is overrun with jaundice, thinks others to be yellow.

The sex are like poor tradesmen, who put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional and incapable of increase; misery is artificial and generally proceeds from our own folly.

Poets are all who love; who feel great truths and tell them. The truth of truths is love.

The ground-work of all manly characters is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. Virtue lies at the foundation of everything else. The truth is, when the mind is conscious of its own existence, it is miserable; when unconscious, it is happy; and this unconsciousness is best obtained by active employment. Labor is not a curse, but a blessing.

The old simile of the mill-stones apply here, if they are not grinding corn, they are grinding each other.

All things, even work, is a past-time to him who wills it so.

"Yea; seest thou a man that is diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

The greatest truths are the simplest. So are the greatest men and women.

Poetry is the key to the hierroglyphics of nature. We are speaking of great poets; men, who can, by the powers of their voice, move a nation to tears, or excite an army to enthusiasm. Poetry is utterance of the passion for truth, beauty, and power, modulating language on the principle of variety and conformity.

Let it not be said, that you have only a mother; no capital, no influential friends, no business. I say, make them; and if diligent in everything you undertake, they will make themselves; and I admire the answer of a a boy, to one who taunted him with his father being a drummer. "But didn't he drum well, too?"

No man can be happy, who is not the object of his own esteem.

Riches do not make a man rich, as has been well observed in some romance.

Forward, prating children, usually make ordinary men. I know no observation, more certain and general than this.

Whoever deviates from these rules, how rich soever he may be, will throw his gold on a dunghill, and never know the real value. A man of taste has nothing to do with riches; it is sufficient for him to be free, and to be his own master.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then show it. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect *to sting*; it may get him crushed, but it cannot defend him.

Whilst the right in everything should be preferred, by all reasonable creatures, even as a matter of policy; yet, when we look at the world as it is, the wrong predominates, and, in so many things, under the semblance of right, that I am not sure the word-makers were not at a loss for the word *right*.

Write, we know, is written *right*,
When we see it written write;
But, when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright;
Nor yet should it be written rite;
For write, if so, 'tis written right.

The love and respect of man for woman are, perhaps, greater when sexual sentiments are completely set aside.

Those persons who exalt themselves on the fame of their ancestors, should be humbled at the ill conduct of their posterity.

The two sexes seem placed as spies on each other; and are furnished with abilities adopted for mutual inspection.

Sun yourself in the ray of woman's friendship, the only one that retains warmth as life declines towards the horizon, and straightway you are a sensualist.

I was a better man at forty than at twenty; yet the world looked on me as heroic at one age and demonical at the other. So much for its justice.

Thus it is with all—their chief and constant care is to seem everything but what they are

> Well, suppose it a bounce—surely, a poet can try,
> By a bounce, now and then, to get courage to fly.

The devil's meal is all bran, and content the true philosopher's stone. I'll not admit, however, that man was made to mourn; use common sense, and half the battle is won.

> The good man suffers but to gain,
> And every virtue springs from pain,
> As aromatic plants bestow
> No spicy fragrance as they grow,
> But, *crushed* or trodden to the ground,
> Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

"Diligence is the mistress of success," and a good maxim is never out of season.

Above all things, never touch a romance or novel. These paint beauty in colors more charming than nature, and describes happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are these pictures of consumate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave.

Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind are indications of true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment.

Teach your children thrift and economy. They really cannot learn much even from the best books that are written; from them they may learn to be generous before they are taught by experience the necessity of being prudent; but laziness and sloth are perfectly destructive to every good thing, and I must quote what I heard Spurgeon, the great preacher, of London, say in a sermon in regard to it. He said: "I can almost forgive a drunkard, but, for a lazy man, I do think there is very little pardon.

A Good Daughter.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to whom the heart's warm requital more joyfully responds. She is the steady light of her father's house; her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside; she is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit; she is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and his gentle nurse in sickness.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.—There exist women who are not vain, frivolous and inconstant, and who possess virtues and attractions so great, a charm so deep, that the man who loves them once, must love forever! You say that there are such women? I say, then, why did not you, who are always in love with some woman or other, remain faithful to at least one of these paragons? Because I have never met one yet; that we did not meet is, assuredly, no fault of mine. Heaven knows with what unwearied patience I have sought her. I ask not for superhuman beauty, or impossible virtues. I limited my desires to what was attainable, and, yet, I have never found her. I have seen beautiful women, but they were not lovely; witty women, but they were too clever to have a heart; good women, but they were too virtuous to condescend to be amiable. Often had I thought that, in one of the many women I had met, I would detect something that reminded me of my ideal.

A little lady fascinated me a whole week with the most silvery voice that I had ever heard, until I, unfortunately, discovered that the soft voice would say rash, harsh, and unkind words; then the charm was at once broken. I may have met my ideal without recognizing her? Impossible! I would have known her without ever seeing her, as we would recognize the unseen flower by its pure fragrance.

I may find her yet? I am too old. The woman I would have striven for and loved, like a knight of old, has never come across my path. She may be wrinkled and gray-headed now, or a grandmother, for ought I know; or, worse still, she was, perhaps, born only the other day, to bloom in all the grace of womanhood, when I am in the grave.

And if your lips, would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of what you eat, of what you drink;
And how, and when, and where.

My custom was to go to bed at nine o'clock, and to rise at four; for I knew that one hour's sleep before midnight, was worth three after, to restore the system; that diet and quiet were the main secrets for health of body and mind, and that whatsoever is the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother of it.

I never have missed a railroad connection or had an accident; indeed, I have requested every hotel-keeper not to have me called, and told them, if I was not in time, I would tarry another day, and pay their bills. If persons *will* wake, and have regular habits, this thing is certain and easy.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Aye, note it down in your brain!
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise
And uproots the weeds of pain.

Ye, who are walking on the thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower;
Try what can be done in the morning's air,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day is forever lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wreath
Of content and peaceful power;
Ye who would couple labor and health,
Must begin at the early hour.

MISS L. E. L.

TEMPUS IRREPPERABILE.

The fleetness of time, its final retreat,
A story oft told that'll bear to repeat;
Even repetition, again and again,
To tender years, often'r to those on the wane—
Of all other's time, 'tis the most precious prize,
To value it is next to being wise.
Of the day, how many hours do we sleep?
Of the same, how many laugh and weep?
Of the same, how many for to-morrow?
Of the same, how many free of sorrow?
Of the same, (one hour) the scum refuse?
Let us suppose, 'twas for the wise to use?
The last hour of the day, free from abuse;
Shouldn't we this hour into minutes divide,
Not count long, but on with its tide?
With five minutes write a journal of the day,
With next ten, seventeen lines of this lay.
Next, estimate how many remain,
And how to use them with surest gain;
Resolve, re-resolve, and resolve the same,
Thus resolving clearly losing game.
A score of minutes, meantime have fled,
And half of this hour is hopelessly dead.
Can ten more minutes repent this folly,
And free the remainder of Melancholy?
Hope, hope, earthy God to the rescue,
Lengthens and obscures the lost to view;
Opiates and points to something new.
What's the clock, the hour I resign,
At this line, twenty-nine, making rhyme.

W. H. W.

Mr. H. W. Beecher said in a sermon, that when true lovers promise to love each other forever, they are fools. They might as well promise each other all the money in the National Banks.

WOMEN.—The penchant of women to manage their husbands with absolute sway, may be interpreted by a saying of Nero's, who had absolute power, and yet was miserable.

He said, "what to write conscript fathers; in what terms to express myself, or what to refrain from writing, is a matter of such perplexity, that if I know how to decide, may the just gods and goddesses of vengeance doom me to die in pangs, worse than those under which I linger every day.

Of this truth, Tiberius is a melancholy instance, neither the imperial dignity, nor the gloom of solitude, nor the rocks of Caprae could shield him from himself; he lived on the rack of guilt, and the wounded spirit groaned in agony.

And if you would search every kingdom in the world to see the man who is most unhappy of all his countrymen, go directly to the sovereign, particularly if he be an absolute monarch. Now if this absolute power makes sovereigns miserable; might we not, in a spirit of consideration say to the many restless, miserable, married women we hear of, that this penchant of theirs for absolute sway, may not be the least cause of this thing, and that if they would in a more common-sense manner, try only to assume the exercise of one-half of this prerogative, wedlock would not have so harsh a name, or the half of its opponents.

Cares to our coffin adds a nail, no noubt,
While every burst of laughter draws one out.

Keep your shop, and it will keep you.

METASTASIO AL FUROR D' AVERSA SORTE.

He shall not dread misfortune's angry mein,
Nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,
Whose soul has learned, thro' many a trying scene
To smile at fate, and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds and storms,
Nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art;
Thus fates dread ire, by many a conflict forms
The lofty spirit and enduring heart.

The torrent wave that breaks with force,
Impetuous down the Alpine height,
Complains and struggles in its course,
But sparkles as the diamond bright.

The stream, in shadowy valley deep
May slumber in its narrow bed;
But silent in unbroken sleep
Its lustre and its life are fled.

MRS. HEMANS.

She was above the miserable disparagement of labor and learning, and practice and the advice of the world; she did study, both early and late, her whole life long; making poetry, as it deserves, no less a subject of science than a gift of genius.

Nero said, that a man who had lived thirty years, and was not his own doctor, had lived to little purpose. If any one cares *to live*, and their three-score and ten are as yet all that life can give, he must be strictly governed by these rules, and be temperate in all things.

Suspect men or women who effect great softness of manner; an unruffled evenness of temper, and a conversation studied slow and deliberate.

The rest which one gets after strong feeling, is not sinful; men have periods of depression, when they try to whip themselves up. It is like spurring a jaded steed. Bye and bye he will tumble in the road and die. Let him rest.

The next thing to "doing nothing," is the reading of novels and romances. Indeed it is a kind of intoxication, akin to that of whiskey, of which I have said so much in this book. Whilst its apparent effects is not ostensible, yet to those who have seen and known its effect upon mothers and their children's children, can at least pronounce it a secret sin, visited on the children to the third and fourth generation.

Yes, Napoleon the First, was right in his opinion, and if he chanced to see a maid of honor with a novel or romance, he took the book from her and put it in the fire.

I am sorry to add that alchohol is not the only intoxicating draught.

Could men but realize how much they can increase their own felicity; how much real happiness they can strew in the pathway of life, for all with whom they may chance to meet, by exercising true charity; there would be no necessity for urging any one to be kind. Yet it is to be feared that not only mankind in general; but men, as a large proportion of professed Christians in this respect, often forget the example of their Savior; who was ever kind, even to his most bitter enemies. What could we not accomplish in trying to cultivate in our hearts those feelings of kindness to our kind.

One stroke fells not an oak.

Fills des Regiment.

I WAS domiciled at "Hotel de Paradise," at Summerville, S. C., for the winter of 1862, in order to palliate a throat affection. If the hotel was not kept by a Frenchman, the post-office was, "Bideau" being post-master; and the landlord, if not a judge, was called Judge Cooper. He was poor and eccentric, but had a good education, and refinement of its kind, and was a philosopher too, as to eating and drinking, believing that an excess of either was hurtful to his guests. His bar-room had only pure soft spring water, and his table nothing gross; and as he had mostly lady boarders, we never had a roast. He always sat at the foot of the table, and served his guest with very small samples of what he considered best. The tongue, was served up at every meal. He never ceased talking. He had cats, terriers, and pointer dogs; but he had only two servants, Nancey and Dandy, to do everything.

Dandy was a trump, and looked as if he had been recently captured from an African desert. The scraps from the table were not plenty, and the terriers were refined; for true terriers should never have enough to eat when they are puppies.

There were two pure Italian grey-hounds at a house near by, also a red and black Newfoundland, one of pure breed, belonging to a guest, and of the color of the hyena or raccoon; another a native dog, hairless

like Mexican dogs; so that dogs were almost as unique as the main building and cottages of Paradise Hotel. These were built of planks, nailed endwise.

'Tis true, we often arose from the table with better appetites, than when we sat down; yet, the Judge had reasoned us into the belief that he had done us two benefits: the first to our healths, the second to his meagre purse, and that an appetite was the only thing that every person desired, and then too quickly got rid of.

He had been a lawyer, and was so fond of talking on the other side, that he had almost talked himself into a "Union man."

I came to dinner from Charleston every day, and brought the latest war news, the most discussed dish of the table. To humor my talk, knowing that Mrs. Girarddeau, one of my Fills des Regiment, carried a revolver, and having some pertinent news, I asked her to loan her revolver to me, and placed it beside my plate. I then told the Judge to look sharp, whilst the news I did relate. He was fool enough to think I was half in earnest, so he minded his Ps. and Qs., whilst he digested my news.

He could call Nancey and Dandy, with a voice and emphasis, that no other landlord could immitate.

He had persuaded himself that it never snowed in Summerville, so we had no need of fires. Our dinners smelt of pine knots; our sleep at night on the hard "what-nots," made us dream of airy nothings, and of Paradise and its surroundings; but the very air we breathed, had healing on its wings; and this zephy bearing turpentine, cured consumption and throat affections.

I had a man servant, a good carpenter; and like his master, did not wish to be idle in his leisure; so he asked me to buy two or three acres of land and let him build a cottage on it. He built it, and put a plank fence around the three acres.

The war made a winter in Summerville.

When I visited Charleston, in November 1865, I went up to Summerville, and found that the furniture, left in my cottage by my son-in-law, and the fencing had disappeared. The cottage was occupied by negroes, the town full of colored soldiers, and Paradise Hotel in the possession of Gen. Jas. C. Beecher and his wife. I went to the reception room; the General was absent, but Mrs. General Beecher was in, trying to reconcile a female African with her deserting spouse. I sat waiting an audience; the negress was obstinate and would not agree to have him sooner or later, so I wrote a letter, and here is the reply:

HEADQUARTERS SUB-DISTRICT,
MILITARY DISTRICT OF CHARLESTON,
SUMMERVILLE, S. C., Dec. 13, 1865.

WM. H. WESSON, ESQ.:

Sir—I have your note of the 23d November. In respect to property mentioned, I promptly ordered the same returned to your son, and as to complaint of depredations, took measures to prevent the same. Allow me to call attention to the fact that the barracks were occupied by United States troops long before my coming, in latter part of July, and by other troops previously. I should be perfectly willing to replace damage done by my own forces, where such damage is shown;

but I cannot undertake to repair damages or replace property simply because damage has been done at some time or by somebody.

Yours, very truly,

JAMES C. BEECHER,

Brev. Brig-Gen'l Com'g.

I wrote to the General again, and copy his reply:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND SUB-DISTRICT,
MILITARY DISTRICT OF CHARLESTON,
SUMMERVILLE, S. S., Dec. 21, 1865.

WM. H. WESSON, ESQ.:

Sir—I have yours of the 18th instant. Have instructed the Acting-Quartermaster to furnish teams required for hauling lumber for repairs of fences, &c.

Yours very truly,

JAMES C. BEECHER,

Brev. Brig-Gen'l Com'g.

I never saw the General, but I have heard his brother, Henry Ward Beecher, preach a dozen sermons, and, if he was as good a general as his brother is a preacher, he, too, is a "Boarnerges." I know he was good at *fencing*.

I commenced my military part of the war in Summerville, S. C., and the only weapon I had during the war was Mrs. Girardeau's revolver. At the table, in the presence of the guests, all ladies (except the Judge) and in the same room, I enlisted the first and most of soldieresses for my Fills des Regiment.

As I commenced my peaceable war in Paradise—Hotel—it was fit to end it there, in times said to be peace, in conflict with a Federal general; and, as I subdued him with two letters in regard to the cottage, and the *fencing*, the pen has been more powerful than the swords of the Confederates, for it conquered a peace.

Judge Cooper had drilled the minds of the ladies at his table, and I reluctantly assented that Confederate cause had been blue, in my estimation, since the battle of Bull Run, and that, unless England or France aided us materially, it was only a question of time, not of arms and men; but, although we were in a bad war, still, I believed that every person in the South should help, as far as he could. With the approval of the ladies then at the table, I would enlist a company of ladies for soldieresses, and would call my company the "Forlorn Phalanx, of South Carolina."

THE TERMS OF ENLISTING IN THE FILLS DES REGIMENT.

The Fills, when the wounded soldiers were convalescing, should attend in the hospitals; should get up snack-tables at the places where they were most needed, for passing soldiers, while the less active ones could knit socks for the soldiers; and, at the close of the war, if it did not ruin me, I would pay each Fillie more and better money than the Confederate soldiers would get from our government.

The ladies, approving, got some note paper, and wrote as follows:

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., June 2, 1862.

"FILLS DES REGIMENT."

The subscribers hereto compose the "Forlorn Phalanx," of South Carolina. They pledge their property, persons, and "sacred honor," to be the *very last citizens*, who will submit to Yankee rule; they will prepare themselves for battling, when necessary to sustain this resolve.

I wrote on the paper the following couplet:

> The artillery would have fought right well,
> But of powder it could not bear the smell;
> And, as the foe came galloping fast,
> They hid in the grass till they did pass.

Each subscriber was to write her own name, and I was to put my name first.

Miss Gelzer signed first of the ladies. I enclosed her photograph and that of General Stonewall Jackson to the Empress of France, in October, 1867, and got in exchange the portraits of their Majesties.

Miss Pinckney, daughter of Charles Courtsworth Pinckney, author of the saying at the French Court, "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute," said she would sign; also, her two nieces, the Misses Rutledge, and Mrs. Gerarddeau.

Miss Pinckney was then eighty-six years old, as she wrote opposite her name, but she went to the piano and played a tune. She owned more Sea Islands and negroes than any woman in South Carolina, and said she did not care for the negroes, if freed; if not, perhaps some of her kin might take care of them. She

died two years afterwards, aged eighty-eight. I was at her funeral, at St. Michael's church, in Charleston.

Miss Sallie Rutledge, one of her nieces, married the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, and I gave her an extra present in gold, as I had said to them that, to the one who married most to my fancy, after the war, I would give an extra present. I called on her after she was married, and made her the present of a double-headed Portugese gold coin, worth eight or nine dollars. She showed me a miniature of her kinsman, General Rutledge, of the Revolutionary war.

Miss Gelzer was engaged to be married to Mr. Girard, of Savannah, Ga., then a soldier in the Confederate army.

Now, these seemingly useless things had more real good than fun in them, and much good was done which, perhaps, might not have been had not the proper stimulus been given. It alleviated, for the time, the ennui and depression which were produced by the war. I know that a Georgia regiment, in Charleston, got three two-bushel bags full of Bibles, and Miss Sanders, of Sumter, knit fifty-three pairs of socks, which she gave to the soldiers.

FILLS DES REGIMENT.

Wm. H. Wesson, . .	Carolina and Virginia.	
Sue Linning Gelzer, . .	Summervillle, S. C.	
Adelaide V. Gerarddeau, .	Colliton District,	do.
Sally H. Rutledge, . . .	Charleston,	do.
Alice Cohen, ...	Charleston,	do.
Herriot Pinckney, aged 86 years,	Charleston,	do.
Georgia V. Sanders, . .	Sumpter District,	do.
Eugenia L. Hughes, (Refugee),	James Island,	do.

Sallie I. Sanders, ... Sumter, S. C.
Laura A. Wesson, (Refugee), Portsmouth, Va.
Ellen Wesson, . (Refugee), Portsmouth, do.
Eugenia O'Hanahan, (Refugee), Edisto Island, S. C.
Eugenia M. Hanahan, (Refugee), Edisto Island, do
Marianna Clark, . . (Refugee), Edisto Island, do.
Lizzie W. Loper, . . . Charleston, do.
Rivanna W Rivens, . . . Charleston, do.
Rachel B. H. Cohen, (Refugee), Charleston, do.
M. A. Barnwell, . . (Refugee), Beaufort, do.
Mary B. Pressly, . . . Summerville, do.
Anna M. Wheeler, . . . Charleston, do.
Phillip Cohen, (age 88) . . . Charleston, do.
M. Middleton, ... Charleston, do.
Rebecca A. Hicks, ... Sumter, do.
Sarah G. Sanders, ... Sumter, do.
Emma R. Saunders, ... Sumter, do.
Mary E. Ellerbe, ... do. do.
Carie E. Sanders, ... do. do.
Louisa Arthur, ... Camden, do.
Fannie Bracey, ... Sumter, do.
Mrs. R. H. Sanders, ... do. do.
Cornelia H. Sanders, ... do. do.
Rosa Adalie Bee, ... do.
C. Augusta Gager, ... do. do.
Josephine F. Clark, (refugee), Edisto Island, do.
Mary Hazlehurst, . . Charleston, do.
Mary Gerard, ... Savannah, Ga.
Fannie Mosel, ... do. do.
Charlotte Gerrardeau, . . . do. do.
Kate Finney, ... Charleston, S. C.
Marie Jenkins, . . . Summerville, do.
Susan North, ... Charleston, do.

Emma H. Jervey, ... S. C.
Hannah J. McCall, . Darlington District, do.

Recruits and paper full, I hid it, as I had plenty of other work. Several had proposed to join the regiment, and on the 1st of April, 1864, I pasted another piece of paper to the original, and wrote down the following for the additions to the "Regiment:"

The original terms for enlisting in the Fills des Regiment were, that each soldieress would make the daily prayer, that no death should occur in this army 'corps' during the war; also that each should become acquainted with its originator, accidentially. Unfortunately the terms did not include, that none should marry during the continuance of hostilities; hence the efficency of the 'Regiment' has been materially impaired by weddings during the past two years; thereby making it necessary that recruits make good the probable deficiencies. It being clear that in skirmishes, raids or any desultory warfare, that it is necessary to success that no incumbrances, whatever, impede progress. Thereupon, all recruits agree they will not marry during the war, as it will be considered a high misdemeanor—subject to court-martial, perhaps the execution of the offendress.

Of the forty-four names to the original list, varying from 18 to 88 years of age, not one has died in the two years' service.

Wm. H. Wesson,

April 1st, 1864. *Recruting Agent.*

FILLS DES REGIMENT.

Mary E. Boyd,	Darlington District,	S. C.
L. C. McCall,	do	do.
R. E. Finney,	Charleston,	do.
Carie V. Cuttino, refugee from	Charleston,	do.
Rachel L. Clifford,	do.	do.
Carrie D. Finney,	do.	do.
Eliza E. Slawson,	do.	do.
Meta M. Blake,	do.	do.
Hattie F. Miller, refugee from	do.	do.
S. E. Bissell,	Summerville,	do.
A. S. Annely,	Charleston,	do.
Mary Ella Mills,	do.	do.
Amelia Maria Mills,	do.	do.
H. De Treville, refugee from	Beaufort,	do.
E. De Treville,	do.	do.
E. Washington,	Summerville,	do.
Louisa Durese,	New Orleans,	La.
Annie Baylor Capron,	Williamsburg,	Va.
Lucy Galt Capron, (Tres'y Dep'mt,)	do.	do.
Elise Rutledge,	Charlottesville,	do.
Hariet Ravenel,	do.	do.
Sue Simmons,	do.	do.
E. H. Smith, (Treasury),	Eastern Shore,	do.
Constance Mortimer,	Charleston,	S. C.
Annie Mortimer,	do.	do.
S. Celestia Mills,	do.	do.
S. H. Mallett,	Sumter,	do.
Rychie Haynes, (Tres'y Dep'mt.),	Portsmouth,	Va.

Seventy-three in all; none married (a contract) during the war; one engaged to be married; dead, none.

In May, 1865, I walked forty miles, through General Sherman's raid going to Newberry, South Carolina, where I had some property to care for; bought a lot of cotton, and sent it to Augusta, Georgia, intending to pay the net profits to my regiment; I netted $350 as profit in gold, and got the Victoria coin and gave one to each soldieress as far as I could find them, leaving three or four unpaid, whom I have never seen. When I went to pay Miss Pinckney and Miss Rutledge they had gotten possession of their house on the Battery, not very long, and Miss Pinckney said to me, "I have not had money enough for two weeks to buy a broom." Up to the war she was the richest lady in South Carolina. The Victoria, or $5 gold-piece, then worth $7.50, greenbacks, was, therefore, an opportune present.

I saw a few Confederate soldiers have $1.50 each in silver, which they said was part of their monthly pay, and that was the only pay I ever saw them have, except paper money.

I received many letters from my regiment during and since the war, and as no composition is superior to ladies' letters, (if they would not add postscripts), I have been amused and instructed by them, and I regret I have not preserved all; I have now several of them, and if they were not ladies' letters I would quote them. I should take Miss Gelzer's first (she is now Mrs. Guerard, which is almost French, for wars. But I won't be hard on her, as she was engaged to be married, and sent the first money to get up the first gun-boat at Charleston, and had much to do with the great fair for funds to build it, hence she was called "Gunboat Sue," and Mrs. D. S. St'gs, who lived opposite Hibernian Hall,

in which was the fair, introduced me to Miss Gelzer, but I would have lost her name, so they wrote it and pinned it in my hat.

THE GUN-BOAT FAIR—HIBERNIAN HALL.

Mr. Stocking fretted because I never could get his name right, and would call him "stockings." I was to escort Miss Sue to the fair, and at ten o'clock, Mr. D. S. Stocking was to come and relieve me and escort her to his house, when they closed the fair for that night. I had agreed in this case, to go to bed for once at eleven instead of nine o'clock. Mr. Stocking *came not*, and after waiting for him till eleven P. M., I left the fair, and when I crossed the street and went to his parlor, there he was on a *Southern lounge*, mellow. I called him, in spite, Mr. Stockings, and he corrected me again, and begged I should come the next night and help him at the fair. Yes, I'll do it to get my revenge out of Mr. Stockings. He was correcting me as I went down stairs about his name, and as I get up at four A. M., I had only three hours to sleep. So after I dressed, as I *was to breakfast* at his house, I sat down and wrote the following lines to read at his *table*. I had been a country store *merchant*, he a city school *teacher*, which may explain some of the lines, and the *name pinned* in my hat, and Mrs. Stocking's splendid grey cat which she fed as a pet:

Is'nt it Shocking, I could'nt say stocking ?
A word so long and so free,
When the word hose, stuck under my nose,
But this is a foible in me.

The philosopher Kant had a man of adamant,
That served up his paper and tea,
The paper had a hard name he never did tame,
Though pronounced for him one—two—three.
Queerer, no little Stockings at table!

GUN-BOAT POETRY.

When Mr. and Mrs. S. had digested the stocking *stanzas*, I read: Well, Miss Sue,

I've joked with you, and smoked with you,
And had you in my hat;
I've walked with you, and talked with you,
And flattered the grey cat;
I've chewed with you, jewed with you,
Been bothered with your name;
I've humored you, and worried you,
But like you all the same;
I've read of you, been fed by you,
And helped you with your shawl;
I've been praised by you, and crazed by you,
And *kept up, worst of all;*
I've tried to leave, and grieve you,
But cannot get away;
You've charmed me, and disarmed me,
So, what can I do but stay?

W. H. W.

Alas! the kaleidoscope of life.

Her father was a Sea Island cotton planter, and her sisters all had plantations on the Islands. As she wrote a beautiful hand, and her signature was put on my list, I wished to call her the captain of my Fills des Regiment, which an accidental acquaintance with her may have gotten up. The next year, at any rate, the Empress Eugenie thought enough of her *photograph* and General Jackson's to have her own and that of

Napoleon placed in the show window opposite my dining-room seat, where they remained, for months, until I left the city.

"Stockings" remained unfaithful, and I sat up two other nights, and became so sleepy that I went to sleep at the tea-table of a gentleman in Summerville whilst talking to his ladies. I say with Sancho Panza "blessed is the man that invented sleep." I had quite a number of tickets in the prize fair, and the first time I saw Miss Sue at Mr. Stocking's, I gave them all to her, and she drew what was said to be the second prize at the fair—a huge painting of a Newfoundland dog, as large as life, with a child it had rescued from the water, lying on his fore paws, as natural as life. It was said to have cost $500.

She married during the war. After the war, and the loss of all their slaves, their lands being worthless, she lived in Southwestern Georgia with her husland's father. His house was burned, and in July, 1875, she was living at her father's old homestead on the coast of South Carolina, as sickly and deserted as the coast of Africa. She had three children, her husband's health was broken—he was poorer than the waiters, but not as well contented. She has frequently written to me, and I advanced her something, and at last I sold her painting for a small sum. As she is patient and brave she will do better than the majority in her situation.

Miss Sue North, a woman of about her contour, but English features, descended from the North's of England, was the best songstress and performer on the piano, I ever knew, except Jenny Lind. I have heard

her at home during the bombardment. I caused her to walk four miles, a hot day in June, to gratify her woman's curiority in regard to a little rose shrub, the "magnolia fuscata," which took Dr. Bachman's five guesses to name.

After the war, I heard that Miss North had married a Northern captain in the United Navy, and had gone to the Sandwich Islands. I had not paid her the "victoria" or "sovereign."

Whilst in Paris, in 1867, I heard she had returned. I wrote to Charleston, to my agent there, to procure a "victoria" and present it with my compliments to her baby boy, also a copy of the following lines enclosed:

'Tis well Miss Sue, to punish you
For being a little wayward;
I won't annoy, but wish you joy
For being a Mistress Heyward.

You'll please accept, this thing y'cleped,
A "sovereign" or "victoria;"
And may your reign, ne'er disclaim
A wife without a victory.

By doing this, you'll ne'er miss
The value of my affection;
I "Fills" lose, by Hymen's noose,
But it adds to their perfection.

Give me to say, this closes pay
Of Fills of my "Regiment;"
Altho' disbanded, when husbanded,
It fills the cup of my content.

Allow me to add, tho' parting be sad,
That meeting again is joy;
May your Hymen cord wear as light as the air,
And your next baby a boy.

Yours truly, W. H. W.

After the blockade, and during the war, over one hundred thousand bushels of corn in new sacks, were sent by sea to Charleston and Savannah, and were sold at cost at eighty-five cents per bushel, including sacks, when the last cargo had sold in the market, loose at one dollar and twenty cents per bushel, and was in much demand. There were also sent to Virginia and North Carolina, ten thousand bushels of salt, and sold at fifteen cents per bushel; and over three thousand sacks of salt were sold at seventy-five cents per sack. Much of the salt was sold only to soldier's wives, and the corn to the benefit of the planters; and all of these articles, by and through the Fills des Regiment.

I have, by accident, yet many of my Fills letters; but the most of them would only remind one of the saying of Napoleon the First, that "war was hell." I had sent word, and written to such of my Fills, as I could place, to have their photographs taken to give me one, and I would pay for the dozen. I, for the first time in my life, had that much money to spare, and still to do justice to the poor and the rich at home. Money was selling in the streets of Charleston, at five per cent. a month, and diamonds the security (1865.) There was scarcely any money in the country, and photographers could get work only in the city, at the old houses. In that way I got Miss Sue Gelzer's picture.

I had a valentine drawing in February, 1866, at Dr. Bachman's, to amuse them; and I got the Doctor, who they knew would not cheat, to draw the prizes from the hat, and I am not sure, but that thing gave rise to the next letter, that I will copy here. It was marked Arthur. I have no note of my letter to the lady, hence

my ignorance of its import or the date; yet I received the two following notes, far apart, from and on account of Miss Louisa Arthur:

June 10, 1866.

W. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—Miss M. L. Arthur is at present in Auburn, New York.

Very respectfully,

C. ARTHUR.

On the 19th of July, 1866, I received the following letter from her:

CAMDEN, S. C., July 19, 1866.

MR. WESSON:

Dear Sir—I have just returned from New York, and find your favor of so long ago awaiting my arrival. I hasten to return thanks to you for your great kindness. My draw, indeed, was a lucky one, but my heart grows sad when I remember my beautiful idol is unknown.

You must hasten to relieve my vanity. I was in Charleston last week, and endeavored to discover your face (I never was in the city of a July) amongst the many, but all in vain.

Respectfully,

LOUISE ARTHUR.

I suppose her name is "Maria Louise," and by my not being in Charleston I missed her photograph, and she missed her errand.

Anna Mortimer was a patient, sweet girl, in her teens. Her uncle, who was the richest rice planter in the State, and who was childless, had equipped, at his own ex-

pense, one or two companies for the war; but the war entirely ruined his estate, except a small amount which his wife had taken to Europe, at its commencement.

The war also completely ruined Anna's father. His property consisted chiefly of bank and railroad stocks. He was a refugee, and lived very poorly in Newberry, South Carolina. I suppose Anna had her photograph taken at my request, and the five-dollar gold piece I gave her is also mentioned in his letter about her death. He told me how she had worked to earn sugar and tea for her invalid mother and father; how she bought peas with some of the gold I had given her, to subsist on, and but for the photograph I gave her, he should have had no likeness of her.

NEWBERRY, S. C., June, 1866.

W. H. WESSON, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Long ere this reaches you, you will have heard of our direful calamity.

But, my dear friend, allow us to tender to you again our heartfelt gratitude for giving us the *only* outlines we have of that beautiful and beloved face, not only a comfort to us, but her numerous friends and admirers. May God bless you and yours for it. The gold *you* gave her, she, noble girl! purchased peas, which lasted us three months in our adversity. It gave her great pleasure to contribute to our comfort. When that was out, Mr. Johnstone gave her law papers to copy, and that clothed her and feed us. We shall never forget her beaming countenance when she brought to her sick mother a pound of tea, out of her own earnings, and other comforts. Often daylight would catch her at her

writing, without one murmur; our little school would claim her then for the balance of the day. She is now where the weary is at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble. May God give her rest from her labors, and bless you for your kindness to her.

Yours, in sorrow,

THOMAS MORTIMER.

I can hardly say why, but I met this meek-looking little miss on the way to her school, in Newberry, and, knowing of their destitution, I gave her the gold and told her to get her photograph taken, at my expense, and give it to her sick mother. The gold sent me by Mr. F. was as opportune, as this proved to be, and he was the main cause that I had it then to give.

Laura A. Wesson was in her teens, and engaged to be married to a well-known and large merchant of Charleston, S. C. She was the best-natured, most patient, and sweetest girl that I ever knew, and had the sweetest voice. She always sang "Ben Bolt" and "Katy's Secret" at the piano, in a tone which was ominous, and in a way I never heard imitated by any other person. She was never sick in her life. We and her sister Mary were on our way to Wainsboro, Sumter and Charleston, when we met the news of the burning of Columbia, and of General Sherman's raid, at High Point, where we staid three months. Laura contracted a fever from the soldiers in the hospital, and died and was buried there. An account of her coffin and burial, April, 1865, has been before written in this book; but a piece of poetry I penciled at her sister Mary's grave, some years before, would be meet for her.

Her sister Mary, nearly fifteen years old, had never been sick in her life, but contracted a disease in Petersburg which killed her. I thought, and I have heard others declare, she was the most beautiful person they ever saw.

Would'nt it be meet to say here lies our Mary. When she was dying she asked her teacher to sing "I would not live always, I ask not to stay." She was fourteen years, seven months and three days old.

Miss Sallie Sanders died young and unmarried. She was the Fillie that knit the fifty-three pairs of socks for the soldiers. Nearly all of the balance of the Regiment who were marriagable are married, and as I have not been to South Carolina for years, I have lost sight of all but one, Rebecca Ann Hicks, my cousin, and of my age; she never chose to marry, and is said to be one amongst the most amiable women in South Carolina. I got a letter from her recently. Thus ends that which never happened before in a war, which grew out of a "few words fitly spoken," and resulted in great good to many, and no loss to any one, and taught lessons in the volume of human nature that could be learned in no other school.

I will close by an account of the sad results of the war upon the estates of three widows amongst my Fills: All of them owned fine Sea Island estates; one of them had only one child whom she educated in New York, and with whom she lived at school. Her income was $10,000 per year. I saw her emigrate to a Western State with scarcely money for her trip. Another had three children and had to seek the alms-house. The other had several children and went quite poor to the West.

I have good evidence that the Fills des Regiment was composed of good material, and that they became more in earnest after becoming members of this company. It would take a book to relate what they did for and on account of the war. I will try and condense some of the things which some of them either did or caused to be done: More than a hundred thousand bushels of corn were placed in Charleston, Savannah and Augusta, much of it in new sacks, and sold without profit, when corn was very scarce, at thirty cents per bushel (sacks included) less than the last corn sold in those markets for, and for four months the price of corn was kept at the same price, fixed by the owner, as the newspapers of that date will show and prove. Thousands of bushels of salt was procured from the salt works—ten thousand bushels from Cadiz, Spain, and several thousand sacks sold to benefit soldiers' wives, at a cost of sixteen cents per bushel, and seventy-five cents per sack. Delayed and half-famished soldiers were fed at Kingsville. Sacks of bibles were given to soldiers. The life of one daughter was lost by three months' attendance in a hospital, at High Point, N. C.; another daughter attended hospitals during the war, each and every one of them made themselves useful in some way during the war. I never knew or heard of a single instance among them of that selfishness so degrading and common with men in time of war, and I am pleased to add that a majority of the Fills des Regiment that were single and agreed to remain so during the war, were not only true and faithful to their promises, but have since married well, and have added many sons and daughters to replace some of the victims of the war, and further does it prove, that however fanciful and light some projects

may appear at their commencement, when honesty and good intentions are the mainsprings, much good without shame will be the consequent results.

ARROWS OF WISDOM.

God heals, and the physicians hath the thanks.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments.

Think of *ease*, but *work* on.

He that lies long abed, his estate feels it.

Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but water of it.

God complains not, but doth what is fitting.

A diligent scholar, and the master is paid.

Milk says to wine: Welcome, friend.

They that know one another, salute afar off.

Where there is no honor, there is no grief.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

Alms never make poor.

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.

It takes much from the account, to which his sins doth amount.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

Whose house is of glass must not throw stones at another.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

The tree that grows slowly, keeps itself for another.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

He that looks not before, finds himself behind.

War Reminescences.

I HAD cast my bread upon the waters and fire during the war; had invested my money in cotton in South Carolina, in various places, to help planters to pay their debts, and would buy only a few bales from each, advising them to keep as much cotton as they could until after the war, and even should it be burnt, the ashes, for manure, would be worth as much as the money current, as history always repeated itself. I was no prophet; many were benefited, but the majority would sell. I had one hundred bales in the hands of four planters, my kinsmen, burned by General Potter and his dark troops, on the 19th day of April, 1865, after Gen'l Lee's surrender, and the war virtually over.

I paid my kinsfolks eight cents, gold, for a small portion of each of their crops to pay their debts, and to hold at my risk until the war was over. Gen. Sherman, who swept everything, missed this cotton by a few miles, a river and swamp intervening. I lost fifty bales in Cheraw, South Carolina, which I had bought at same time, under same circumstances, at about same cost.

On the evacuation of Charleston the troops went through Cheraw; there was a fire; many houses and much cotton was burned. I have not been there, but heard my cotton was *gone*, though the shed under which it was stored was *not burned*. I had a few bales left in Sumter, the balance in Newberry and Laurens.

Through a Fillie's letter the officers of the troops which held Newberry after the war gave me extra privileges with my cotton. Some of their letters I have, and I shall neither forget the General, or Colonel Tyler, or Lieut. Loomis, nor the risk and danger those had to incur that owned cotton.

I wrote to President Johnson for a pardon and he sent it to me, though he never saw or heard of me before my letter. I never had any military let or hindrance about any of my cotton or property.

I had paid the same attention to the wounded and sick Federal troops, at High Point, giving them buttermilk and things for the sick which I could beg or buy of the *Friends* or *Quakers* residing near that place. I was treated with deference by the commanding officer who, with the troops, held that place several days. He presented me with a free ticket for myself and daughter on the railroad home and to *return* to South Carolina, with special attention where the road was torn up at Raleigh, had a guard kept constantly at the door of my sick daughter, and saluted me when he left. I never asked his name.

I had a ship stopped in Charleston, by Mr. Calicut. One of my friends that had cotton on board, perhaps may have had something to do with the blockade running during the war, was put to much cost and trouble, and the writer's deposition taken, and his disposition tested in this transaction.

I shipped in September, 1865, from Charleston, a considerable lot of my unburnt cotton, and got forty-six cents in gold, in Liverpool, for it.

I went to Charleston, in November, on my way to

Florida, and helped many factors to pay cotton taxes, and to repair of some of the churches. There were no banks or brokers in the city, and money selling at five per cent. per month on the street, with first-class security.

I was informed in December, that I had placed to my credit, by new cotton factors, $50,000 in gold, in the bank of Liverpool, and $200,000 with Messrs. Lees & Waller, New York, which, with about $100,000 of my own cash, and a first-class credit, I stood the cash man of that once wealthy city, then perfectly prostrated in every department of business.

I sent the last vessel that went from Charleston to Norfolk, via Cape Hatteras, and through the Dismal Swamp Canal, loaded with rice; the most of which was sold to the Confederate Government at cost, and several casks, which I sent to Pulaski county, Virginia, with twenty-five bags of Rio coffee, which found their way to Lynchburg, to feed the numerous soldiers there, sick with measles.

The citizens of Pulaski county used all the coffee at cost.

The vessel returned, loaded with corn, and had to put into Georgetown, South Carolina, on account of the blockade at Charleston, and fed the hungry people there. The captain, a preacher and a good man, brought a load of rosin, which made his fortune, if he did not sell it too quickly. This captain was a Marylander, and did so much that assisted the Confederates, I wish I had space to tell it. He made a trip for me to the West Indies during the declaration of the blockade, and took a load of molasses and ten thousand oranges to Petersburg,

direct, drawing nine feet of water, with a fine palmetto flag, he asked me to give him, flying at his mast, which was noticed in the papers, which I have at the present time.

I wrote Mr. Buchanan to recall the man-of-war sent to Charleston, or it would certainly cause war. Another vessel, the "Judith," I had loaded for the West Indies, met the man-of-war, and the pert language used was printed in the New York *Times*, and sent to me by some unknown person. Of some forty vessels, chartered at Norfolk, Va., during the sixty days' declaration of blockade, and the three thousand ton ship Princess, (I then resided in Charleston and passing through on my way to the Hampton Female College, to bring two daughters from the college before it should fall into the hands of the Federals, as I believed it would soon do,) and corn being very scarce in Charleston, and no vessels to be had to go South, lest they should be seized, I gave security for their safe return, and chartered all for the round trip, at my risk, twenty to thirty vessels; some brigs and large vessels, that carried ten thousand and fifteen thousand bushels each of corn, for Charleston or Savannah, as they chose. The buoys removed and light-houses put out, all made the quickest trips on record, with no damage. All of the captains proved faithful with their return cargoes, whilst of three vessels from Baltimore on speculation to said ports, two were lost, one put into Norfolk damaged, and I bought the dry corn of her cargo.

A Norfolk house sent one vessel to Savannah, on speculation. The captain took his return cargo to Penobscot, Maine, at their loss. My risks were fifty times greater, and cargoes very valuable, besides the

vessels I sent to the West Indies; yet, all were faithful and quick, and I had an unusual compliment from the owners of the old New York Packet Line to Norfolk, after my victory over the New York steamships—the Roanoke, Jamestown and Yorktown. Many thousands of yards of cotton-bagging were sent to Savannah, and sold at eleven cents per yard, which would have laid over in Philadelphia; besides, many boxes of soap, and tons of large chains, which were afterward brought to Charleston to chain logs together to fortify that harbor.

I assert that the man who has had nothing to do with politics and arms, in times of war (with his mind clear and will properly directed), can do a vast deal of good in many ways, and things, with his *pen*, his money, and his *credit*, particularly, when profit and selfishness are not the basis of his actions, and with those intentions that "good luck" will attend all of his ventures, and after awhile he will receive, even in this world, a reward far more valuable than money. The thousands who had bread to eat by my incidental trips, who otherwise would have been without, was a far more pleasant recollection than the immense gains of money which I had it in my power to realize.

I have ever refused to speculate on the necessities of my fellow men, or receive usury on money, and at the close of the war I realized the promises made in the Bible for such conduct, and although I met losses of property, in company of those who acted the contrary, yet my cup was full, even running over, with filthy lucre, and I helped many planters, utterly ruined by the war, to support their families, and have heard them say the exhilerating words, in passing up Broad street,

Charleston, though strangers to me, "You set me up." What's the use of money when we are in the grave?

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CHARLESTON,
February 18, 1861.

Pass Mr. W. H. Wesson and servant to Newberry, S. C., and back, as often as he pleases.

CHARLES MACBETH,
Mayor.

W. H. Wesson.

HEADQUARTERS PUR. FORCES,
CHARLESTON, S. C., April 23, 1861.

B. C. Pressly, W. H. Wesson and ten ladies are permitted to visit Morris Island to-morrow.

By order of Brigadier-General BEAUREGARD,

S. D. LEE,
Capt. H. M., A. Q. M. G.

THE PALMETTO FLAG.

"Arrived, the fine schooner T. C. Hughtel, Captain Ridgeway, in harbor yesterday afternoon, in twelve days from Havana, Cuba. In addition to her cargo of molasses, she brings some seven thousand large, luscious-looking oranges and a quantity of fine bananas, all consigned to Messrs McIlwaine, Son & Co.

"She sailed up the river in gallant style, with a beautiful Palmetto flag floating proudly from her mast. Let our citizens keep a sharp look-out, not on the flag, but

for the oranges and bannas, if they wish to secure something delicious in the way of fruits."—*Petersburg Express, April*, 1861.

CHARLESTON—ITS LADIES, &c.

The climate of Charleston in Spring, (and it is a long one) is the Paradise of flowers. The ladies, too, have a soft voice, and such taste for dress, music and conversation, with the grace and dignity of the Persian, when walking, that I am sure some of my Fills would compare, in these things, as well as female courage, with any people, and then bear adversity, poverty and hunger, with less complaint than men.

WITCHCRAFT OF WOMEN.

I want to tell you a secret: The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield "who cares for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him," and the whole world will serve you the same if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne calls the small sweet courtesies, in which there is no parade; whose voice is so still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts and attentions—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women.

Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will have the solitude of the Upas tree around you in the same way, by the emanation of a poison, which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seat of love can never grow but under the warm and gentle influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

Vivacity goes a great way in all young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and if these be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible.

On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, except an adverse one.

Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.

WILLIAM WIRT,

To his daughter.

January 25, 1852.

NOTES FROM LETTERS TO PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A. JOHNSON, *Pres't of U. S.:*

I have written to you three times, in my crude manner; first in October, 1865, that you would pardon me for sympathizing with my unfortunate countrymen in

the late war, which had consumed over twenty thousand dollars worth of my cotton, after General Lee's surrender, when the war had been virtually concluded.

Suppose the Federal General Potter and his dark troops had not heard of the end, in the big swamps of South Carolina. He burnt none after this of mine.

The pardon came at the cost of three cents. Allow me here to thank you.

My second letter was from Charleston, South Carolina, to tell you that I had faith that you would *veto* the Freedman's Bureau Bill, and stand your hand *vs.* Radicalism, and that if they beat you, we would hand down your name to posterity.

My third letter was from Charleston, South Carolina. In it I said that I knew you were a firm man, and when there was a will there was a way. I told you about the freedmen, and farming statistics. (I was then engaged in helping the Sea Island farmers, and those on the coast also). I told you to take the tax off cotton, and put it on "whiskey"—to benefit the negro in two ways. Perhaps the misrule of the negro was due to the agents you had sent to the States. Misrule, misguided fanatics, bad seasons, thefts, catterpillers and high taxes, had completed the ruin of many worthy men and their families.

The writer had over twenty-five thousand dollars worth of Sea Island cotton stolen on Edisto Island, in 1866, and sold, almost without fear of punishment, to Northern strangers who put up store and machines, and bought cotton of my laborers at will. This was a little more than all of my profits, which profits when the contracts were written, were to be bestowed by me on the widows and orphans of soldiers, as my letters to my agents (now

extant), can prove. They will get nothing, and the writer closes these operations at a loss. "I never give up the ship." I am here in this great city of Paris, the first real leisure of my life. I worked with my former slaves daily for four months, up to the 8th of August, 1868, when I left home for this city, and left them, the only portion of the colored population that I knew of in condition to expect they could support themselves. I discharged a duty, and did not think fit to remain longer a slave to my former slaves. I declared my freedom when I arrived in this city.

On my way I was sorry to hear many of your former friends say that they did not think you had the back-bone to stand in your then trying position. I expressed my faith in you (I had never seen you). H. W. Lee, bishop of Iowa, was on our steamer, the city of Washington, and introduced himself to me on board the ship, and offered to pray and preach too, whenever I wished, if I would get the Captain's permission on our voyage out, which added no little to its pleasures. I am strongly inclined not to return but once more to our woe-begone land, if your impeachers are successful. Barb and rivet that iron will of yours; trust in God, and all will be right. I saw many who sympathized with your situation.

I do not understand the French language. I am much mistaken if I mistake England and France, as I lost all the money I made in 1866 for the widows and orphans of soldiers, and saw an Englishman in Liverpool, with a paper, with nine ladies of Charleston signed to a petition to get up a respectable "work house" for the same. I gave my mite. I then wrote to him from Rouen for a copy of this paper, intending at my first leisure to re-

place some of their lost property. I have encouraging notice from the Emperor in regard to their necessity. Can you spare a mite for this thing, and enclose to W. C. Bee & Co., Charleston, South Carolina.

I know you will excuse my dictational style as that of a man that has worked his own way in the world, and who has a hard *head*, but a soft heart.

W. H. WESSON.

COPY OF PETITION SENT TO A. JOHNSON AND THE EMPEROR.

An appeal, in aid of the mothers, widows, and children of deceased soldiers of the late Confederate States, enclosed to me at Paris:

The undersigned, a committee of ladies, propose to establish, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, a home for the mothers, widows, and daughters of deceased soldiers, who may be in destitute circumstances. The large number of females and children, who have been reduced to the extremity of want by the misfortunes of the late war, render such an institution not only a meritorious charity, but almost an absolute necessity. If our affairs were now properous, or even promising, there would not be so much occasion for such an institution. There can be no class of people more meritorious than those whom this institution is intended to benefit—virtuous women, who have seen better days, and helpless children, whose only heritage is want; whose only crime is that they are the wives,

widows or children of men who have given their lives for a cause which they believed to be that of justice and freedom.

(Signed)

Mrs. P. C. Gilliard,	Mrs. Wm. Ravenel,
Miss E. Palmer,	Mrs. Geo. Robinson,
Mrs. Willam Mikel,	Mrs. M. A. Snowden,
Mrs. D. E. Huger,	Mrs. C. Fitzsimmons,

Miss Matilda Middleton.

Any contributions will be thankfully received and forwarded by James M. Calder, care Calder & Rogers, Liverpool Chambles, Titheborn street, Liverpool.

On the back of this printed paper, enclosed to me in Paris, by Mr. James M. Calder, was entered the following subscriptions:

Thomas Cordes,	£100.	Mrs. Mary Cordes,	£20.
W. H. Wesson,	10.	James Adger, . .	5.
James Calder .	5.	John Calder, . .	5.

Mrs. E. F. Weston, £5.

I was not to receive contributions from either the Emperor or President, as they had directions on the paper where to send their gifts. However, I received a letter from W. C. Bee & Co., stating that they had gotten the asylum under way; that Mrs. Snowden, the first lady on the committee, had brought them three thousand dollars to deposit as surplus funds, and that they had received one thousand dollars from Washington City.

I received a letter from President Johnson in Paris, as copied below. The original I have:

[ENVELOPE.]

Care of
American Legation.

From the President of the U. S.
R. MORROW,
Secretary.

Legation des Stat Unis, L'Amerique, in Paris.

W. H. WESSON, Esq.,

Hotel de Lille et Albion,

Paris.

[LETTER.]

Executive Mansion,

Washington, D. C., January 11, 1868.

W. H. Wesson, *Paris, France:*

Sir—I am directed by the President to acknowledge the receipt of, and to express to you his thanks for, your letter of the 17th ultimo.

I have the honer to be, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. MORROW,
U. S. A.

High Point, N. C., April 12, 1865.

Mr. W. H. Wesson spent a few months in this place during the last winter and spring, and was instant, in season and out of season, in ministering to the wants of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital at this place at that time. Many other soldiers, too, in passing the road on the cars and walking, received his

kind attention. He was always liberal towards the needy, kind to the suffering, and had a cheering word for all.

P. H. DALTON.

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, High Point, N. C.

INCIDENTS OF THE SEIGE OF CHARLESTON.

Miss K. Finney was playing the piano, and I was taking lunch before leaving for Summerville, when a shell exploded near the window, and tore up a lot of fig trees. She did not change her tune or stop playing.

As I passed Mr. Sam M's house, on Green street, in rear of the college, and whilst talking to his three daughters, a large bomb-shell fell very near us, but did not explode. I guaranteed two shells to pass over the ladies whilst they gathered flowers every morning in Mr. Beach's garden, on Meeting street.

Miss K. F., one of my Fills, had the courage to go with me to see the mammoth gun on the battery, which carried a five hundred pound shot. A shell passed over our heads and fell some fifty yards beyond us. It was a June morning, and Miss Kate merely said, "The sun is so hot, we had better return." We then had nearly a mile to walk through the deserted city, and under the shelling, and the shelling was incessant, and knocked the houses into "pi." Mr. White, one of the proprietors of the Charleston Hotel, was the first man to be seen, and who guarded the hotel. I always asked

him, as I passed, how many times he had been hit that day. His answer was, "I have been hit by the bricks that were knocked into the dining-room."

The Mills House was struck about twenty-seven times, the last time I inquired. St. Michael's church, near by, seemed to be the only structure that escaped. One bomb struck the northern end, about the close of the bombardment.

Rev. C. C. Pinckney's church, about a mile further off, on Wentworth street, was struck by a bomb, and several pews torn up where I had lately sat, a few nights before, having escorted Miss S. N., one of my Fills, to a rehearsal for a concert for some charity, and we had reason to expect a bomb-shell in the church whilst they sang.

I am peculiarly constituted, and can sleep soundly under bomb-shells or thunder, but the slightest noise awakens me from sleep, as fully as does the slightest hint of contempt awakens my anger. I saw several Irishmen and little negroes killed by unexploded shells, as they exploded by friction in getting the powder out in order to sell the shells to the Confederates; two old persons killed in their beds near the market, and one negro woman killed by a stone knocked up by a shell.

I could hire a carriage, at the same price per hour, to go in the way of the bombs as in that portion of the city the bombs could not reach.

I could never fear them, and remained at nights for months where these shells reached, and let old Doctor H., who could not sleep well under the noise, go to Summerville every night and take my room there. I calcu-

lated that if it took six months to hit the Mills House twenty times, it would take at least one year to hit me. The club-house, near, and the police-station were well riddled with bombs. The negroes called the smaller shells "Whistlers!" the larger ones the "Where are you?"

I sat in the house of Dr. Harold, on Ann street, one day with my daughter and her beau. The shells were coming thicker and faster than usual, as larger and heavier guns had been placed at a greater elevation. Several shells fell near the house; one killed an Irishman whilst he was trying to get the powder out. I counted the reports, and there were one a minute; but the firing at Fort Sumter was so continuous that the noise was too common to impress my mind of the accuracy of the time mentiond; the mosquitoes had worried me the night before, and I said to my company that I would go to sleep, and they might keep the count. Indeed the acts and things of excitement for each day were enough for a week.

LETTERS—MESSRS. BRUCE AND WESSON.

Notes from a letter to James C. Bruce, in answer to a wish of his to know where I would spend the winter, and if I would go with him to Florida.

SUMMIT, N. C., November 19, 1855.

MR. JAS. C. BRUCE:

Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of the 16th instant, has been received and reperused. "A divinity shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Recently I was offered a partnership in business by Messrs. Hardy & Brothers, of Norfolk, and choice of three cities

to locate. I acknowledged the compliment, and my want of health. Unexpectedly from a more appreciated source, a trip to Florida—perhaps a panacea for my failing health, and as consort in the voyage *the one* had I the world to choose. Fully sensitive to such high marks of notice, although I cannot see my worthiness, except as Solomon says, "seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, and not before mean men," &c. While I would prefer to stand before a truly refined gentleman as the choicest gift on earth, yet stern necesity presses me on in conflict with the opposite.

Perhaps my health has been sacrificed to my business. Shall I now in turn sacrifice business to health? Had I been one, even two or three, it would be no question. I long since have tried. Alas! I am too many—even ten to provide for, (my cause of delay and reflection,) the fatal destroyer of my philosophy, which yields to bad health, makes me feel poor indeed, until I can recuperate my health and energies; then rich again. I took a chill at Weldon on the 10th ultimo, and have been under the weather since. Perhaps you are my good star, and I hope it will be convenient for us to go to Florida, and find, if not the rejuvenating spring there sought for a long time ago, a spring of flowers that will make glad the heart, purify the soul, and cause that magnanimity in thought which soars above the ills that flesh is heir to.

I have my house to set in order for a long absence; a daughter to be married on the 12th of December. Would not January or even February, March or April, do (so fickle are these months) for a change of climate.

If you will go, say the time you prefer. I will go if I can possibly do so, and would like to visit Mobile and New Orleans, too. Now, let us go somewhere. I do believe, we mutually, hold the panacea for each other's ills, if we can manage the exchange.

Yours truly,

W. H. WESSON.

BERRY HILL, February 5th, 1856.

MR. W. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—Your letter did not reach me until the day before yesterday. Puss in boots is rather a strange cat; but what shall we say of a philosopher who deals in guano? and a regular trader whose soul overflows with sentiment and poetry. Really, sir, you are not *one*, but "all mankind's epitome."

I thank you for introducing in your letter, such a Phœnix to my attention and admiration. But really, the weather to-day freezes up everything genial in my composition, and my imagination sympathises with my fingers. I am now glad that we did not go South. Tampa Bay is almost as cold as Cape Cod, and we should have suffered much on the way side. I have by dint of carpets, curtains and sand-bags pretty nearly succeeded in making a Southern climate at Berry Hill. If you will come this way, I shall be very much pleased to see you, and talk over guano, philosophy and poetry.

I rather think it too late for a Southern excursion, unless we put it off to the month of April. Cars and stoves are exceedingly trying to my lungs, and I had rather not encounter the peril.

Your liver is at fault, which, by its vicious secretions, darkens your skin and your spirits. Calomel will clear up the one, and brandy the other. Try them—to be well shaken before taken—that is the taker to be well shaken by running or riding. Next summer drink sulphur water six weeks, and I will ensure a cure. Your lungs or bronchial tubes are not primarily affected. Cure your liver, and you will be no more troubled with your cough.

I am yours, with much regard,

JAMES C. BRUCE.

Again on the 22d of January, 1856, I wrote, as near as I can copy from notes, as follows:

SUMMIT, N. C., January 22d, 1856.

MR. JAMES C. BRUCE:

Dear Sir—Will such weather excuse this trespass? I am almost a barometer in sensitiveness to atmospheric influences. I know you are amiable, yet deny gratitude to men. Pardon me for the despondent tone to your inquiry, where I would spend the winter. I was then laboring under chills, and a ship-load of guano, which I had to re-deliver at Gaston and Weldon, on account of the fever at Portsmouth. My word and many crops of wheat were in jeopardy, yet was entirely successful in all of the deliveries and collections, some thirty-five thousand dollars. The profit can never pay for the anxiety and over-exertion while sick. A just revenge on my vanity, which caused me to yield, although I had refused for two months, to take this guano, though insured against *every risk*, and not to advance one cent, even railroad freight, until sales and collections, an anomaly

in this trade, perhaps a compliment to the forty thousand dollars worth I had just paid them for, for the upper country at one dollar and twenty-five cents per ton profit to myself.

When you wrote I would have gone anywhere from my troubles and sickness, that I could have honorably done, but was nailed to my post, which made things appear even worse.

I am now clear again, health moderate, and fain would go with you anywhere, as I believe you will yet make my fortune or quiet (which preferred). Despairing as I then was, the ruling passion strong, the thought passed my mind that should we go—what for employment? Why then write a book upon the subject—"The Experience of a Poor and Rich Man as to what will Constitute Happiness, Content and Wealth?" A hit on this subject would make my fortune, and endow the college for the Union Agricultural Society at Petersburg.

> "That man was never born whose secret soul,
> With all its motly treasures of dark thoughts,
> Foul fantacies, vain musings and wild dreams,
> Was ever open to another's scan."

What's higher than for a burdened soul to hit upon some expedient, that while it relieves itself, benefits the present and future age, and leaves a stone that Old Mortality would keep fresh through choice.

I have had my share of this world's deepest misery; and highest pleasures, with some philosophy; but ill health has always thrown me from my stronghold.

In conclusion, allow me to feel inclined to be grateful

to one by whose advice and notice I have profited, while the knowledge of the world and ourselves, tend to your opinion, and that I truly subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. WESSON.

SUMMIT, N. C., February 7th, 1856.

MR. JAMES E. BRUCE:

Dear Sir—Yours of yesterday came to hand to-day; tickled my vanity, and no doubt, will effect my liver. Puss is quiet—the felines are my favorite animals. The guano in my letter to you was the second I ever wrote that did not carry the dollars and cents with it. To prove sentiment, sense and cents in the article, I must quote from a letter, though to a lady:

"This egg was found forty-two feet below the surface of the North Chinchee Island, and brought to Norfolk, March, 1854, by Captain Chase of the ship Caroline Tucker, eighty-five days out, with two thousand tons of guano. It was presented to me by the Captain, and to Miss Lucy Jones by her old acquaintance, W. H. Wesson. The odor of this egg, more desirable than gold, like it, carries the *senses*, and makes the poorest soils apparently rich, but leaves them more sterile when not aided by the proper requisites."

Dean Swift says "if two blades of grass are made to grow where only one grew before," what shall we say of two dollars where only, &c., &c. The point of the jest being in the ear than hears rather than the tongue that speaks, or I would not venture this play on words.

I heard an orator assert that one should study all the

professions to be an orator. I say he should practice them all.

At sixteen I had the choice of the stale schoolmaster's chair or the petty lawyer's dusty office. Being one of the "nation" of shop-keepers, my necessity would take the shop, well hammered, as the readiest practical way to the dollar mentioned and the world.

What is philosophy? Behind the counter the animal man is constantly exposed to view. Then the poetry of my nature, if any.

[PARDON.]

ANDREW JOHNSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all to Whom these Presents shall Come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, W. H. WESSON, *of Petersburg, Virginia, by taking part in the late rebellion against the Government of the United States, has made himself liable to heavy pains and penalties;*

AND, WHEREAS, *The circumstances of his case render him a proper object of Executive clemency:*

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT KNOWN, *That I,* ANDREW JOHNSON, *President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, divers other good and sufficient reasons me thereunto moving, do hereby grant to the said* W. H. WESSON *a full pardon and amnesty for all offences by him committed, arising from participation, direct or implied, in the said rebellion, conditioned as follows:*

First—This pardon to be of no effect until the said W.

H. WESSON *shall take the oath prescribed in the proclamation of the President, dated May 29th,* 1865.

Second—*To be void and of no effect if the said* W. H. WESSON *shall hereafter, at any time, acquire any property in slaves, or make use of slave labor.*

Third—*That the said* W. H. WESSON *first pay all costs which may have accrued in any proceedings instituted or pending against his person or property, before the date of the acceptance of this warrant.*

Fourth—*That the said* W. H. WESSON *shall not, by virtue of this warrant, claim any property, or the proceeds of any property, that has been sold by the order, judgment, or decree of a Court under the Confiscation Laws of the United States.*

Fifth—*That the said* W. H. WESSON *shall notify the Secretary of State, in writing, that he has received and accepted the foregoing pardon.*

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, *I have hereunto signed my name and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.*

SEAL

Done at the City of Washington, this (twenty-sixth) day of October, A. D. 1865, *and of the Independence of the United States the nineteenth.*

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:

WM. H. SEWARD,

Sec. of State.

Trip to Europe.

IF after ten or a dozen years of severe professional trial, men still in health would journey to preserve the blessings they enjoy, it would prolong lives which five years more of equal labor break up beyond the power of any traveling to restore.

Atticus said, "thank heaven, I have at length completely reached that great consideration in the pursuit of happiness, in being able to concentrate, not only all my feelings, but all my ideas, and certainly all my wishes, within the limit of this domain." Such self-command had Carlin, that while he so delighted the Parisian world with his humour, and was thought to be diverted by it himself, he was consulting his physician upon the hypochondriasis that killed him. It was Hazlett's opinion that all that is worth remembering in life was the poetry of it.

Business compelled me to go to Liverpool, England, on the 1st of August, 1867. Having told my former slaves how to manage until my return, I bought a round trip ticket, for twelve months, on the Inman Steamer, City of Washington, by the toss of a penny, rather than on the Cunard Steamer the next Saturday.

As I got on board to arrange about my berth, near it was a handsome, fine looking gentleman, who spoke to me, introducing himself as Bishop Lee, of Iowa,

remarking that fellow passengers should become acquainted. I remarked, I was proud to make his acquaintance, particularly as he was a preacher, as I wished him, should an accident occur, to pray for us all before we went down. He said he would preach and pray at any time during the voyage, if I would get the permission of the captain, so in twenty minutes after I first got on board of the ship, I had an acquaintance, a preacher, to beguile the time said to be so dull at sea.

There was no backgammon board on board, so I returned to Broadway and purchased a good one, supposing the Bishop not over righteous, or more opposed to the ivories than Dr. Bachman and Dr. Aldrich, two pastors in Charleston, South Carolina. We were soon at sea, and the sickness came upon me, but the Bishop was never sick during the entire voyage. He used to say, he supposed he got sea-proof by riding upon the rough roads in Iowa. There was a Charleston lady, an old acquaintance, on board with her husband, I called on her at her house in Liverpool. She had been a long and welcome visitor to Dickens, and was expecting him to return her visit; also other ladies, making thirty-seven cabin, and as many steerage passengers. So after I got the Captain's permission for the Bishop to preach, I made good use of the prerogative he gave me, and had service in the week days and on Sunday too. I always arranged the cabin and gave notice, so the steerage passengers might don their best clothes in time for service. One week day, I had fixed the cushions for service; the Captain and Bishop were in conversation and motioned for me to come to them. The Captain said to me, that as it was raining and a little rough, he had neglected to

notify the steerage passengers, and asked if service should go on without them.

I answered decidedly, No! That I had no respect of persons in accidents at sea, and of course, if we should go down together, all should pray together upon opportunity. So we postponed service to the next day, and it proving a fine one, the Bishop gave us one of his best sermons, to the edification of all, I hope.

Two brothers, Messrs. G———, of Brooklyn and San Francisco, Cal., were fond of backgammon. We played many games. I beat them every sitting, and then had to beat the surgeon of the ship, who invited me to remain free on board, as long as I chose, after we landed at Liverpool.

We had a pleasant voyage, with a slight scare when near the Irish coast. On our arrival at Queenstown, the Bishop landed, but said he would see me at Lambeth, London, again. He showed me his passport, in which his person and eyes were described. I said to him, that there was something cruel and ferocious in a grey eye, which, yet is so tempered and softened by passion, that it becomes the most fascinating in nature. That my thology attributed grey eyes to Achilles, to indicate the union of intellect with the most destructive properties. Tiberius had grey eyes. To talk of soft grey eyes, would be a contradiction; yet, it has often happened, that men and women with grey eyes have fascinated all around them. The reason may be this: That the imperious energy of the character, suggest the necessity of exercising an antidote, and the mixture of fierceness, and of all absorbing love, operates like a spell.

The Bishop answered, yes; and I see you have grey eyes also. The eye is the index of character; physiognomy reveals the secrets of the heart.

The Bishop landed at Queenstown. We reached Liverpool, after a voyage of eleven days.

Mr. D———, of Virginia, was on the wharf to meet me, and took me to the boarding house, where I was expected. Then we went by a large hall, with Scotch granite pillars, where the court was in session, and I saw J. P. Benjamin, of New Orleans, La., in his gown and wig. After this, we traversed through Brown's library and free museum, where we saw a full grown gorilla. Then we proceeded to the office of Messrs. C. F. & Co., where my business, with which firm, detained me for nearly one month.

I shall not attempt to describe the docks in Liverpool and at Hollingshead. To those who have not seen them, it would appear a big story; and it is best to write, or tell, a reasonable story. I boarded the Great Eastern, mammoth iron steamship, which lay in the channel, and thought she paid the same compliment to man, that the magnificent Liverpool docks did. A. T. B. of B. Shipley & Co., sent for me to come and see him, and unexpectedly paid me a compliment, which, he said, he could pay to no other person among his many customers in cotton.

I next went to visit Mr. J. Calder, at his home, and then to Leamington with Mr. F., who resided there. He took me to Stratford-on-Avon. We examined the house in which Shakespeare was born, and bought some photographs; then to the old church in which he was buried, where I read the request on his tombstone.

Next trip to Rugby, where one hundred and twenty-seven railroad trains pass every work-day of the week, on the London and Great Western Railroad. Next day to the Midland Oak and Kenilworth Castle. From the ruins I gathered an ivy leaf, which (aided by Mrs. F.) I enclosed with something more substantial, to my old friend Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., and wrote him that I might die, or be lost in some of my peregrinations out. He knew I would never travel on the Sabbath. I always went to church wherever I might be.

I returned to Liverpool, after spending nearly a week at Leamington, the gem town of England.

Bishop Lay was a guest there, and we went to a church, of magnificent proportions, to hear a preacher, who had advertised the offer to bet one hundred pounds that he could make an egg stand on its end.

Two, Richmond Va., ladies were with us.

In Liverpool we left papers, and Mr. Calder, to do a knotty arbitration. He would receive no pay; but, as he had a subscription paper for a Widows' and Orphans' Home in Charleston, S. C., after much pressing, he consented to receive my contribution.

It rained nearly every day at the time I was in Liverpool, and I had to buy an umbrella, as it was the habit of everybody to carry one.

Mr. D. was to have gone with me to the Paris Exposition, but his business would not permit him. He spoke French; I could not speak it, but I knew that the language of the eye, the hand, and the purse, suffices for any civilized people. I set off alone; Mr. D. and Mr. F. went with me to the Lime Street depot, and re-

gretted, Mr. D. could not go, as I would have no one to talk to, for it was my rule, never to speak to a stranger first, and Englishmen were so reserved and exclusive, that they would not speak to me.

I rode in the car two hundred miles to London with one passenger; he did not speak to me, nor I to him. I had written directions, for the hotel and things worth seeing. I went to the Langham Place Hotel, hired a cab by the day, No. 11,000, saved time and trouble, visited the tower of London, Westminster Hall, Parliament House, St. Pauls, Thames Tunnel, Zoological Gardens, British Museum, Madame Tussards' three opera houses or theatres, Polytechnic Hall, and Lambeth, to see Bishop Lee, (he was guest of the Lord Mayor of London) and then, via railroad, to the Chrystal Palace.

I saw only one man and a cat. The man was grinding an organ in the immense well lighted Thames Tunnel. I convinced my escort in the Zoological Gardens that I had mesmeric power enough about me to tame an African lion and two lynx, that became uproarous if he came inside of their houses; with me they were as docile as house cats, which would always follow me if they could, however much of a stranger I might be. I had a yearly return ticket; took cars for the Dieppe steamer. In my compartment came a man and woman, who were evidently Americans. I was reading the London *Times*, and the cars had barely started. The man spoke to me, and asked me what I gave for my coat.

I ceased reading, held out my foot, told him what I gave for my shoes, coat, hat, &c., and my home, and when I was through, the woman popped her head around

and asked: did I not lose a heap of negroes by the war. I told her no; that I had, all I had now before the war, and many of their kindred besides, whom I did not want, since there were too many already on seven hundred acres of land, which was not rich, and they would continue to make it poorer.

The man said they came from Western New York.

So, I said, if she or any of their friends wanted negroes, they might go to my place, and I would give them as many as they wished, and a fair portion of my land; but, that they must deposit $1,000 as security; that they would teach the negroes, who were very docile, and would permit me to give them away to any party who would insure a good support for them. This ended our conversation, for we were at the steamer by that time. The channel is sixty miles wide, to Dieppe, and the water rough enough to make a poodle sick. This man and woman seemed to be examining every part of the steamer, and at last, they went up an iron ladder, to a small upper deck, where were a few camp-stools, and three men sitting and smoking.

I had just gone up there, and the man seeing me, came up and commenced a very irrelevant conversation. I, being sea-sick, may have been too severe on him. I do not recollect what I said to him, but as Dickens puts it, I must have thrown a net-work of words over him, that tickled him from his head to his feet, for I shall never forget the countenance of this man.

He had to say something, so he remarked: I will go and talk to the man at the rudder. I pointed to the large letters on the board, near this man, "no one allowed to speak to the man at the rudder."

The man and woman disappeared. I never saw them again; but, surely they were very different people from the Englishman I rode with from Liverpool to London.

What I said to this man attracted the attention of the three young English gentlemen present; they asked me to take a seat with them, and one of them offered to go for claret to try and palleate my sea sickness; they afterwards asked me to stop with them at Dieppe, as they were on their way to Paris on three weeks' vacation. I thanked them for their attention, and told them my baggage was ticketed through and I must follow it; and, besides, I had brought with me no extra money to stop on the way. All of them offered to furnish me with as much money as I might need, but I had to decline their proffered kindness, though I was sick enough to stop anywhere.

Just before landing I was standing, on the lower deck and a stranger came to me and said: "I married a Virginia lady, the State from which you come, (I suppose the man or his wife I have been speaking of, must have told him), and I wish to introduce you to my wife and two sons; we come from Colorado; I am in the mining business there and came to see my father in Dublin, and left one of our sons with him; we are on our way to Paris for a little shopping and sight-seeing, but my wife wishes to stop in Dieppe, and we wish you to stop with us." And he must introduce me to his wife, which was done. I pleaded my trunks ticketed through. The wife said, "all of our trunks are ticketed through, too," but she wished to buy some fancy ivory *bijou*, made only in Dieppe. I said I had no money to stop on the way or to buy ivory—

"Oh," he said, "as to that, I will furnish you any amount of money you may wish, and we may stop in Rouen too."

I could not excuse myself farther, and said: If you can take me without a change of clothes, I will not complain—five out of the seven passengers had asked me to stop with them, and offered me money, and this arrangement did not inconvenience me, for I left Liverpool with no fixed plans. On landing, a white-aproned servant invited us to the Hotel du Nord, near by; we walked to the door and was met by the hostess, who welcomed us in fair English. I said to her I should be obliged to like the French people, because they are fond of pet cats and dogs.

Mr. Armor and his wife went to their room; I went with the boys in the court-yard, where everything was neat and convenient, but not showy. Near the cook-room door we saw three of the purest white cats, almost as snowy as ermine. I caught them and fondled them until the return of the lady and gentleman. As it was late in the day, and we were to make selections and purchases of the rare ivory trinkets, manufactured only in Dieppe, we had to hurry on.

Far more than thirty years I had been in the habit of carrying money in my right vest pocket, and never counted the same. I had also with me a portmonae, and had some in that. In it was some gold; so, in my purchases, I had frequently to tell Mr. Armor that my money held out, and I could take none of him until mine was exhausted. I got more of the tempting things than I could carry home, and I sent some of them back by a friend going to my Virginia home. We had a

good night's sleep and a good breakfast. Before we took it, however, we visited the market and saw the usual sales to the retail hucksters. After breakfast I went to the office to pay my bill, and having about eighty cents left, I emptied my portmonae on the table and told Madame Gribon that was all the money I had, and I would give it to her for one of the white cats; as I cared nothing for money, I would offer that. She answered: "Sell a cat! No; I will give you one; will you take it with you now? I said no. She then promised she would put it in her chamber, and keep it until I sent or came for it.

Mr. Armor came in, and seeing my empty portmonae lying on the table, he took it up and filled it with gold without counting the amount.

I said, "Madame, see here why I should not care for money; this stranger, whom I saw for the first time as we were about to land from the steamer, without being asked, fills my purse with gold; three other gentlemen offered the same kindness when I got on board the steamer. I asked Mr. Armor if my statement was correct in regard to him. He answered "yes."

Our bills being paid, we left for Rouen, to remain over the next day, Sunday, and to visit and examine some of the curiosities of that city. We arrived before noon, and went to the new Cathedral of St. Catherine and St. Onen, which contains the ashes of the heart of Richard, "Cœur de Lion."

I was hungry at three P. M.; (I never eat six P. M. dinners), so I left my Armor friends at the hotel and sought a restaurant. My landlord might have my dinner, and the pay for it too. But at the restaurant I could reflect;

could then look around and return to the hotel at leisure. When I arrived, I found a long table with all the chairs filled, except one for me, next Mrs. Armor. I took this seat. As the many courses were served I declined all but a pear and some cream cheese. Told Mrs. Armor I had dined when I felt hungry. As I was not occupied with the dinner, I talked to her fully at ease.

Opposite me sat a well-preserved old English gentleman and his wife; he got up from the table and came around, evidently to speak to me, and remarked: "It is fine weather." I remarked, "It would be not so considered in my country," for it was raining, and I said, "Please, sir, recollect that that you spoke to me first." The next day, Sunday, he asked me to walk with him and wife to St. Ouen. He told me he was seventy years old, his wife sixty-five, and that they were returning from their recent continental tour; that his wife had ridden on horseback over one hundred miles in Switzerland; that he preferred walking to any other way of locomotion when the distance was practicable.

The next day, we were punctual at the "Eglise St. Ouen." Whom should we meet, to my surprise, but the three young Englishmen, who had offered me money on the steamer, and who were acquaintances of my new comrades. They seemed pleased to meet me again, and, in such good company; their time was short. They bid us good-bye whilst the service was going on, and we walked around the interior, examining the paintings and other curiosities, which is the custom in those churches, provided the conversation is not loud.

Sunday is the day when museums and other places of interest are free to the public, and my Cicerone and

lady took me through all of those in Rouen. In one museum we saw a manuscript eleven hundred years old. The lady said to her husband: "You have a manuscript in your library older than this."

We talked and we looked, and their knowledge was as rare to me as the curiosities. Both of them appeared as much interested as if they had not seen the same places and things oft times before.

We had to leave a penny for our umbrellas at the door of each museum. For seven hours we were on our feet, and I must say that, at three P. M., I wished for something to eat; but I concluded I would fast, and walk as long as my Cicerones, who dined at six P. M., since to interest me seemed to be their chief purpose.

We arrived at the hotel at five-and-a-half P. M. At six o'clock I was seated next my Armor friends. We discussed the dinner and its well-cooked courses, and I said to Mrs. Armor that it was my first six o'clock dinner, and I felt as if I could take another.

Next to me sat an Englishman, his wife and daughter. After the dinner and its hour were consumed, this Englishman spoke to me, and said: "I am now on my way to Heidelburg or Wurtemburg, Germany, to take my daughter to school." They did not move from their seats until nine o'clock, when I said it was my time for retiring. I went to my rest, for we were to leave early next morning. I slept in the seventh story. Though early, my Englishman came down stairs, and, with a hand-full of pennies, asked how many he owed me. I answered none, that I knew of. He then handed me several, saying: "These are yours, overpaid in the

umbrellas yesterday. We Englishman are very particular about *these little things.*"

I then apologised for my rudeness when he spoke to me first at dinner on Saturday, told him my custom, and of the advice of my Liverpool friends, when I first started on this journey, but I remarked that my experience had been very different from what I expected, as he might have observed at the dinner table the evening before. He laughed and bid me good-bye.

I could but reflect that though in strange lands, "I *yet stood before* good men, and had no cause for a sigh. The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance, than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you, they want to please. Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent. Eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bed chamber, and the thread of conversation is sustained by several persons by each one knowing when to take a "stitch" in time. There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought. There are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds, they talk earnestly and wearisomely.

> "If your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care—
> Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
> And how and when and where."

Going to bed early enables one to get up early and to depend on no one to call you.

As I arose early, eat my breakfast, settled my bill, talked and joked with the two good-looking ladies at the office, got some paper of them, wrote to Mr. Calder,

at Liverpool, to send me at Paris two of his printed subscription papers for the asylum in Charleston, South Carolina, and the subscriber's names on the back of them.

The Messrs. Armors come down, and eat their breakfast; the cab came, it was raining hard, and the cabman refused to carry more than the four persons in Mr. Armors' party. It was too late then to order another cab, the depot was a mile or more distant. Mr. Armor hesitated, but I begged him to go, assured him I could get there in time, as I could walk almost as fast as he would go in the cab. I took my shawl, hat-box and umbrella, told the porter to bring valise, he ran after me bare-headed, shedding water like a duck. I had a new umbrella which cost one dollar and seventy-five cents in Liverpool, but it did not suit me, and I had promised to *lose it*, so I gave it to the porter, to his delight, and shelter him to the hotel again.

I had scarcely seated myself and commenced talking to Mrs. Armor, when a gentleman came to me with a splendid silk umbrella, and wished to present it to me. I told him I had no further use for an umbrella, and had gladly gotten rid of the one I gave the porter. The porter must have told him, or he saw the act. However, there are no people so pleasant or so polite, as these French people. It is true, as some author has said, "they are often the snares of politeness." Be it so. Give me anything but a churl and a cheat.

We took the cars for Paris.

Mrs. Armor, remarked to me, in the presence of Mr. Armor, that she managed him as easily as she could twirl her fingers.

In the old country, at the depots, all is system and quiet; not a word is said. You choose your own cab; a printed ticket of the tariff is handed to you, and there is no jabber with hackmen, or the noisy agents of hotel-keepers. I wonder why Americans, who travel so much abroad, do not insist that our railroads shall adopt this sensible, easy way. At Washington City, D. C., on the arrival of the trains, the scramble and yelling, make one think of madmen, and recalls the saying: "that a lunatic asylum is a kind of hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their infirmity."

The cab-hire is about one-fourth what it cost in New York.

By stopping on the way, I had missed my room at the Hotel de Lille et Albeon; but I got one room next door, at the "Gem Hotel," Oxford et Cambridge.

Mr. Armor and family, had to go to the Hotel "Etat Unis."

This accident alone, caused the only real romance of my life, and if all the facts and truths that occurred to me, and before my own eyes, whilst at this hotel, could be narrated, they would be considered by all readers fictitious, and would require a large book to contain them. I wrote four hundred and forty-five pages, condensed, as they daily occurred. This manuscript was lost.

To describe one-half of my experience, I would have to write the Arabian Knights, in Paris. I will not attempt it, but will slightly touch upon some of these occurrences:

Paris is the perfect contrast of London and Liverpool.

The atmosphere is clear, the houses are built of light stone; there is no smoky heavens, no dingy brick houses and narrow crooked streets; the boulevards are indescribable, as well as the order, quiet, and good behavior of everybody; the freedom from fires and from thieves and robbers is remarkable. The cuisine is perfect, although, there were said to be one hundred thousand strangers in Paris at the Exposition; yet I could scarcely distinguish them. Only the Chinese, Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and other foreigners, whose dress designated them on the place of the Exposition, were observed; all others were French to me.

My chance hotel, corner of Rue St. Honore and Rue de Algers, was a gem; everything as perfect as I would have it. "Madame Melot" was the hostess; Louis, who spoke most excellent English, the man servant; Marie, the concierge, and Lela, a young Swiss girl, the chambermaid.

I told Louis I would take breakfast at eight-and-a-half A. M., my dinner at three P. M., and eat all my meals at the hotel, provided he did not vary more than five minutes at any meal. If he did, I should take my meals at the restaurant, as I rarely eat meats of any kind.

I gave Louis two francs, a gold five-franc for the *cook*, and a silver fork I had carried through the war to rub up, and said to him that, were I the Emperor, I would make every man punctual or wear a watch in *his hat*. I then gave him my bill of fare:

Breakfast—Tea, bread, butter, two fresh eggs, soft

boiled in shell, with salt, honey, grapes, and demi-bottle "*Vin Ordinaire*" (the first I ever drank.)

Dinner—Half of a roasted capon, bread, butter, pears, cream cheese, coffee, and demi-bottle "*Vin Ordinaire.*"

I neither ate or drank anything after dinner until next morning's breakfast. I am convinced that much of our health depends on what we eat and when we eat. If Napoleon the First said he lost a battle by eating a bad dinner, we cannot expect freedom from the ills that all "flesh is heir to."

As this was the first time in my life that I had time and leisure to eat what and when I choose, I made use of it; and can say, truly, that during the months I remained in Paris, I was not only cheerful, but never felt a moment's depression, either in mind or body; my mind ever clear, and my recollection perfect.

I am persuaded that too much grease is hurtful to our delicate machinery, and that both the science and art of running our own machines is too much neglected, whilst we are learning to run other machines, made necessary for livelihood.

My breakfasts and dinners were of the same viands mentioned during the months I remained at this hotel. I ate alone, and my meals were punctually served.

Mr. Calder's letter came, as I had written in Rouen, punctually, with the printed list of the nine ladies heretofore mentioned in this book, to get up the asylum in Charleston, S. C., with subscribers' names, &c.

This was my first effort for a public charity. Mr. Calder's kindness and attention to my affairs, and the

fact that I had much leisure, for the first time in my life, had induced me to write the letter from Rouen already mentioned. I had not a single acquaintance in Paris, and, consequently, my chances for getting money for this object were not bright.

However, the next evening, being in the sitting-room of the Hotel de Lille et Albion (next door to my hotel), I overheard a gentleman say that R. Campbell, the millionaire of St. Louis, Missouri, was at the Hotel Athenæ. His brother, Hugh Campbell, was a merchant of Philadelphia, in 1836, and was my chief friend there, and my adviser when I laid in my stocks of goods. He had retired, and was living with his brother. I had a nice letter from him after the war. It occurred to me that this was a chance for the widows and orphans. I went to his hotel, but found that he had gone to Nice to spend the winter. I was disappointed, and began to wonder where I should make my second trial for this object.

I have mentioned, somewhere in these writings, that, when a boy, my rule was *strike high*, if I lost my hatchet. So I concluded to write to Napoleon, the Emperor, as the Empress was reported, by Galignani, to have gone to Nice, with the Prince Imperial, for his health. I should have preferred writing to her on this subject. I had been in Paris not quite one week, and I wrote about as follows:

PARIS, Oct. 12th, 1867.
6 A. M.

L. EMPEREUR:

I know the brave are charitable, and have a sigh for the widow, and a tear for the orphan. Your Majesty

will allow me the honor, though an outcast Virginian, to enclose this printed paper from Charleston, S. C. I saw it by accident in the hands of an Englishman in Liverpool. I know most of the ladies, whose names are signed to the petition. I saw the first bomb-shell fired at Fort Sumter; was in Charleston during its bombardment, and the last battle of this revolution was fought upon my property, which was consumed by the enemy, after Gen. Lee's surrender. I have been in Charleston the two winters which have passed since its re-occupation, and my greatest pleasure has been, that I had a little left, with which to help those in actual need of food. Many of these people have French blood in their veins.

May I have the honor and the pleasure, of same notice from you on this subject, and this appeal to you is entirely my own idea on my part. I do hope the object will make my intrusion plausible.

I am now, and have ever been, the admirer of, and the well wisher to those who bear your name.

W. H. WESSON.

Reference:

Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool, England.
James Calder, . . . do. do.

LETTERS FROM THE FRENCH CABINET.

On the 19th day of October, 1867, Marie, the concierge, handed me a letter, stamped in red letters on the corner of the envelope: "Cabinet L. Empereur," also, stamped in red letters, the date, and in a circle, (part of which I cannot read) and addressed to

MONSIEUR WESSON, (W. H.)

HOTEL OXFORD ET CAMBRIDGE,

Centre Seines, PARIS.

CABINET DE L' EMPEREUR.

No.....

Le Chef du Cabinet de L' Empereur a l'honneur de vous prévenir que, par ordre de Sa Majesté, votre demande.

Du 16, 8, 67.

dont le Cabinet est maintenant entièrement dessaisi, a été transmisé à l' examen de M. le Ministre de la Maison de l' Empereur.

Contes piéces ou rèclamations doivent etre adressées désormais.

Palais des Tuileries le 19, 8th, 1867.

M. Wesson, a Department.

[TRANSLATION.]

MR. WESSON—

From Department:

The Chief of the Cabinet of the Emperor has the honor to inform you that by his Majesty's order, your demand of the 16th of October, 1867, with which the Cabinet has nothing to do now, as it has been handed to the Ministers of the Emperor's household to be examined.

Every and any letter or claim is to be directed in future to * *

On the 13th of November 1867, a letter with a large black seal, and stamped, was handed to me as my hotel by the concierge :

[ENVELOPE.]

Ministre de la
Maison le l'Empereur,
et des Beaux Art.

Service de l'Empereur.
Ministre de la
Maison de l'Empereur,
de des Beaux-Art.

MONSIEUR WESSON,

HOTEL OXFORD ET DE CAMBRIDGE,

Rue d'Alger, PARIS.

Ministère d la Maison de l'Empereur,
et des Beaux arts, Secretaire General.
PALAIS DES TUILERIES, 13 Nov. 1867.

MONSIEUR :

J'ai sous les yeux la lettre, que vous m'avez adressée à l'effet d'obtiner une allocation de la munificence Imperial, en faveur d'un asile etabli à Charleston, Caroline du sud, et destiné a recevoir les neuves et les filles des soldats tués dans la deniere guerre Americaine.

Mr. le Docteur Conneau, Directeur du service des Dous & Secours est exclusivement chargé de prende les ordres de Leurs Majestès pour la repartition du credit affectè aux actes de munificence ; et c'èst, en consequence a ce bait fonctionnaire générous pouvez soumetre immédeamont s'il y a lieu, l'examen, de cette affaire.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distingué.

Le Marechal de France, Minister de la maison de l'Empereur et des Beaux Arts.

(Signed) VAILLANT.

A Monsieur Wesson, Hotel d'Oxford et de Cambridge Rue d'Alger, Paris.

On my return from Rome, Italy, in April, 1868, the following letter from G. T. Conneau was handed me at the office of Hotel de Lille et Albion :

[ENVELOPE.]

Rec'd Cabinet de L' Empereur. Paris, Teings des catn.

MONSIEUR WESSON,

RUE ST. HARVAIE 223,

PARIS.

PARIS, LE 12, Février, 1868.

Cabinet de l'Empereur,
Direction des Dous et Secours.
192 Rue Rivali :

MONSIEUR :

L'objet de la requête que vous avez adressé a San Majesté L' Empereur en faveur des veuves et des orphelins de la dernier guerre d'Amerique ne rentrant pas dans mes attributions, Je n'en pu avoiret Je n'ai pas en effet les piéces que vous me réclamez par votre lettre de 7 courrant.

Il conviens dans cette circonstance de les reclame directemens a la personne que vous avez chargé de votre requeste en Decembre dernier.

Recevez Monsieur l'assurance de ma consideration la plus distingué La Sènateur direction Dous et Secours.

S. T. CONNEAU.

Dr. Conneau's office was near my hotel ; however, I did not go to see him; as the tenor of his letters, if any success, the directions were to send them direct. Messrs. W. C. Bee & Co. had written me in the meantime. The

Asylum was established, and Mrs. Snowden, its president, had brought three thousand dollars to deposit with his firm. The sympathy of the French with the cause, and the *writer*, was as obvious as the day, and continued to increase as long as he remained in Paris.

During my early hours of the morning, when my mind and body were rested, my ideas clearer than at any other period of the twenty-four hours, not counting letters in this spare time, four hundred and forty-five pages were written; most of the matter, the *modes* of the French, to show me their sympathy in pantomine, as I did not understand their language. We all have plenty of time in the twenty-four hours to do most anything, if we would regulate and use it with some care and thought, as we usually do in regard to our money.

Some say, oh! we are compelled to be the slaves of custom, and to do as the majority of other people of the same class do, or be set down as eccentric; pointed at, and talked about, &c. But recollect, the eagle does not associate with other birds; is seen alone, and is different in his habits from other birds, yet we consider him the king of his kind.

From my boyhood, I have tried to practice the common-sense rule, the way to please one-half of the world is not to care what the other half says. To prove my sayings, even in Paris, I had a particular friend from England to dine with me, of course, at his hour of six P. M., with distinctly the understanding that I was to sit at the table with him, *and not eat*. Indeed, this was the only time during my sojourn at this hotel that I saw any of the guests of this establishment. Yes, diet and quiet are vastly important to our health, and more

so to our dreams, and if my manuscript had not been destroyed, many would have placed my facts as the fictions of dreams.

I paid one franc each for five bottles of distilled water, that my dreams might not be effected by the limestone water of Paris.

And although I paid each morning for three cups of tea, I never drank but one; would not have my day-dreams affected with even too much paid-for tea. My landlady appreciated my consistency, and the last month I remained with her, always sent a small silver tea-pot that contained only *one cup* of tea, though I paid one franc as usually for the three cups.

Galignani would have me carry my letter to the Emperor in the Tuilleries myself, instead of sending it, and as my valet said, I should have written to the Imperatrice instead of the Emperor. I wrote her an apology for not doing so, and enclosed to her the photographs of Miss Gelzer, (the head of my "Fills des Regiment,") and Stonewall Jackson. The next day two full portraits, with regal ornaments of Her Majesty and the Emperor were placed in the show-window of the store L'Empereur de Français, opposite my window where I sat to take my meals. The portraits attracted great attention and could be seen nowhere else in Paris; and then two pots of flowers were placed at my egress from the hotel, name, *veronique*; (in flower language, fidelity); and again other flowers equally significant. I had to send to London to buy an English language of flowers to interpret them. Myself and valet was much put to it to get the name of the flower "Veronique," which grew only at the Tuilleries and Palais Royal;

and after we had used a day or two hunting the name without success, we were leaning on the iron rail which protected the flowers near the Palace, and a woman walked up from a distance, and in *good* English told us the name of this flower.

I had a modest, brown silk umbrella and requested Marie to have a leather tassel put through the handle. She kept the umbrella two days, and after that thousands of the same kind appeared on the streets, more particularly near my hotel; some women had two or three. Before this I had scarcely seen an umbrella of any kind. I walked with mine every morning, and in two weeks I hid my umbrella, and all these umbrellas disappeared from the streets. Two years afterwards I was on Broadway, New York, and wished to get Messrs. Wright & Brothers, the lage umbrella house, to replace the leather tassel which had been lost. When I took the umbrella to them, the man asked me if I did not get this umbrella in Paris. I said yes; he said there were no others in this country like mine in color or quality, except a large quantity of them that were sent from Paris to New York, slightly damaged, and sold at auction. I have tried every city to get silk of the color of mine, to mend with, but could get none.

I had Marie to have crepe put on my hat; she kept my hat three days, the next day was the reception of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, and five hundred thousand persons were said to be present at the field of Mars, two miles from the city, besides the sixty-five thousand troops present. I paid six dollars for an open carriage to visit the place, and took Mr. D., of Virginia, and my valet, Newhouse, along. I was immediately struck with the vast number of hats with *fresh crepe* on them in the

crowd as we went, and called frequent attention to the thing, and also for them with me to estimate the number creped, which none estimated less than fifty thousand. They do things in grand style in Paris, and it must be a stupid man who has the favor of the King and that shown every day in the truest language of man, and neither to understand or appreciate it.

Paintings were every day placed in the windows of noted picture-dealers, which conveyed to me a stronger language than words could do. My own portrait was gotten, no doubt, from a photograph gallery, and figured with others, to make me doubly sure that I was not reading fictions of my own imagination. The paintings were truly elegant, and I got an unknown party to go and inquire the price of one. It was six thousand francs.

I never went inside of any of these stores, and looked upon everything with Indian indifference. One of these pictures, of two blue bull-dogs, with a blaze in their faces, I could not read, and took them to be figurative. The next morning, in one of the usual pantomimes for the half hour, whilst I breakfasted, a well-dressed young man brought two dogs, the very counterpart of the paintings, and unleashed them under my window.

The next morning, as I took my usual morning walk near the Palace door, I heard something behind me, and the same two blue bull-dogs came up to me, smelt of me, and passed under the arch and into the Palace. The Gens d' Armes always went off the grounds under this arch, when I made my appearance. There was no person near. The queer dogs seemed to smell the

ground as they came, and as they went into the Palace.

I never was afraid of dogs, and have, on first sight, put my hand into the barking mouths of two of (said to be) the sharpest dogs in Richmond, and I scarcely ever saw a dog of pure breed that was not disposed to follow me; indeed, to have me for his master.

As Mr. D—— was in the cab when we went to the reception of the Emperor of Austria, and who would return to Virginia soon, I said to him: "The Emperor of Austria must be in mourning; see the endless crepe on hats."

I was too modest to tell him of my letter, and that I thought that I had, indirectly, caused all of this crepe. I fear he would have reported me king crazy.

I am now confident of the correctness of my supposition, and I had many much more expensive signs afterwards of French sympathy for me in high places.

I was usually accompanied by my valet, or interpreter, Newhouse, an Austrian, of Vienna. He knew many languages, and had been valet for some Prince, and knew too well the habits of his Emperor, Joseph, which were not over-creditable, even in a King. He said, if I wished to see more of the Emperors that night, we would attend the Emperor's Theatre, at the Palais Royal.

I requested him to buy tickets, and, after we had visited the "den" of the blind fiddlers, under the Palais Royal (an attraction for strangers), and deep underground, with good music, a wild Indian, who "drums it well," and plenty of coffee and *Eau de Vie*, we attended the King's Theatre, saw the "Emperors,"

heard and saw the play, and I did not understand one word the players said.

Mons. Vaillant's word executed the will of the Emperor, and Paris was the chess board; and as the Empress, no doubt, governed the Emperor, she could get up the grandest of pantomines that money and powers could produce. It was amusement for all; at least something new, which, if of merit, takes quicker and is better acted in Paris, no doubt, than in any other city in the world.

It is true, I had to play my part alone; but, true ladies can always set a blunderer on his feet, as a photograph lady did the writer, who went with a Virginia friend, to a noted gallery, to have photographs taken. The floor was waxed as slick as ice, and the first step I made was a slip. I remarked that I was stupid. A lady, who was in the act of going from this room, turned round, and said, in good English, "you are not stupid." My movements were always foretold; spies I knew were over me, and my writings left on my table. To Louis and Newhouse, at least, my movements were known for a day ahead, which was proved to me, over and over again, every day.

The fac-simile of the bleeding deer'shead, which sprung up through the floor in the Rue Choisel; the constant changing pantomine before my window, during the morning and afternoon meals, in the language of Æsop, which book I kept on my table, as well as wrote down my knowledge of, and my interpretation of the paintings and pantomines in the streets. The painting of a lion, as large as life, that was held up to my window for a moment; the carriage with servant in

royal livery, that stopped the horses to a walk, and turned them slowly to pass under my window, and the omnibus with twelve boys, peculiarly dressed for school, that stopped every morning at precisely the same time, and one of them would get out. The Zoo-trope and the large number of omnibuses, which ply on Rue St. Honore, all stopping from a trot to a walk (not at a crossing) when I was in my room at four P. M., and many other things done by pedestrians, even to draw tears from my eyes, but too many for me to attempt to describe here. The hearty sympathy of the Parisians I did acknowledge and appreciate, as the greatest wonder of my life, and which I can never forget whilst my mind and memory remain sound. I must mention the pantomine of the Vendress, who sold me the two cakes of "Queen Isabella Soap" at two francs each, (as I had failed to be pleased with "Lubin's best soap") in Rue Choisel.

The white and black cats which played in the gem of a reception room in my hotel, directly opposite the window, in which were their Majesties pictures, received their full share of attention.

The two cabs, with grey horses, (I rode in cabs only drawn by grey horses) that were placed every evening under my window, with their heads facing each other on Rue St. Honore, meant something, as well as the angel-looking boy I found at my side, when I awoke, at the Protestant Eglese, on Rue Josephine. The discordant music on the seventh etage of my hotel, and the sweetest, indeed, most heavenly music, that I ever heard, and which I heard daily as I went to my dinner, and never could place, and which so entranced my im-

agination, that my mind would revert to good women, flowers and my dinner. The many hundred mysteries, which I saw in this play, from October to January, continuously crowded my manuscript, which was consumed by fire, or some other evil spirit, the plague of womankind; and, if I pass here in my notings, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the palace to the kitchen, from grave to gay, my readers will please recollect, that I am only noting and sketching the most salient points and parts of things which were novel and unique in a great city, with great and little people, and that our communications were not in the language of words, but from the great book of nature, which was written in the senses of all mankind at the beginning, and which no pen is competent to describe, in characters fully intelligible to those who were not present at the time.

I hired Jules Lorrillieux, Galignani's cashier (as he advertised to do so), to give me lessons in French, two evenings of each week. One evening he could not come, and I received the following note from him:

[ENVELOPE.]

Immediate.

W. H. WESSON, Esq.,

Hotel de Lille et Albion,

Room 26. Paris.

Galignani's Messenger,
English Daily Newspaper,
224 Rue de Ritoli, Paris.

Cher Monsieur:

I beg to state, with regret, that it is utterly impossi-

ble to come to your apartment to-night, as a dispatch calls me home immediately after leaving my office.

Yours, respectfully,

JULES LORRILLIEUX.

I did not move to this hotel until January, 1868, as it was a warmer and more modern structure, and I had to procure a room for an expected guest of my own family.

I always had the peculiarity of neither carrying letters of introduction or wishing to visit men high in office, or even to speak to them, unless under peculiar circumstances. I believe the reason was, I feared I might be supposed to want money or office. Hence, I never saw General R. E. Lee, a man I esteemed, or President Davis, though I was often in the same town, and had many opportunities of seeing and being introduced to them. This feeling came near preventing me from seeing the old Pope of Rome, in 1868, though I had cherished the idea since boyhood. I refused to visit him with a lady and two gentlemen, because etiquette demanded I should wear a swallow-tailed coat. I *had none*, nor did I care to buy or hire one for my visit.

Oh! could I adhere and firmly stick
To good resolves when made,
And from each day a motto pick,
That's by experience staid.

I will copy part of a letter, I wrote to a friend at home, to show the state of my mind and body, after a few days' sojourn in Paris, and in contact with a cheerful, industrious and polite people:

PARIS, October 11, 1867.

C. M. W.:

You will be probably pleased to see my letters dated from Paris, France, a city which lies beyond the broad Atlantic and British Isles. Here, blessed with security and that sympathy for the unjustly oppressed, peculiar to this people, I double my raptures by communicating them to you. The mind sympathizing with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love and praise. The contrast is, indeed, beyond my expression. The sad scenes of a four years' war, and the despotism of the three years since, under which poverty, want, crime and every vice which rise and flourish under the government of spiteful conquerors, with a mobocracy composed of our former slaves and viler whites, our plantations going to decay, and although, in many cases, the negroes are disposed to remain and work the old homesteads, yet the pernicious laws which have been made to elevate them, tend rapidly to their demoralization, aided by the Carpet-Bag agent, who demagogue these baby Africans into "Loyal Leagues" and royal plagues. From this severe home-pressure, I feel almost magically relieved, and find here order, law and high civilization, and a world worth living in. Indeed, I cannot help loving this people. They have many pet cats and dogs, *all* of which appear to be gentlemen of their *kind*, and really I have been in contact with so many villians that it affords me pleasure to seek a *gentle* animal of any kind. This bright, cheerful, gay city of Paris must occasionally reflect a thought to the despondent and care-worn faces I left behind, and to my thoughts add a sombre

hue on the dilapitated towns and country places through which our vandal foes swept like a besom of destruction.

"There is no solitude on earth so deep,
As that where man decrees that man shall weep."

And where has man tried more to foil
The laws that must govern those who toil?
And of queer acts, they could do no worse
Than to fix the cart to drive the *horse*.
But God reigns, and at His pleasure draws
Greatest good from man's pernicious laws.

During the early hours of morning when the intricate machinery of man has been lubribricated and put in order by refreshing sleep, and the owner of the machine is never idle in his leisure, he can play with his work, as Æsop says, and the wisest of men tells us to "find out the reason of things." Allow me to say that is the best time for the search, and I have always used that time of apparently leisure whilst the majority of mankind are in their beds. The old adage says, "that he who rises early has something in his head," and surely that is the time to get it out.

In Paris I had to play many parts, as I was "playing with my business," and of course, had many interludes in my plays, as they do in opera. It cannot be expected that I can condense in the short end of a book either a continuous story or complete descriptions, even the most readable parts I acted in, and beg to be allowed to hop, skip and jump over the surface of my journeyings and doings, and should a Monthly Magazine, proposed, be a fact, I may fill up many gaps, made necessary in this book for the want of space or room.

I had special permission to smoke in and leave my tobacco and pipe in the concierge's office. A huge black cat always sat near Marie, the concierge of the Hotel Oxford et Cambridge. I frequently placed half a franc on the cat's head to see her tip it off to her mistress. Feeling a little mischievous one morning, I took the cat by the ears (the way to tame them), and held it up to the horror of Marie. I made Louis tell her it was to show her how I tamed the women in "Amerique." After this, the cat would come to me, get in my lap, and try to follow me up stairs to my breakfast. However, it proved to be Pauline's cat, the ten year old daughter of Madame Melot, my hostess. Pauline came into the office, crying and knocking about the candlesticks and looking at me. I called Louis to tell me her trouble. He said she was so much hurt at losing her cat's affections. I told him to tell her I would give her a white cat, a white rat and a boquet, if she would make friends with me and kiss me too. I had, unfortunately, said I had not yet seen a woman in Paris I would let kiss me, unless it was Elise, the sales-woman in the store over the way, where I had bought all my stationery and bijouterie, and I had not made up my mind fully as to her.

I had not then seen the Empress, so much in the picture galleries of Versailles, and in the letter of apology to her about not writing to her first about the Charleston, South Carolina, charity, I apologized also for this remark, saying, I had not seen her Majesty when I, half in joke, said this repulsive word. I wrote to Dieppe, to Madame Gribon, to send the cat she gave me. It came. I then bought a tame, white rat, for four francs

also the boquet, which made Pauline happy; and her father brought the rat to my table and loosed it to see it run among the cruets in the castor.

I wrote Madame Gribon all about this farce, and returned to her in the basket which brought the beautiful white cat, the most perfect specimen of art I ever saw, an artificial rose, the Victoria Regina, for which I paid a gold Napoleon.

Wrote a piece of "caterel" and gave to Pauline to read and send with the rose in the basket, which "caterel" made some noise in Paris. Fashion there says great praise to the *man* who says *good things;* no scandal to the *man* whose morals are not good.

I own up to flattering Madame Grebon, (just a leetle), in my letter to her, closing with this sentence, that "friendship and flowers were the chief good of this world."

If we do not keep our machines in order, neither flowers nor friendship can charm, not only our diet and quiet should have due attention, but the clothes we wear to protect us from the ever changing seasons and weather; and slight neglect in this thing frequently brings the doctor with his uncertain medicines, and many a sexton has gotton a job of work which a slight precaution might have delayed. Indeed, the most of us are so careless and thoughtless in regard to the preservation of health, that the Spartan rule of fortifying the system from youth against the carelessness of age, and a daily use of soap and water, with plenty of towels and rubbing, will delay the sexton's work for a long time, as well as keep the person in better condition for all work. All readers of the Bible should not forget the

Hebrew children that were ordered to the king's table, but begged to be allowed to eat their pulse or beans, and after a fair test of this diet, if they did not look as well, and as fair, as the Egyptians, they would then eat at the king's table. First the quality, next the cooking of the thing, are necessary for good food. Everything brought for food into the market of Paris, from an egg up, is examined and pays ("octroi" or) duty. Hence, Paris has the two first named requisites, and the only city that I ever heard of that carries out this custom and law, and certainly no city I ever saw compares with it for such *cheap* and *good* living. These facts, I have no doubt, add much to the cause which makes this people apparently ever cheerful, polite and such refined and superior artists.

I have imagined that amongst the vast number of preachers I have heard preach, that some of the sermons smacked of too much *grease*. I have fancied, too, that in my travels, that I have seen men, women, even babies, that carried too much of the animal on their persons, and in their physiognomy, and that the Lazzaroni in Naples would or could be improved by more grease internally, and more soap and water externally. Indeed, I have heard that the Hebrew word for hog and scrofula were the same, and I have heard the cause of that disease being so prevalent with the negro race, was that they fed on so much fat bacon.

Newhouse, Louis, and Trappe, my restaurant host at Palais Royal, helped my French lessons twice a week, from Jules Lorrillieux, my teacher, and Galignan's cashier. But my francs and Napoleons always spoke French and made one Frenchman speak the English words "I know," the first he ever spoke, also; Pauline

to say in English "*I am afraid*," (the only English words I ever heard her speak) when her mother sent her to my dining room to pay me the kiss she owed me for the white cat. She came near me, but would not bend her neck. I made no advance for her to kiss me. Louis asked her why she did not kiss me; and that was her reply. I then said I would forgive the debt, and "to pass on, you litte dam-selle."

Ignorantly, but fortunately, I practiced the highest etiquette in Paris, looking upon all the women with perfect indifference, and though repeatedly invited and pressed to visit some of the handsomest women in the city, I never visited one of them during all of my stay in that fascinating place.

Major Mortimer, of Cheltenham, England, spent a week in Paris, and spent nearly every evening in my room. One evening I agreed to go with him to the opera to hear the splendid music, and *Marie sing*, provided he would walk and return at ten o'clock. He was as punctual as an English gentleman, but kept me up talking to him till twelve o'clock.

He purchased some of the rarest things I ever saw to take home with him, and which he could not procure in London. His only sister was ill, and he was called home; but said he would write to me, and wished me to call, on my return at Cheltenham and get assistance for the Charleston asylum, and be introduced to Queen Victoria. A carbuncle and time prevented my acceptance of his proffered kindness.

His letter came, as an English gentleman had proffered it should do, which is as follows:

[ENVELOPE.]

W. H. WESSON, Esq.,

Hotel Oxford et Cambridge,

Corner Rue de Alger et St. Honore,

Paris, France.

Cheltenham, November 23, 1867,
4 Exeter Place.

W. H. Wesson, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—No doubt you are looking forward to hearing from me, having given you a promise, which, be assured, I will fulfill. We were not long acquainted, but your kind and amiable disposition, together with your cheerfulness and well-stored mind, left an impression on me that can rarely be made, and which is rarely found in our associations with mankind.

I was suddenly, as I told you, called away from Paris, so many matters at home requiring my attention. Here I will state that at one time I had eight trusteeships, all in my own family. Is not that alone enough to occupy the life of a man? Also I was anxious to see my only surviving sister, whom I had not heard from, and, for this very reason, she was expecting me daily, I having stated in my letter to her that, she being so ill (this was on my arriving in Paris), I should remain but a week, which period would suffice to see the Exposition, however. You are, surely, aware what charms that beautiful city has—in the first place, promoting and giving such health, which is the basis and rock from which springs every enjoyment that the mind produces. You

never see a weakly child with any mind, but as soon as its health is established, with proper tuition and care, it bursts forth as the sun's influence upon a flower, in its early dawn; and, in the same benign manner, does the climate of Paris act on one's spirits, ever invigorating and keeping them up; whereas *here*, it has just the contrary effect—depressing and keeping them down. However, it gives me much pleasure to believe that, as we are both charmed with that city, there is very little doubt but that we shall meet again before long, and listen again to Marie (what singing! in what sweet strains!) I will here make a remark, and, pray, see if you can find anyone who will bear me out in it. It is this: She was inaccurate in her intonation, in her discord to an octave. She had very tolerable flexibility; but, more than this, the quality of her voice was very good, altogether proving her capabilities to sustain a position in a second-class opera house.

I was in London a week, but just got home. It was very cold and gloomy, but I had plenty to do, or should have written to you from my club.

My cabinet and pictures have not yet arrived, which I am rather surprised at, having given particular directions to Mr. Smith, 25 Rue Michodere, a street close to the Italian boulevard, to send them off very soon, and to see to the packing, which was done by an embeleau, nearly opposite his office, by name Moman. I have written to a friend to see to this, and should he not do so, I shall ask you to do me that favor.

I must get Rousseau, in English, you being such an admirer of him.

I await the pleasure of a letter from you. Believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

EDWARD MORTIMER.

My Dear Sir—I never, if I can help it, say good-bye in person, particularly to those I esteem and regard. I am off for England this day, and shall always have you in my remembrance with the deepest regard, and when I get home will write to you.

Always most faithfully, yours,

EDWARD MORTIMER.

My son Charles came to meet me in February, and I reluctantly started for Rome, via Marseilles and the Mediterranean steamers. The weather continued very cold, and five hundred miles over a somewhat mountainous country, with hot water instead of fire to keep our feet warm, and chance diet on the way, completely upset my machinery, and I would not have smiled at the joke that "Nestor" said was laughable.

The American Consul told me it had not rained for about one year in Marseilles, and I was forced to carry the dust of some of the ancient ruins of that city in my mouth, throat, and eyes. In three or four days, we left on one of the Imperial Messagerie's steamers, loaded on deck with emigrants for Genoa, and leaking barrels of kerosene for every landing; a dirty boat, little water, but plenty of wine, and ready for a typhoon, a blow up, or a match to the kerosene. We steamed on at nights, and lay by in some city by day, viz: Genoa, Leghorn,

from whence we visited Pisa and its leaning tower, and back to Leghorn, by railroad; a city, that to me, had the shade of piraticism about it.

In Genoa, we saw the chart of Christopher Columbus, and visited the palaces of some poor Princes; then Civita Veche. We could see the Dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, from on board our steamer; arrived at Naples in early morn, and had good view of Mt. Vesuvius, and the Lava running from its crater. We tarried in Naples some two weeks, went to Pompeii, Vesuvius' crater, over Herculaneum, to the museums, Virgil's Tomb, through the tunnel into the country, and another hot crater and sulphur in abundance; and then to Rome, as my son was pressed to visit that city by Miss E. M., a Virginia lady, and a friend of the Pope; through whom we, with Gen. Breckenridge, were invited to call on the Pope afterwards. Miss E. M. would take me in her carriage to St. Peter's, on some Holy day, to see the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli. I had seen so much dilapidation at home, by the late war, that Rome and its surroundings, reminded me of the country, called home.

The high-priced, bad fare, dirty hotels, were no attractions for me. My machine was growing more and more out of order, and I could sigh for La Belle Paris in this ancient city. There was not a newspaper published; and to walk out alone at nights, was considered extremely unsafe. The muddy Tiber, with its sluggish waters, passed under a bridge, that bore the marks of cannon shots of the late war. The cholera, too, had paid a visit to this dirty city, and as the mouth will not sing, unless the heart sings, my place for sight-seeing

was either replete from my long stay in Paris, or the things and people were so different, or I was tired, or my machine out of order.

I am sure, no visitor, who ever wished to see Rome, enjoyed less pleasure in the two weeks spent there. At Naples not much better, so I was glad to leave by same steamer for Marseilles, to remain a day or two, and then for Paris.

We had a "Norther" going up, and had to put into the island or port of Elba, and enjoy the scare of some of the officers on the steamer, and thence to Paris, where I found all right again; found Dr. Coneau's letter at Hotel de Lille et Albion, waiting my return.

We remained a few days and returned to London; remained there a few days, and then to Liverpool, and then to Matlock, the watering place of Derbyshire, where we remained some six weeks on account of a carbuncle I had, which I have little doubt was brought on by too sudden change of diet, climate, habits and associations.

I received the following letter from W. C. Bee & Co., my agents in Charleston, South Carolina, forwarded to me from Liverpool to Paris, and which was of vast import to me, but which advice I would not profit by, as I can't care for money when my liberality is excited by either the honest intentions or acts of those who may have erred as my agents; and thus the common trading world has said, rather some of the best men I ever knew in it, that I had made more money for other people, and had furnished the capital of both brains and money, than any man living.

CHARLESTON, October 5th, 1867.

W. H. WESSON, Liverpool:

Dear Sir—We were favored yesterday with yours of of 19th ultimo, and are glad to learn that you have in immediate prospect a settlement with Messrs. C. M. F. & Co., of your claims against them, in a form agreeable to all parties.

If you have not already done so, you had better decline assuming the settlement of the planting operations in which you were jointly interested. It would not be prudent for you to do so upon any margin which they would be likely to deem equitable, and, therefore, it would be better to await the final development.

As Messrs. Mitchell & Jervey have remitted exchange to Messrs. C. M. F. & Co., to cover balance against them, we have given up the collaterals deposited with us to secure the payment of the same.

Yesterday we received a letter from Mr. J. H. Cathcart, in which he states that he had written to you, evidently unaware that you had crossed the Atlantic, but had received no reply to a very important inquiry which he had made in relation to the mortgage you hold of Mr. Mobly's plantations; upon which, it seems, there is a prior mortgage for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, in virtue of which, the property will be offered for sale at Winnsboro C. H. on next Monday. Mr. Cathcart asked for instructions or advice. We replied that we had none from you on the subject, as you were, no doubt, unaware of the existence of the prior mortgage. But in accordance with the general care of your interests, with which we felt ourselves charged, we would say, that if he felt *assured* that the property would command

the amount of the first lien, and the whole or a portion of yours, then it was clearly for your interest to bid it up to the point, which, to that extent, would protect you. If, on the other hand, there was no such assurance, then it would be very unwise to throw good money after bad. We trust that this view of the matter will meet your approval.

With regard to your other debtors, the failure of the present crop will certainly not promote their efforts to liquidate your claims.

Mr. Seabrook has experienced his share of misfortunes in the crop line, and will fall considerably short, we think, of actual expenses.

All efforts to assist our unfortunate planters on the coast seem to have had the effect of involving them more deeply. In a private letter from the writer you have our news as to the crop in this State. The total upland crop we cannot venture to estimate. The prevailing opinion places it at two millions. The result of the Sea Island crop will depend upon the product of the boles still left upon the stalk. It is not supposed now that over seventeen thousand bales can be gathered in all the States.

Yours, truly,

W. C. BEE & CO.

PASSPORT.

Legation of the United States of America,

AND FRANCE.

FOR THE AID AND PROTECTION OF

William H. Wesson,

CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Age, 54; Eyes, Grey; Hair, Black.

[*Signature.*] *William H. Wesson.*

Done at Paris, this 15th day of Feb. 1868.

L.S. American Legation. *JOHN A. DIX,*
Consul.

L.S. French Seal. *J. NAPORNITI.*
Of Legation.

SEAL Papal Seal. SEAL Austrian Seal.

ARROWS OF ANCIENT WISDOM.

Who hath no more bread than need, must not keep a dog.

The mill gets by going.

To a boiling pot flies come not.

A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.

The fox when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are not ripe.

Water trotted is as good as oats.

Though a lie be well dressed, it is ever overcome.

Though old and wise, yet still advise.

Three helping one another bear the burden of six.

Slander is a shipwreck by a dry tempest.

Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.

Happy is he that chastens himself.

Well may he smell fire whose gown burns.

The wrongs of a husband or master are not reproached.

Welcome evil if thou comest alone.

Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge.

The bit that one eats, no friend makes.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

She spins well that breeds her children.

Good is the *mora* that makes all sure.

Play with a fool at home and he will play with you in the market.

Every one stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet.

Marry your son when you will; your daughter when you can.

Dally not with money or women.

Men speak of the fair as things went with them there.

The mill cannot grind with waters that are past.

Autumnal agues are long or mortal.

Corn is cleaned with wind and the soul with chastenings.

Goods words are worth much and cost little.

Jest not with the eye or religion; the eye and religion can bear no jesting.

Without favor none will know you, and with it you will not know yourself.

Buy at a fair and sell at home.

Cover yourself with a shield and care not for cries.

A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

From a choleric man withdraw a little; from him that says nothing forever.

Debtors are liars.

Of all smells, bread alone is the best.

In a great river great fish are found,
But take heed lest you are drowned.

Ever since we wear clothes we know not one another.

God strikes not with both hands; for the sea he made havens, and to rivers he made fords.

No lock will hold against the power of gold.

The absent party is still faulty.

Peace and patience, and death with repentance.

If you lose your time you cannot get money again.

Be not a baker if your head be of butter.

Ask much to have a little.

Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.

A little with quiet is the only diet.

Home Again.

WE sailed from Liverpool about the first of July, 1868, on the steamer City of London, and had a pleasant voyage to New York. Arrived on Sunday morning, and was charged five dollars hack hire for two persons and our baggage, to the United States Hotel. What a comment on the laws and customs of the Great Republic!

In November, 1868, I went to Charleston, South Carolina, to see the ruins left from the caterpiller pest. The parties to whom I had loaned money to farm were all ruined, as well as every Sea Island cotton planter I could hear from, all much worse off than when the war closed. Their lands, then supposed to be valuable, were now worthless, and there was no sale for them whatever; indeed, nearly every Island and coast plantation, for one hundred miles, were for sale and not a buyer to be heard of. I was forced to take several plantations, as the owners could not pay the taxes, (I hold them yet) and the number of plantations that have reverted to the State for taxes, if told, would appear fabulous, as well as the large sums of money lost by Northern and Southern men by the caterpillers, for two years, destroying the crops.

I had to receive twenty-two of twenty-seven mules left, which I had conditionally sold to a party. A former agent of mine and a trump, H. L. F., after he

had brought my mules to Charleston, to be sold, insisted that I should rent Hutchinson's Island, where he had been superintendent for the past two years, and so much money lost; that the one hundred negroes, all Roman Catholics, were anxious to be hired and work the Island; that the caterpillers would not come the third year. The Island belonged to Countess Tardini, a South Carolina lady, who married an Italian Count, and who resided in Italy; and that the negroes were docile, and would hire cheap—all out of employment, and the farms nearly all deserted everywhere.

I told him as my luck had skipped the two caterpiller years, but I had helped some of the planters *vs.* my judgment, with a positive agreement with them, that after 1866, I was to have no more to do in this business; yet my sympathy with them had made a breach on my promise, and I should lose considerable by those I had so reluctantly continued to help after my resolve to go to Europe.

Yet, I wished to see everybody who wished to work, employed, and at least one plantation in operation, to keep up appearances, for the year 1869.

We took the mules back to the Island, worked the farm, and made money. We had two other white managers, and the two former old negro managers to assist as overseers. Frank, the preacher, and overseers, received the same wages as the other laborers, but did no labor in the field. I would never allow any whiskey to be sold in any of the commissaries kept there, or on any farm I had anything to do with, and never had any trouble to get labor, or with the laborers.

I had to charter steamboats to carry everything to

this Island, some sixty miles from Charleston, and if I had space to describe the working of this Island, and the trips I made there in 1869, in three different routes, and all difficulties to get to it, it would make a long story of some interest to people who are not acquainted with that country, and its present population.

Capt. F., my manager, said: one thousand negroes could hear a horn blown at his quarters, and only two white men. He was a gentleman that feared only to do a mean thing; but the war had impoverished the estate he was an heir of. He fought through the war as a scout, and did not lose a day, and was as true as steel in whatever he undertook to do. I made a visit to this Island, in November, 1869, via railroad to Grahamville, on foot to Boyd's landing, then across Broad river, at considerable risk in a little sail-boat, landed alone on foot, and on St. Helena Island, where thousands of half wild negroes dwelt on lands, said to be given to them by the Federal Government; then ten miles on foot, and in a pony cart with Capt. Simmons, one of the chiefs, and in the night to Beaufort, S. C.; the next day in a small open boat, aided by two strange negroes, up the Beaufort river; down the Cumbee river, through the Horn in the night; then on some of St. Helena Sound, up the Back river to the Island, and to the house of my agent by ten P. M., in the midst of a grand illumination of the burning bark of the Palmetto trees, which stood as ornamental trees over this one thousand two hundred acre island.

The negroes did it in honor of my arrival.

At Grahamville, I staid all night with Mr. F., once a very rich sea island cotton planter, with a wife and

several children, to whom I had loaned money. He was marooning in a deserted cabin, as poor as war and caterpillers could make him. I bought some venison next morning, which, they said, was the first meat, of any kind, they had eaten for a time. I had sent him, as a present, a few barrels of the large crop of sweet potatoes, I had planted on the island. I paid railroad freight, yet, he was not able to pay the cartage from the depot.

I left his place, rather the dilapidated large village of summer residences, for once wealthy planters. I passed Scriven's place, called "Napoleon," five hundred and thirty acres, now said to belong to me, on which the battle of Honey Hill was fought in the late war, and which the ball-scarred trees, now plainly indicated. Not far from this, on Broad river, the one thousand acre, now deserted farm of Mr. F., whose house I had just left, which farm was said to belong to me. I own them, and several others, and have paid the taxes, and never received income from any or all of them to pay the yearly tax. There is no sale for these rich lands. Mr. B., whose boat carried me the three miles over the river, was regretting, he was not able to desert his farm.

The negroes on St. Helena Island were in a state of semi-starvation, as Captain Simmons informed me, and my failure to get anything to eat at the many houses I visited, unless it was fresh fish boiled, without salt or bread to eat with them, confirmed his statement. The Government and Federal troops, stationed near Beaufort, had assisted these negroes much to live, for the past three years. The troops and Government had left them to shift for themselves on these rich lands. I

asked Captain Simmons why they did not all have enough to eat on such good lands, and that given to them. He replied, the negroes would not work. I asked him if there was no white man amongst them. He said now there was none, as the only one had just left. He said: "He was a Yankee man, and had put up a store and trusted the negroes for supplies, and agreed to take their cotton, when matured, in payment. He had waited patiently for the negroes to come in with their cotton till the first of November, but, as none of them came, the white man (they call him 'Buckra') went around to find his delinquent customers, but did not find many of them, and not a pound of cotton. I was at his store when he came back, and, I tell you, 'Buckra' was so mad he fairly sweated, and took what goods he had in store and left. See, 'Buckra,' he did not know these negroes like me, or he would not have trusted them at first."

We arrived at Beaufort about nine P. M.; saw the coals of a large fire, and many negroes shouting around them. It was the court-house, just burned. I heard it said that some office connected with the late troops was in this building, and that the officer in charge had burnt the building, as a short way of settling his accounts. I do not know the truth of this thing. I was an entire stranger; asked no questions; was very hungry; could get nothing to eat at the hotel; adjourned to a restaurant kept by a yellow man, who said he came from Washington City, and that his customers had nearly eaten everything he could get, except a few raw oysters and some crackers, with neither vinegar or pepper, so I and Captain Simmons eat what we could get. I paid him more than his price for his services,

and he went to seek lodgings, thanking me as far as I could hear him.

I hunted next morning, from daylight to eleven, A. M., to get two of the many negroes in that town to carry me twenty miles to our island; all I was recommended to call on had to attend some election next day. In my hunt with an escort we passed a house seemingly full of negroes, singing like the factory negroes do sometimes in Richmond; I asked my cicerone what kind of factory that was; he answered: "Why, Buckra, that is the jail, and full of negroes, who love to go there as they feed them, and they do not have to work." I had given up my hope of getting away from this forlorn place, to me, and the tide had turned too *vs.* my voyage. When walking alone, not far from the water, I saw a negro dashing water from a small boat. I went to him and asked the chances; he said, he was going to Deer Island, passing in a few miles of my Island, but the man who was to go with him had disappointed him, and now the tide was wrong. A negro passing about this time, I hailed him, and I do not know now how I unexpectedly got him to go with us.

I steered the little boat they rowed; we sailed some, but it was an up-current business. The two strange negroes seemed to admit my superiority when we left the shore, and, although we passed the Horn after night, and the grass on either side as high as a man, as destitute as the coast of Africa, and the strange negroes had the animal power to have placed me where I should never have been heard of again, yet I could not fear them any more than the negroes on the large island I had passed through the night before alone, yet my money and my watch were frequently shown to them.

The whole trip and its incidents with the workings of the large farm on Hutchinson's Island, in 1879, would make a book and romance for those who have never seen these places.

My readers, I hope, will permit me here to leave the tracks and signs of war, and place our thoughts on lighter things, which, if less interesting, may leave better impressions on our mind, sounder sleep and better dreams; so, I will hie back to Europe and give some facts and incidents growing out of my trip, and some promiscuous letters, which may make more clear some of the facts I have attempted to prove by the testimony of Bible verses quoted in the prospectus of this book.

GRAPE AND CANISTER.

By the needle you shall draw the thread, and by that which is past see how that which is to come will be drawn.

Stay a little and the news will find you.

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the truth of the thing.

When God will, no wind but brings rain.

The resolved mind has no cares.

The ground-sill speaks not, save what it heard at the hinges.

The best mirror is an able friend.

Say no ill of the year till it be past.

Fear nothing but sin.

The child says nothing but what it heard at the fire.

Call me not an olive until I am gathered.

That is not good language which all understand not.

He will spend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat.

All is not gold that glitters.

A blustering night, a fair day.

Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

He wrongs not an old man that steals his supper from him.

The tongue talks at the head's cost.

He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

Keep not ill men's company, lest you increase the number.

Another's bread costs dear.

Although it rain throw not away thy watering pot.

Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloak at home.

To the Reader.

THREE hundred of the four hundred pages of my manuscript were supposed to be sufficient to finish a book of two hundred and fifty pages, promised to my subscribers. In doing this, some articles were curtailed, others excluded.

I have added these "After-pieces" to give more volume to the book, more clearness to some of the stories, and, I hope, amuse some of my readers with my notes and clippings. At any rate, I wish to prove, at least, the first verse of the Bible, quoted in my prospectus—that I have stood before kings, not mean men; yea, queens and many ladies; and will stand, with the ladies, the sneers of the envious and the criticisms of those wounded by the truths which this book contains.

Paris, Oct. 14th, 1867.
9 A. M.

Madame Gribon:

I have gotten into more than one feline difficulty, since I left your kind "Maison." You, and your three beautiful white "chats" would be amazed at the big black grimalkin, in the office of the concierge, at the hotel Oxford et Cambridge, "Rue de Algier et St. Honore." I had to tame this "chat," as they do "femmes" in Ameri-

que. The "chat" yielded, on being held up by her ears; but, Pauline, Madame's petite fille, cried, to break her heart, at the idea of losing her "chat's" affections. I, being a stranger, did not know these French folks were so touchy on the subject of "chats;" and all I can now do, is to make amend for this cat-astrophe. I have procured her a white rat, and with the white "chat" which you gave me, when I was in Dieppe, I can keep my word to this little lady, so I will ask you to put the "chat" in a basket, and direct it to me, at my hotel. The address is: room 25, Hotel Oxford et Cambridge, "Rue de Algier et St. Honore."

Where so many of these strange things occurred, many of Æsops fables were significantly acted. My books on my table were, the Bible, Æsop's Fables, and the Language of Flowers, and let me change my dress as often as I would, these persons, next morning, would have the perfect dress in which I stood the day before. My hours for eating were punctual—eight and-a-half A. M. and three and-a-half P. M. For three months I always ate alone, and imagined that I conversed daily with thousands in a language more ancient than the Hebrew.

I, however, admit a little rudeness, just a little, to the ladies, which is my only regret in Paris. My never missed morning's walk was in one of the meandering paths near the entrance arch to the Tuilleries, and where I last saw the blue dogs. Three young ladies, bare-headed and bare-armed, entwined together in postures of the Three Graces, were in my walk and no way to miss them, unless I purposely walked across the grass to another path.

That day I went up the first stairs, a pleasant old lady met me and spoke to me in English, then the lonely young lady who sat at my early breakfast-hour for a week at the table close to me, and drank chocolate; yet to her I did not speak, but on the steps where I met the elderly woman that spoke to me, for several days I heard the sweetest music that my imagination had ever conceived, something of my idea of a lute, but in the seven-storied mansion I could not place whence it came; and, as I never appeared surprised at anything, I rarely made inquiries.

Major Edward Mortimer, of Cheltenham, England, spent six out of the seven evenings he spent in Paris in my room and invited me to go to Cheltenham, saying that he would help me to get aid for the Widows' and Orphans' Asylum in Charleston, and would have me introduced to Queen Victoria.

I saw the Empress Eugene with her husband the first time in the Galleries of Paintings at Versailles, and then again when she took her carriage for St. Cloud. The Empress would have been the most proper person for this appeal, as all men who are burdened with a multiplicity of affairs are difficult of access, and in Paris, the center of the business of one of the most considerable nations of Europe, the men of consequence are particularly obdurate; therefore, those who have anything to ask naturally apply to the ladies, whose ears are never shut against the unhappy; they console and serve them.

In regard to the emptiness, of what the world calls pleasure, perhaps Lord Chesterfield's remark when he

got old, is as strong proof as any to be found in modern times. He said, I look upon the past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream.

Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation, I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must, *whether I will or no*, and I think of nothing but killing time; now he is become mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage during the remainder of the journey. Thus you see Chesterfield considered time his enemy, as much as Cowley:

"I have had my will,
Tasted every pleasure,
I have drank my fill,
Of the purple measure
It has lost its zest;
Sorrow is my guest.
Oh, the lees are bitter, bitter,
Give me rest!"

In May, 1865, I walked forty miles through General Sherman's raid ground, to Newberry, South Carolina, where I had some property to care for. Bought a lot of cotton and sent it to Augusta, Georgia, intending to pay the net profits to my regiment. I netted three hundred and fifty dollars as profit, in gold, and got the Victoria coin, and gave one to each soldier of my regiment, as far as I could find them, leaving three or four unpaid, whom I have never seen.

When I went to pay Miss Pinckney and Miss Rutledge they had gotten possession of their homes on the battery not very long, and Miss Pinckney said to me "I have not had enough money for these two weeks to buy a broom." Up to the war she was the richest lady in South Carolina. The Victoria piece, or five dollar gold piece, was then worth seven dollars and fifty cents in greenbacks.

Louis had put forty instead of twenty drops of burnt "Eau de Vie" in my desert cup of coffee. Though seated at the front of the pulpit, the angel-looking boy (the greatest curiosity I saw in Paris) setting beside me, and Solomon, my favorite writer in the Bible; the text, the angel, the coffee, or the brandy got me fast asleep before the sermon was half over.

Before going to sleep, I learned from this sermon what I had never heard or read of before—that Solomon only lived out half of his days, sixty years, as the Bible says shall be the case with all wicked men. The conclusion of the service awoke me, I thought, alone amongst strangers to see my pecadillo, but, behold! as I arose from my seat, there were Bishop Atkinson and his wife, of North Carolina, and the angel boy looking at me, whilst shaking hands with the Bishop and wife. The angel boy disappeared, and I took my cab for the hotel.

The five dogs I saw act in a theatre in Paris exhibited more intelligence than many persons I have had to do with. I believe the cat and dog, by instinct, know the man that is "cruel to his beast." They are God's crea-

tures, and I found even the cat more faithful than the average of my kind. Even Solomon saith: "A faithful *man*, who can find, or a good *woman?*"

My fire-servant was scared off to Nice, a warm climate, when he discovered that I preferred waiting on myself, in such things as I could do, and that what he did with four sticks of wood, I did with two. The weather was extra cold, and the ice a foot thick. The rapid Seine was frozen over, but was not very sleek; the ice was ragged and jagged, until you got down lower to its eddy, and there the ice was smooth, and skaters steady; so in life's currents—don't go swimming up stream, where the waters are high and rough.

My bathing-closet was amply large, and three snow-white linen towels invited me to charge the cold abundant waters, lathered with Lubin's and Queen Isabella Bee Soaps. My fire-wood was kept in bureau drawers, with a key to each lock; for this was the only thing I had to care for in my stock. I left money on my table, my trunk unlocked, and my room key with "Lela;" always adding a half franc to the key, in the way of economy, and the day I left this hotel, I found bread in my fire, to indicate that her bread, by my departure, would burn too. Yes, nine dollars for the ninety days, I made her payments, and with French economy, that would buy many comforts. My most extravagant act happened one day, when I came from dinner.

I said, "the spirits have my lost money, and they will return it in time to pay you two dollars for your Sunday expenditures.

He replied, I will get it on Monday, and perhaps save something by having no money to spend.

As he uttered these words, Monsieur Melot came up behind my chair, and placed my one hundred franc bill on the right side of my plate, and disappeared. I scarcely saw him.

Here, Newhouse, I told you faith could do anything. Here is my money! Go out and change it, so that I may pay you. He had eaten like a cormorant. He went out with the money, brought back the change, and appeared as happy as a poor man only can be. I have no doubt, I must have dropped the money when I sat at breakfast, when I thought I put it carefully in the letter; and, as no one else breakfasted at my hour, Louis or the landlord knew to whom it belonged. I never asked a question about it, and took it all as a matter of course.

The practice of economy without meanness, and luxury without extravagance, I consider the epicurism of reason. I had lessons in France and England, on this subject.

In France, with the rich, economy is an example; with the poor, a necessity; with hotel-keepers, the key-stone to success.

At a watering place, in Derbyshire, England, I lived for two months in 1868, at the low-priced grand stone hotel, conducted by Mr. Roland and wife, (they were childless.) Their management of this ever guest changing caravansera, gave lessons to their company, which the opposite teachings of most hotels, can but slowly eradicate from the minds of those persons, whose object it is to learn.

I met cotton lords of Manchester, retired iron managers of Birmingham, and millionare traders and shopkeepers of London. There were also many guests, travellers from foreign countries, climate wounded men from India, sight seekers from America, health worn preachers from Nottingham, and the nervous victims of some recent great inventions from London. The most of these persons were very communicative to me, and not at all reticent, as the English are said to be. They informed me justly and truly, of very many things, which I could have learned nowhere else.

I interpreted them on first sight as sent in here of the two portraits I enclosed in my letters to Her Majesty. Then my photograph, with two ladies in a court-room, was in a window up Rue St. Honore, where rare and expensive paintings were sold. I had had my photograph taken, and they have the original from the Gallery. Then two soldiers, with pipes like mine—a corn-cob. (I never saw a pipe to imitate mine in Paris). These soldiers were standing on the edge of an ocean with a musket each pointed over the waters. I then had crepe put on my hat, and saw over twenty thousand men with fresh crepe *on* their hats, as I went to the reception of the Emperor of Austria. This, like the umbrellas, soon disappeared, and twelve months afterwards I was on Broadway, New York, and had lost the leather tassel or holder from my umbrella, and went into the umbrella store of Messrs. Wright and Bros. to have another one put on it. When I came for it they asked me where I bought that umbrella; I said, Paris. The man said, (for I knew none of them), that his reason for asking,

was that ten thousand, just like mine, and which there were none in this country of the kind, were sent to New York and sold at auction from Paris, as all of them appeared slightly used or damaged. I have frequently tried to buy silk to mend mine, but never could find any like it anywhere.

I had received a letter from Charleston about the destruction of the Sea Island cotton.

I gave the letter and its enclosure to Pauline, open, to send off at her leisure. I am sure that the Empress saw it, from what happened soon afterwards, and again, from the unique acknowledgement of my letter to her at Chiselhurst, England, where, in due time, a newspaper directed in a lady's hand, came to my address from England, with a full column, well marked, of the play of the two white cats, which was then being performed in Paris, and which had run one hundred and eighty-five nights.

A very intelligent lady and gentleman read the letters that I sent to the Empress, and saw the newspaper, and thought with me that it was a most genteel way of acknowledging that she plead guilty to having caused to be done the many things I charged in my letters.

I ate in the second story of the hotel, and at my hours for eating the usually quiet street would frequently become so crowded with carriages and horsemen, at its entrance into Rue St. Honore, that it would become blocked, just as you see it near Courtlandt street, Broadway, New York.

On Saturday, I told Newhouse, my valet, we would visit the "Bois de Bologne," and Garden des Plants, beyond the walls of the city. I had a one hundred franc bill, and enough silver to pay our expenses. Lewis and Newhouse always knew the day before, my plans for the following day. I had received the letter from the Emperor, the day before, and as my portmonie was made only to carry silver and gold, at the breakfast table, I put, or thought that I put the one hundred francs in this letter.

Took also the cafe, with twenty drops of "*Eau de Vie*" in it, or "all together" as Louis would say, when I ordered two eatables on same plate. At any rate, I felt extremely comfortable and unusually liberal, and having some money for that day still unloaned, I intended to throw a half franc at the nodding porter, who usually sat near the entrance of the hotel. I had, by chance, got a half of a Napoleon in my right vest pocket, where I carried for many years a never-counted sum of money. In passing the porter, I put my hand in my pocket for a half franc, and threw it on the side-walk near him. The ring of the piece struck my ear as gold, which reminded me of the twenty-five franc piece, so I took all the money from my vest pocket; it was all silver. I told Louis at breakfast the next morning of this chance gift, and that it was not my intention. Anyhow, the porter, whom I had no idea of calling upon, had disappeared, and I never saw him again, which reminded me of the story of a gentleman giving a guinea to a beggar to see him run, fearing the gentleman might discover the mistake. The same morning at breakfast, I made Louis my almoner; a woman and children had been ejected from the seventh

story of a house, opposite me. I gave Louis one dollar and fifty cents, to overtake and give to her. He returned, and brought her thanks for my last course at breakfast.

A large, black cat, belonging to my landlady's little pet, Pauline, became attached to me. One morning I told Louis to tell Marie, if she wished, I would show her how we tamed the women in America. I was smoking in the office, where I had been asked to smoke, a mark of favor. I took up this monster cat by the ears, which shocked Marie so much that she shed tears. The cat, after this, tried to follow me up stairs, and Pauline came crying through the office. Louis told me it was because the cat belonged to her, and she could not endure to lose her cat's alieniated affections. I told Louis to tell her that, if she would make friends with me, I would give her a white cat, a white rat and a bouquet, but that she must kiss me when she received these things. This she promised to do.

The next morning, I wrote to Madame Gribon, in Dieppe, for the cat, of which I spoke in my account of my visit to that town.

I wrote to the Emperor on the 12th of October, and got his letter on the 16th. I wrote to him again that I wished the ladys' petition to be returned to me, as I might get money from some other person for them. If he gave them anything, he might see directions written on the paper, to send it to James Calder, Liverpool, England. And I added a verse from the Bible to this letter:

"The king that faithfully judgeth the poor, his kingdom shall be established forever."

Galignani's messengers keeps the run of the Royal family, and nearly every day states where they are, their trips, &c. The day after the receipt of my letter, the Emperor ordered everything in pawn-broker's hands to be returned to the owners, and he paid the amount of all these pawns. I marked this verse in my Bible, and that I wrote on the margin, had quoted it to him.

The Emperor Joseph, of Austria, paid Emperor Napoleon a visit about this time. He gave him a grand reception, and there were present sixty thousand troops, ten thousand cavelry, and five hundred thousand spectators, in the Champs de Mars, outside of Paris.

I had crepe put on my hat.

Mons. Vaillant, who is chief and head of all officers at receptions, on his letter enclosing the petition, had a black wax seal as large as a dollar. There were, I am sure, more than twenty thousand persons who had fresh crepe on their hats.

I have not mentioned the eighteen negroes (each time and place a different one) that were seated near me at the Cathdrals Madeline and St. Rock, on Rue St. Honore for nine consecutive Sundays, as I visited each of these Eglises one time each Sabbath.

Your Majesty, or the Prince Imperial, might honor and oblige me by sending something by which I might know that my imagination did not run away with my judgment, for three months, in Paris.

I will ever pray that you may enjoy that peace and prosperity which Solomon says is set over against adversity, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

Your Majesty's face, which I so delightedly scanned in the picture galleries of Versailles, indicated that you will pardon me for addressing you.

With high respect, I am, yours truly,

WM. H. WESSON.

[ANSWERED BY TELEGRAPH.]

Monsieur Melot came in, excited, to my dinner table and said that the Emperor was hurt, as a pair of horses had run away with one of the Royal carriages, and had dashed through one of the large show-windows on that street, into a store.

It was easy to distinguish the different grades of royalty in carriages on the streets, which fact, my well-informed interpreter, the Viennese, had frequently pointed out to me. It was by the style and width of the gold bands on the hats of the carriage drivers. As usual, I never showed or evinced any curiosity about anything, but quietly dispatched my dinner and waited for the *lame messenger* to come, and then I knew I should hear the truth about the thing.

This husband of Madame Melot made his appearance only three times in my dining room in the three months I was his guest. The first time after I had procured the white rat for his daughter Pauline.

He positively forbid cards, even in private rooms for amusement; but furnished free billiard tables, and many

gymnastic and innocent amusements, and kept a large open carriage for daily excursions to the curiosities of the country. He furnished lunch to all, at the cost of one shilling to each person. Amongst the points of interest near this watering place, was the grand water-cure establishment, newly erected for the aristocracy of England, but not used, as the owner placarded hand-bills on its walls, saying: he could not give it his attention, as he had then a noted establishment for the people in sight of these high lands, that overflowed six months ahead with the seekers of its "cure all."

The owner was an incurable, under "Dresnitz" of Germany." As a proper return, he and his wife had devoted their life to the cure of the incurables. Near by was the site of Arkwright's first cotton-mill, the seat of "Florence Nightingale," also the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire, with its waterfalls and manufactured trees.

The picture of the two "blue bull-dogs," with white hairs on their faces, I took to be a fancy, or myth, as I had neither seen nor heard of animals in the canine race of that species; but, the next morning, as I ate my breakfast, a live pair of bull-dogs, more natural and curious than their picture, were leashed and loosed under my window, and the next morning, as I was taking my usual morning walk, near the Palace door, the same two bull-dogs came to my feet, and again returned to the Palace, and I never saw them again.

In the same show window, on Rue St. Honore, which I passed every morning, was a Samson and his Delilah,

and the picture was changed every morning until it represented Samson shown of his locks.

Then, again there was a picture of the writer escorting two ladies in a court. I inquired into the price of this thing; it was only six thousand francs.

Then another painting appeared in this window, of two soldiers with muskets, standing on the shore of an ocean, with pipes like one I used, (am sure there was no others of its kind in Paris)—corn-cob.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The beast that goes always, never needs blows.

Good words quench more than a bucketful of water.

An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.

Better spare, to have of thine own, than ask of other men.

Better good afar off, than evil at hand.

Your pot broken seems better than mine whole.

Let an ill man lie in thy straw, and he looks to be thy heir.

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.

While the discret advise, the fool doth his business.

A mountain and a river are good neighbors.

Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk.

Much spends the traveller more than the abider.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

Fugitive Letters.

THE two hundred negroes I worked on Edisto Island, to give a leader to the completely destroyed planting interests of Sea Island cotton, in South Carolina, and the large rice plantation of J. H. H., on Ashepoo river; the Warpohoola place, on Cooper river; the Horry place, on Santee river, and several smaller farms, gave me a knowledge of the South Carolina negro that no other operation could give; and, whilst I did these things against my judgment, and frequently quoted the sayings of the Messrs. Rothchild about "unlucky places and people," yet I could never care for money of my own enough to hide my sympathy for or duty to my fellow man.

General Hartwell, who captured Charleston, sought me to inquire for a good venture of the kind. I never spoke sanguinely of the thing to any person, but it gave rise to the following letter to me from the General:

South Natick, Mass., Sept. 23, 1866.

W. H. Wesson, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I cannot longer neglect to write to you, as I promised, I believe, to do. On reaching Edisto Island, I found that August grass and rust had injured my cotton very materially; and, rather than make myself liable for outlays for steam engines, gins, &c., I sold out to one of those associated with me, and have

returned home and resumed my law studies, at Cambridge, Mass., at the Harvard Law School (where I shall be glad to hear from or see you).

The reports of the cotton in Mr. Seabrook's (this was my two hundred laborers, heretofore mentioned) and Mr. Whaley's were excellent. Bailey's Island was said to be very fine, but I think green seed, badly mixed in, and that this fact will affect seriously the quality and price of the cotton.

I think that, generally, on Edisto Island, crops worked on shares with the negroes are *failures*. Put in as managers, clever, skillful Southern planters, who not only understand the negro, but know how to get along with him as a freedman, pay wages by the month, and all will go well next year.

Yours truly,

A. S. HARTWELL.

MR. LEES' LETTER.

His letter is of philosophy, not money. He is since dead, and owned one of the most perfectly arranged places of ten acres, on the East river, New York, I have seen anywhere. He tastefully, permanently and unostentatiously spent, in ten years, about one hundred thousand dollars on this place. I had the pleasure of a day and night's sojourn with him, and we occasionally corresponded. Mr. Lees had adopted a daughter of General Breckenridge, and two grandsons of Chief Justice Marshall, all of whom I had the pleas-

ure of seeing, when I enjoyed his royal or regal hospitality.

AGENCY OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

OFFICE OF LEES & WALLER,
33 PINE STREET,
NEW YORK, March 20, 1871.

W. H. WESSON, ESQ.,
Summit, N. C.:

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 13th ultimo, together with the lines from the old book, of 1828, was duly received, and I appreciate your kindness in sending them. There are some very beautiful thoughts in them, and also in your letter, with some good advice. Diet and good sleep are sure restoratives for care and exhaustion; but content, alas! who has it? If money would bring it, then it would not be lucre of such a filthy nature, as described, and would be worth the while that men bestow in its acquisition. I am much moved by your kind remarks about me, my success, &c.; but, take care; don't judge too quickly. I count money-making a very small success in this life. The man lives longest who has the best health and the most years of rational enjoyment. The Caliph lived only fourteen days out of fifty-three years; longer, perhaps, than most business men live now.

Your friends here all well—Fry, March, Price, &c.

Shall I say anything about cotton? No; philosophers are above it.

Yours, very truly,

J. LEES.

MRS. VIRGINIA PORCHER'S LETTER.

In 1865, before I went to Charleston, knowing the extreme necessites of many of my acquaintances, I sent to Western Virginia and bought a lot of butter to present to my friends, and acquaintances, hence her letter about this article.

One of my daughters went to school in Charleston, to the wife of a former Governor of the State, and I am glad to say, I heard no one complaining of their poverty, or too proud to perform any work made necessary by their want of money, and I am always more pleased to help persons who are willing to help themselves, and of course the ladies had no way to earn any money, at that time of the occupation of Charleston by the troops of the Federals. The streets, too, were black with negroes, and small-pox more prevalent than I ever knew the measles to be in any city:

THURSDAY MORNING.

Thank you, my dear Mr. Wesson, for your kind remembrance of us yesterday. I had just been wishing, in the morning, for some nice butter, and did not fancy that we got from the grocery at all. That you sent us is delicious, and makes anything nice, and the little bucket is a decided acquisition to my housekeeping articles. Like all Virginia ladies, I know how to appreciate nice sweet butter, and we see very little of it in Charleston. Sincerely yours,

V. PORCHER.

MR. WM. WESSON.

CHESTER, S. C., March 13th, 1865.

MR. WESSON:

Dear Sir—Mother received your letter yesterday, and according to your request, I will try and give you some description of the destruction of Columbia, as we have just seen a friend from there, whose truthfulness we can rely on. Columbia is almost in ruins; eighty-five squares of it being burnt. There is not a house left standing on Main Street, and almost every family have had their silver and provisions taken from them. A great many wagons have been sent from this place with provisions for the women and children. The suffering in that place is fearful; many families are taking refuge under the brick walls in the burnt district, and not having even a blanket to cover them. What a wicked foe we have to contend with.

The people in Winnsboro fared a little better. There were about a dozen houses burnt in the neighborhood of the depot, and a great many families lost their silver, but saved their provisions. The enemy came within eight miles of this place, but an All-Wise Providence protected us, and turned them a different road. They marched round and made their appearence in Lancaster. For more than a week we suffered terrible anxiety of mind, not knowing what would be our fate. The cars do not proceed further than this place, the road being cut between here and Blackstocks, and I hear of no prospect of its being mended for a month yet. A great many gentlemen have gone to Columbia, in wagons, to see about their families; and some are going to venture to pay Charleston a visit; rather a risk at present, as the city is strongly garrisoned by negro troops. We

have vacant rooms now, and will be happy to see you, whenever you can find it convenient to come.

I hope the young ladies are well; do give our love to them. Mother sends her kind regard to you, and will take good care of the flour, as soon as Mr. Roland sends it. Your little articles are all safe; we buried your watch with our silver. Hoping to hear from you soon again, I am

Yours sincerely,

C. L. ROBERTSON.

HERE, DROP THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never had a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft grey eye;
But when it came to know me well,
To love me, 'twas sure to die.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 7, 1866.
223 MEETING STREET.

MR. WM. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—I regret that I must experience any delay in seeing you about a matter that is giving me so much concern, but I am writing this while in bed, which I have felt too sick to leave to-day; therefore, I will be unable to meet you at Messrs. Williams & Covert's at three o'clock, as Dr. Bachman appointed. I will call

at the hotel in the morning, early to-morrow, say half-past eight, if I can see you privately then.

Dr. Bachman has told you all of my great need, and it is useless that here I should repeat it. He tells me that you do not own any houses, and a home is what I do so much desire, for I find it impossible to pay rent and have my family supported. I am not idle; I work hard, and do all that a woman can, but do not make much. My whole object is, either from you or from any one in the world I could get it from, to borrow several thousand dollars, for about five or six years, with which to buy a small house, and secure it by bond and mortgage. At the end of that time, God may help me to pay for it, or give it up, as I could not expect it as a gift. I know of a house that I might get, moderately, just now, if I could only get the money.

For God's sake lend your ear to the widow's and orphans' cry, and I will pray that it may only be "bread cast upon the waters," to return to you "after many days."

My widowed mother is an invalid, and, for her sake, I struggle hard; for her sake, I want a home to gather a few of the comforts of life around her.

Dr. Bachman knows it all, and has cheered me by telling how much you do, and how many you have set up. I have no relatives or friends that I could go to, who could help me, and I have come to you, a stranger, asking a great favor, but hoping much. I will call at half-past eight o'clock to-morrow morning.

Very respectfully and gratefully,

S. ALICE MATHEWS.

LAURENS, S. C., Dec. 11, 1865.

MR. W. H. WESSON,

Charleston, S. C.:

Dear Sir— * * * * *

P. S.—Mr. Jones says that the cotton will not require any baling or roping; it is perfectly dry and in order. I will take this opportunity of adding, also, Mr. Wesson, that you would oblige us more by getting my brother, Hugh, a good business situation than aught else. He spoke of writing to you on the subject, and has partly done so. He is reading-clerk to the legislature at present.

Very truly,

M. C. F.

This letter caused H. L. F. to be on the Sea Islands of South Carolina for years; and for this lady, I became proxy to give her away, in marriage, to a General in a noted church in Charleston, S. C.

W. H. W.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
February 1st, 1866.

MR. WESSON:

Dear Friend—Will you come and see me at your earliest convenience, and be kind enough to overlook my troubling you often, but I have business with you, and if you could come this evening, I would be glad, as I will be engaged and away to-morrow.

Very respectfully,

E. L. HUGHES.

This widow lady, with three children, owned a plantation on John's Island, South Carolina, her houses were all burned, but her negroes helped her during the war. She had to go to the alms-house, in Charleston, at last.

W. H. W.

DEAR MR. WESSON:

Your letter is just received, and I am really obliged for your kind interest in me. As I cannot visit the city at present, I will endeavor to comply with your request, as far as I can, and will send by Mr. Henry Jervey, who leaves to-day, (I believe), an ambrotype of my "dear" self, which is considered very good. You can have the photograph taken from it, and leave the ambrotype at Mr. Cook's. It belongs to my aunt, Miss Bee, and she will call there for it.

With kind regards from us all,

I remain your friend,

C. A. G.

P. S.—You can use your own judgment with regard to substituting a Yankee photograph for mine, I leave that entirely to you, feeling assured that it will be all right.

AUGUSTA.

CHARLESTON, February 9th, 1866.

DEAR MR. WESSON:

If convenient, do stop and see me some time to-morrow, as I wish particularly to see you on business. Father and Rosa are down staying with me.

With many thanks for your continued kindness to me, I remain,

Your sincere and grateful friend,

EUGENIA HANAHAN.

MY DEAR MR. WESSON:

I send Marion to you, in order to make arrangements for taking the hands down to the Island. If you think proper, you can give him an order for the provisions and farming utensils. The hands are idle and may get away if kept.

Yours respectfully and gratefully,

E. HANAHAN.

CHARLESTON, December 27th, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. WESSON:

I am again compelled to trouble you with my business. I have been endeavoring to obtain money to enable me to purchase the necessary furniture that I am compelled to have, but have been unsuccessful, and without it I will be unable to take any boarders. If you will be so kind as to advance whatever you can spare me, I will return it as soon as our land is restored to us, which I understand, will be very shortly, as we will be compelled to mortgage it, to enable us to raise money to begin planting.

Very respectfully, your friend,

E. HANAHAN.

SUNDAY, December 24th, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. WESSON:

I have succeeded in hiring a very nice house, on St. Philip's Street, No. 6, opposite the National School, where we moved yesterday, but was compelled to pay twelve hundred dollars a year, which I consider a very high rent. The first quarter in advance, (three hundred dollars), I have agreed to settle to-morrow. If convenient, you will oblige me by letting me have the amount in the morning, as the owner is to see me at that time, I shall return it at as early a date as possible.

I remain your grateful friend,

E. HANAHAN.

Mrs H. and daughter were "Fills de Regiment." This lady had a large family and an invalid husband to support, (she was a sister of "Gunboat Sue.") Of course my hundreds of dollars loaned her went to the "Caterpillars."

W. H. W.

SAND HILLS, Oct. 8th, 1877.

MR. WESSON:

My Good Friend—Your letter, containing that good advice, came safely to hand, and was deeply appreciated by me.

On the afternoon of the 1st of October, I sat down and wrote you a long letter; but it was doomed never to reach its destination. When I retired that night, I placed it under my desk. Before one o'clock next morning, we were out in the yard, under the trees, without a shelter. My little girl, fortunately for our lives,

awoke her father out of a sound sleep. On getting up, he found the house enveloped in flames, and after using every effort to extinguish it, in less time than I can mention, the fine old family mansion, the old homestead, with about three thousand dollars worth of handsome furniture, was a heap of ashes.

Oh! Mr. Wesson, I never witnessed such a scene in my life, and hope never to see another; all of the family half clad, trying to save the house, but it was useless to try.

My little girl, not two years old, behaved like a little woman; she sat up on her bed under the trees, and remained perfectly quiet, while we worked to save our clothing; only crying out every now and then for her doll, which we found under a burning pine tree, consumed all to the china head and limbs. If she had been spoiled, like some children, we would not have been able to do anything. I could not help thinking, if you had seen me on that occasion, when nearly every one lost their presence of mind, you would not have thought me deficient in energy. While Mr. G. was trying with the other members of the family to extinguish the flames, I worked alone; moved heavy trunks all by myself through the heaviest sand. I went on, until, I saved all our clothing. Then we were both exhausted and the house fell in. We did not save even a chair to sit on. I have felt a presentiment for some time hanging over us, of impending trouble, hence the cause of that letter to you. I hate to write gloomy letters, and have tried, ever since I have been married, to make my ends meet. In five years, I have only cost my husband a doctor's bill of seventy dollars; all clothing I have bought from my own exertions. I have written to

Dr. Harrold, to try and make up a sum for us, among his congregation in Tallahassee, to help us to make a start in life. If ever so little, it will be a help. We have now no home, and are staying in a log-house for the present, without a bed-stead to lie on, or chair to sit on; and yet, I feel happier than I have done for some time. I have an abiding faith in God's providence, that I will never starve. If we can only raise one or two hundred dollars, Percy will plant corn, which always demands a high price out here. I intend to write to my friends in the North, to help me in our distress. I will be very much obliged to you, Mr. Wesson, if you would take the picture on to England with you; do what you think best with it; father has it in his parlor in Summerville. He writes that he has lost his crop by the caterpillars, so have all on the island; so I can not expect much of them. I know that the "Lord loveth those whom he chasteneth," and this is my consolation. I nearly killed myself the night of the fire, by my exertion. My muscles were so sprained, I could hardly walk for days afterwards. There were five buildings on fire at one time. Hoping to hear soon, believe me, your friend.

SUE L. GUERARD.

CEDAR GROVE, Jan. 1st, 1877.

MR. W. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—Your letter, with enclosed check, came safe to hand, for which please receive my grateful thanks, and will look upon it as a Christmas offering. I am now trying my best to make arrangements to start the commissary, &c. If I succeed, will attribute my

success to your interest in my behalf. You will remember, I have always had a great opinion of your good luck. I hope, by the time I hear from you again, I will have the store in operation. Mr. G. joins me in kind regards. We are now living on the old homestead, fifteen miles from Summerville. Hope you will excuse this; it is so cold, I can scarcely write. We have just heard of the death of Mrs. W. C. Bee, on Christmas Eve, but have not learned the particulars. Direct your next letter as before; care of Mr. C. Vose.

Your sincere friend,

SUE L. GUERARD.

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
January 17th, 1866.

MR. WM. H. WESSON:

Dear Sir—We have just received a letter from our friend, Miss Bissell, informing us of your plans regarding your "Fills des Regiment," and of your request, that we should have two photographs taken and sent to you. There happens to be a photographist in the village at this time. (I don't know whether he is a good one or not.) We would cheerfully comply with your request; have ours taken and sent to you, but, unfortunately, neither of us possess the means to have it done; we have not *one cent* in the world, and I have written to tell you this, so that you may know the reason of your not receiving them. We would send ambrotypes, to be copied, but have none.

I wish we were all back in dear, old Charleston; we find it pretty hard to get along up here.

We have lost everything in the world, and are re-

duced to the necessity of doing something for our support; I am willing to work, and would gladly do whatever I could get, but it is a hard matter up here to find anything to do; whereas, I think if I were in the city, I might find employment of some sort. However, I trust in God, and live with the hope of a better time coming.

With kind wishes for your health and happiness,

I am yours, truly,

C. V. C.

P. S.—Hattie expects soon to visit the city, and will be glad to see you; she will be at Mrs. Bissells.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 13, 1866.

MR. W. H. WESSON:

Your letter was delayed until only a few days ago, when I went, as you requested, to Mr. Cook's, and had two photographs taken, which, he says, will be finished by this afternoon. I am sorry I did not get your letter before; but, if it is not too late to answer your purpose, I will leave them with him until you call for them. I would prefer your keeping them for yourself, as I am quite flattered you should care about them; but a Yankee beau would be quite a novelty to me, as I have had very little experience of their attentions. I will be happy to see you whenever you have leisure to call. I am living in Aikin's Row, No. 2.

Your friend,

MARY HAZLEHURST.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 12, 1865.

MR. WESSON:

Dear Sir—I was told you had a pile of two-dollar bills, and could accommodate friends in changing some money up. I have been trying to change this twenty-dollar bill, and have not succeeded. Can I trespass on you to break it up, any way, for me? Just send it up, and give it to the girl, yourself. She has promised to bring it safe.

Yours respectfully,

M. A. BARNWELL.

THE RARE BIRD, OR EAGLE.

The eagle is a regal, nay, a royal bird;
His cry terrific, and is seldom heard,
His flight is eccentric, and nearest the sun,
I'll pass the Phœnix 'ere the race is run.

There are men, like the Phœnix, come to time,
Out of the ashes of men who are sublime;
Blaze like the comet, and wander alone;
Rest only on eyries, or mountains of stone.

They plunge into ether—pass on with a rush;
Collide with their like, and give others a push;
They n'er push down, but always look up;
To those who are down; to the thirsty a cup

Of sweet water—not the one that betrays;
The cup "that moveth" they n'er do praise.
Like the eagle, do not herd with the mass,
Assume their habits, or look through their glass;
But, in this world's opinion, as rare birds pass.

CONCLUSION.

THE ladies being the flowers in *Calias Morale*, my assistants to correcting manuscript; and at church and on the streets, with silent language more ancient and eloquent than the verbal, have encouraged me to persevere under the most adverse circumstances. Indeed, I owe all to the ladies; without them, this book would neither have been written or published.

The most of these ladies are strangers to me, yet the language of the heart is never misunderstood. I practised De Israeli's Language in Paris; indeed it is the natural language of all mankind, the eloquence of which frequently caused tears to trace my cheeks, which no verbal language has yet effected; and on last Sabbath day, February, 1882, in three churches in the city of Richmond, three silent discourses by ladies, that were so sympathetic as to loose the fountain of my tears, and to overpay me for all the work, labor and vexation I have had in compiling this book; and as to money, except for the good that may or can be done with it, *'tis not my object.* I have positive faith that the ladies will cause it produce all the honor and money it is worth, and to them I leave it.

Don Quixote said: "A Knight without ladies was like a tree without leaves." Were I king, I would feed the dear creatures on butter and honey, as the child was fed: (See Isaiah; chap. VII; verse, 15), perhaps, give them grapes and fruits for desert. With this diet, I have no doubt, they could more easily subdue the animal, man; perhaps, tame him to better manners. Anyhow, I shall dedicate my book to a Lady, and hope in a Monthly Magazine to more fully develope some of my stories, which the pages of this book proscribed. In this magazine, the ladies may find time to offer some things that their more refined taste can do—if they *will.* I cheerfully leave all to them.

W. H. W.